



TRASH

OUR PRICE

50c

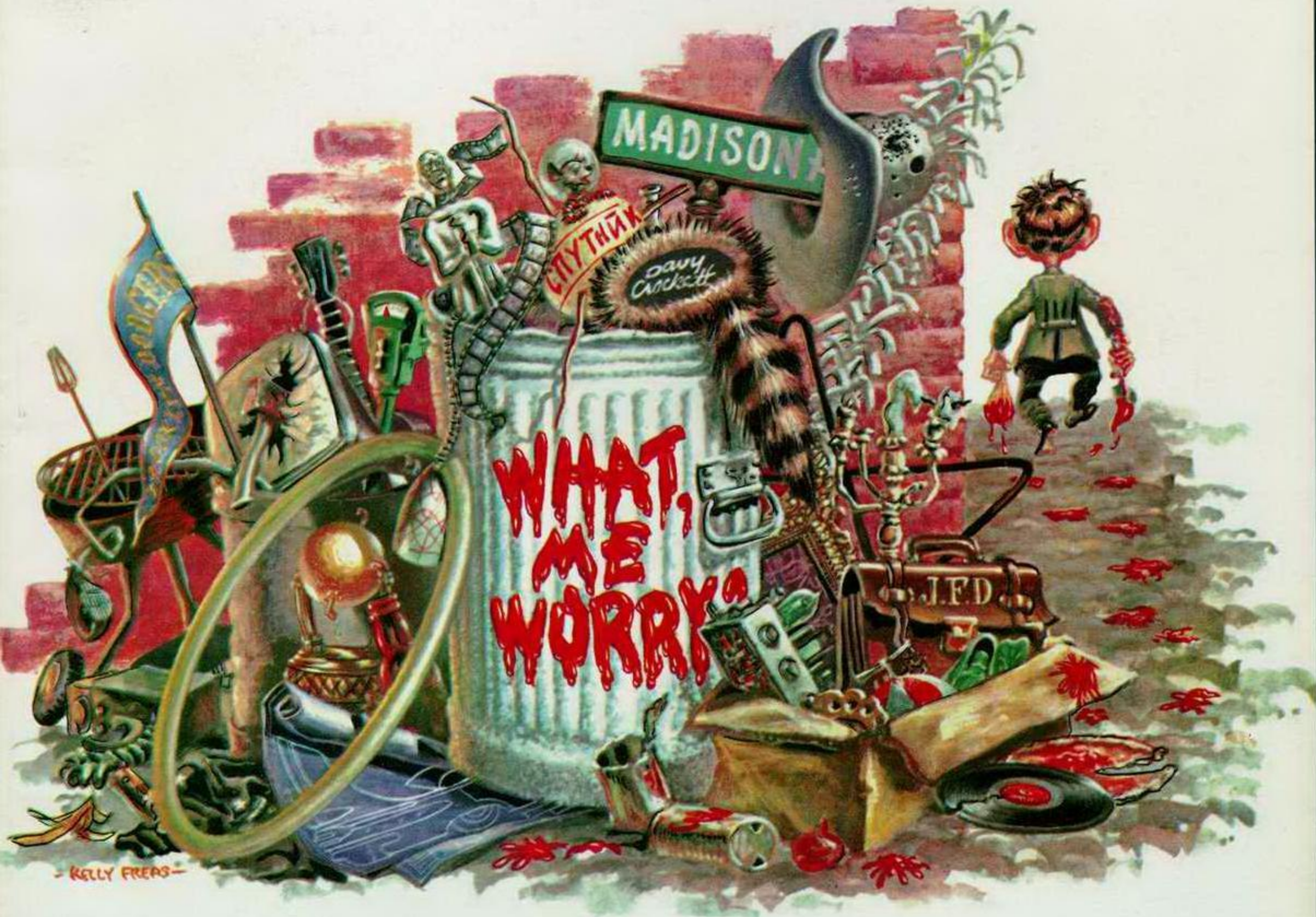
~~CHEAP~~

MORE TREASURES FROM

MAD

IND

ANOTHER COLLECTION OF HUMOR, SATIRE AND GARBAGE FROM PAST ISSUES



Including . . .

A SPECIAL BONUS: 8 PAGES IN BLINDING FULL COLOR

I don't want to be a King



I jus' wanna forget I was one!

And you can, too, Mister—when you use KINGS MAN Close Shave Lotion.
KINGS MAN does far more for you than ordinary blended whiskeys.
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Aerosol
Rye

MORE *TRASH* FROM **MAD**

A collection of Humor, Satire and Garbage from Past Issues

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines

EDITOR: Albert B. Feldstein

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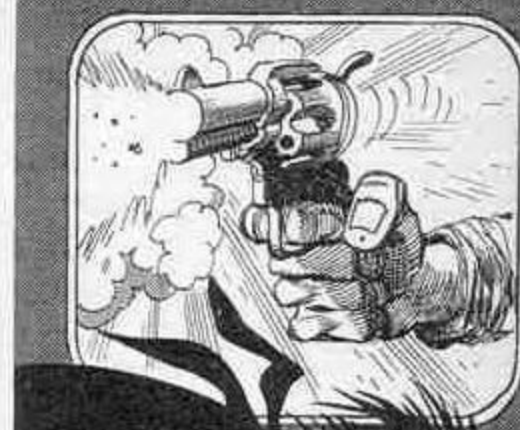
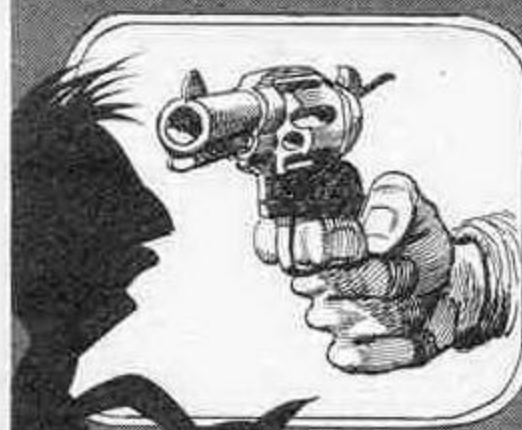
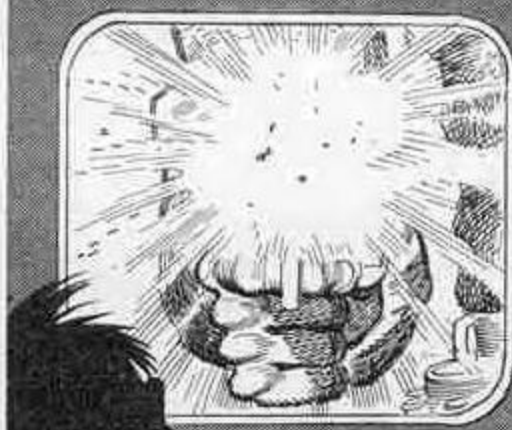
OH, PROMISE ME DEPARTMENT

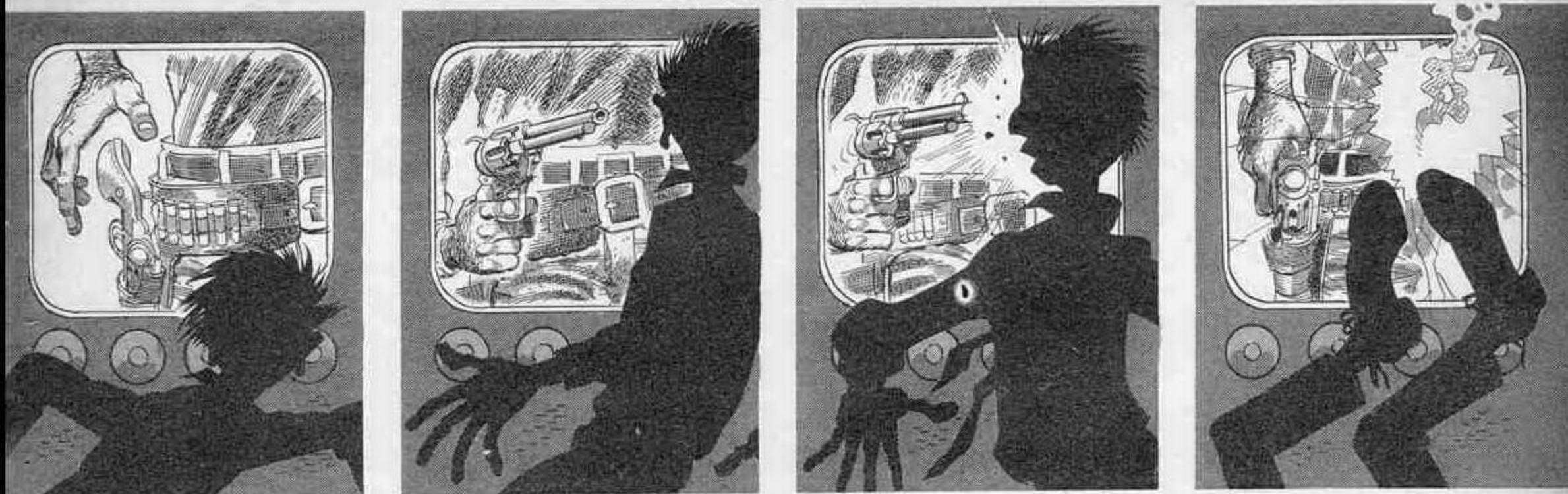
Wedding Album98

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT

Various Places Around the Magazine**

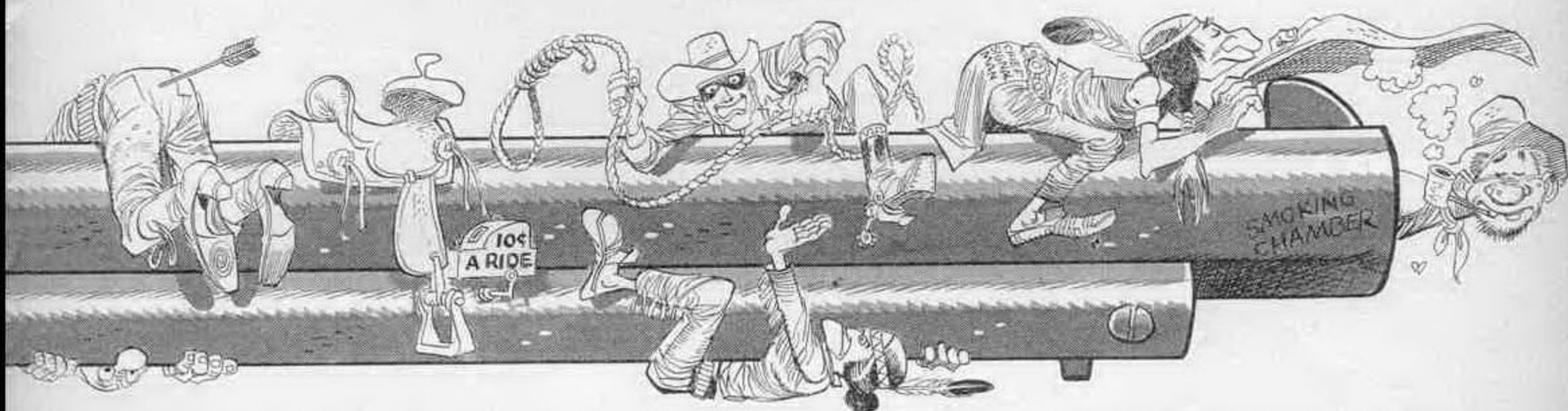
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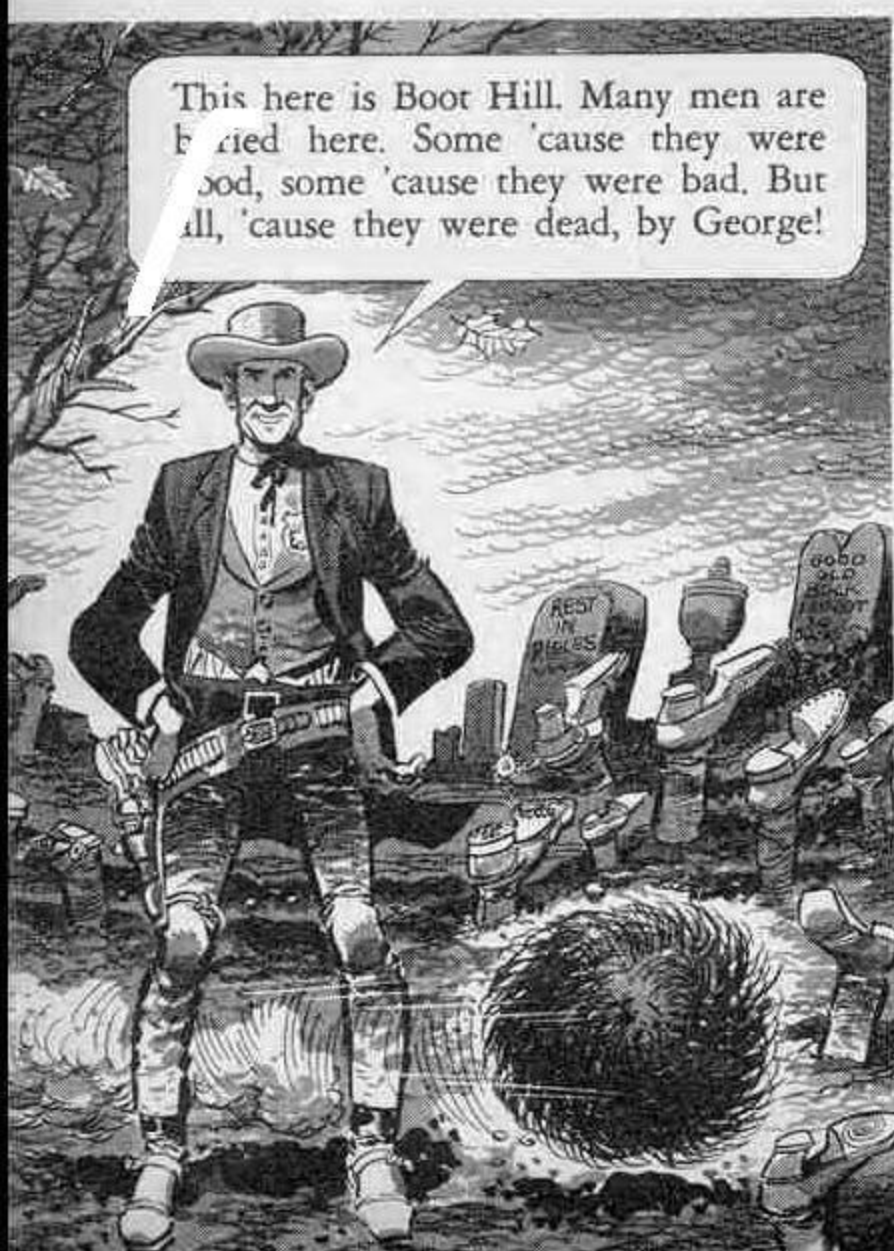


MAINLY, THIS PROGRAM BEGINS BY FIRST KILLING OFF THE TV AUDIENCE

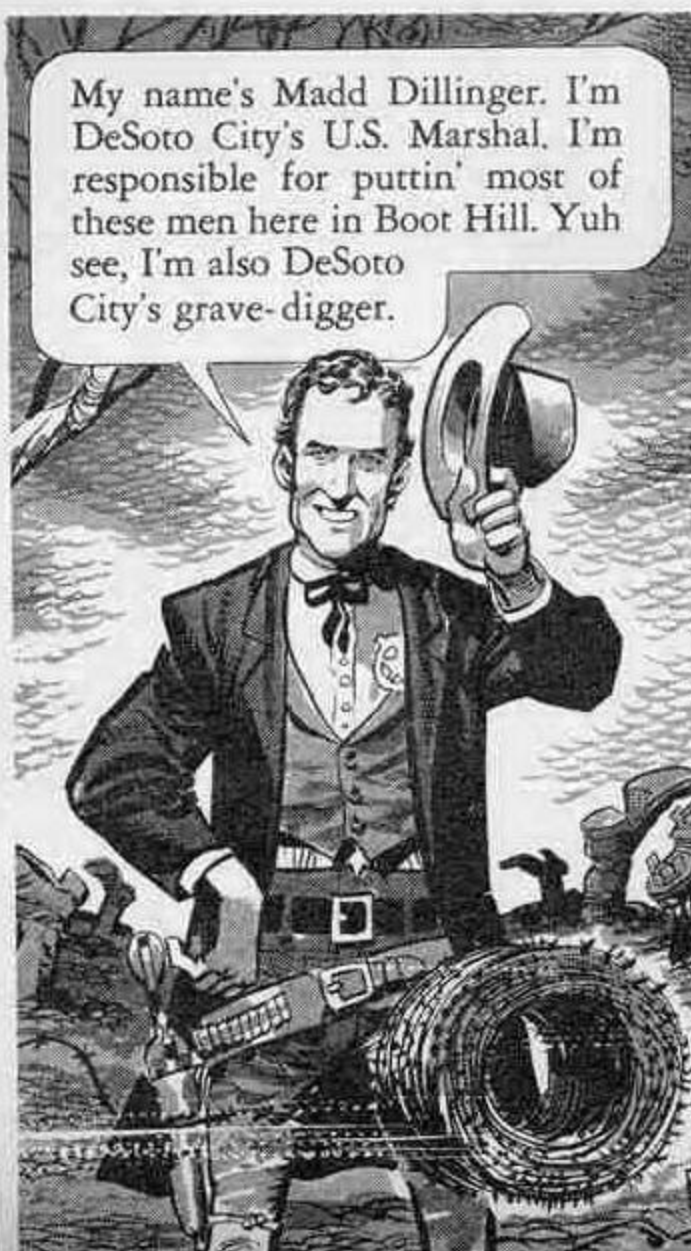
PICTURES BY JACK DAVIS



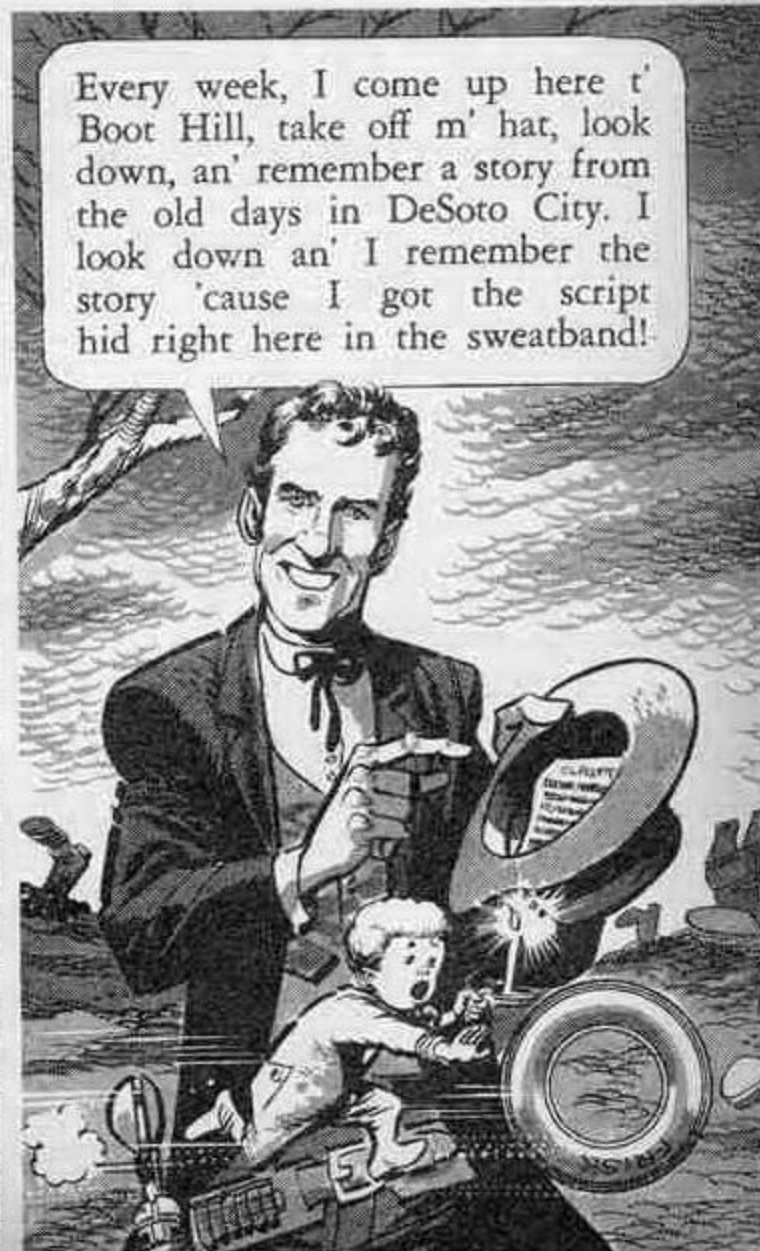
GUNS MOKEO



This here is Boot Hill. Many men are buried here. Some 'cause they were good, some 'cause they were bad. But all, 'cause they were dead, by George!

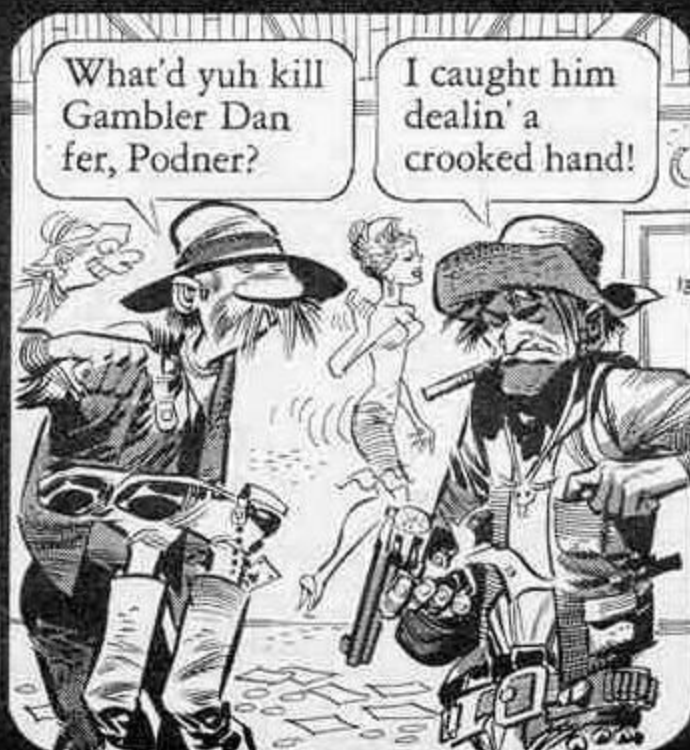


My name's Madd Dillinger. I'm DeSoto City's U.S. Marshal. I'm responsible for puttin' most of these men here in Boot Hill. Yuh see, I'm also DeSoto City's grave-digger.



Every week, I come up here t' Boot Hill, take off m' hat, look down, an' remember a story from the old days in DeSoto City. I look down an' I remember the story 'cause I got the script hid right here in the sweatband!

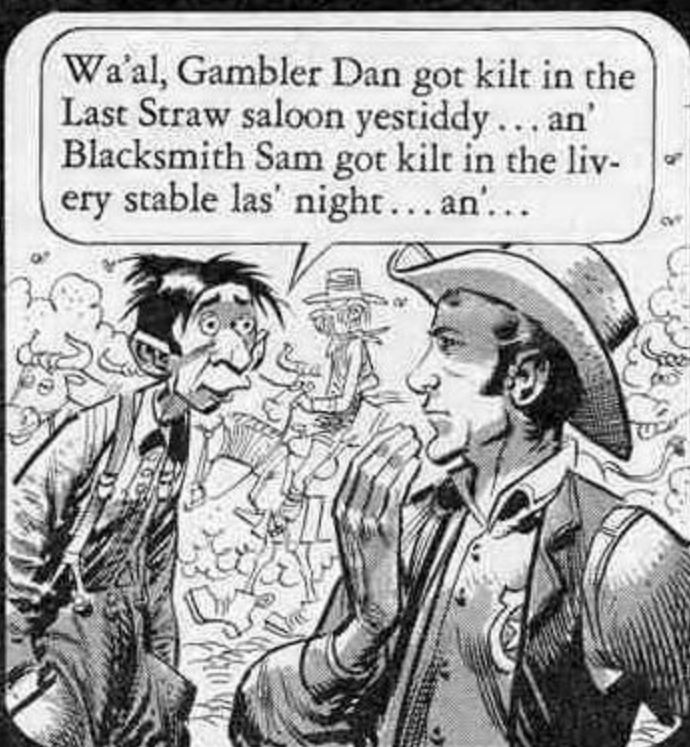
STORY MIGHT START WITH A SHOOTIN' IN LAST STRAW SALOON WHILE MARSHAL IS OUT OF TOWN



... OR STORY MIGHT START WITH SHOOTIN' IN LIVERY STABLE WHILE MARSHAL IS OUT OF TOWN



IN ANY CASE, YOU CAN BET STORY WILL START WHILE MARSHAL M. DILLINGER IS OUT OF TOWN



GUNSMOKED CHARACTERS TYPIFY HIGH-TYPE CITIZENS WHO PIONEERED WEST



CLIMAX OF GUNSMOKED STORY COMES WHEN TOLERANT MARSHAL FACES KILLER



Story might end with Marshal leavin' the killer in custody of a special deputy...

...or story might end with Marshal leavin' killer in custody of horse trough...

In any case, you can bet story will end with Marshal Dillinger leavin' town...



NEWSPAPER COMICS DEPT.

To read following without discomfort of turning magazine sideways leave magazine stationary; merely turn body sideways.

BRUNETTE



LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN



SMILIN' MELVIN



By Bill Elder



By B. E.



By Elder



AIR MEET
BURLESQUE, MINN.
6-3-55



DICK TRACING



By Bill Elder



POPCORN



MANDUCK THE MAGICIAN



redie lliB yB

This next feature is going to revolutionize the reading habits of the country. Since MAD believes that a well-informed public is an intelligent public, we bring you this capsule feature...a two page newspaper digest. In other words, we have condensed the main material of all the newspapers of the last month into a two-page summary. Naturally,

as any fool knows, the main material in newspapers are the comic strips. So we have taken the main comic strips of the last month which we now present in compact, capsule form, uncluttered by ads, news, and other such annoying distractions. Lucky, lucky MAD reader...First on your block to enjoy terrific savings as you quit buying the newspapers.

TRAVELERS AID DEPT.

The Railroad Timetable

At first glance a railroad timetable appears to be cluttered, unreadable and senseless. Actually, it is! Study this timetable of one of America's least-traveled lines, the Chicago, Lasagna & South Gasp Railroad. After you've finished, we here at MAD are certain you'll conclude the only way to travel is by car...

CHICAGO, LASAGNA & SOUTH GASP RAILROAD

ALL CATTLE CARS ARE AIR-CONDITIONED

For equipment needed to survive on these trains see p. 8

WESTBOUND (Read down—How else?)				21 Daily	7 Ex. Sun. D	11 Ex. Sat.	23 Daily	101 Weekly	5739 Monthly	65 Hardly
Miles		Elev.		AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	PM	PM
0	CHICAGO	351	Lv.	1 06	2 14	6 11	6 12	6 13	3 56	5 31
10	Ulcer	1577	Ar.	THE AARDVAK xx Will not run Dec. 25, Jan. 1 or any other day, for that matter.	2 59	7 30			7 15	
215	E. Frammis	2344	"		5 16	9 14PP				
215½	Frammis	4432	"		5 09	10 02				10 30
215	W. Frammis	2443	"		5 17	7 15	8 20z			
230	Neumanville	4567	"		10 45					
235	Fort Fungus, Iowa	5678	"		3 11		9 14			
240	Slump City	6	"		4 35					
245	Gopher Prairie	17	"		5 55					
260	Haggenfranz	2	"		5 56					
281	Undertow	-37	"		8 09					
300	Elbowgrease	-688	"		10 55					
319	Whoops, Missouri	1	"	THE CALVIN COOLIDGE # Will not run, even if nominated.	3 11	1 03				
324	K-k-k-kankakee	?	"		3 46jj	1 31Q				
325	W. Crocus, Iowa	5	"		8 02	5 43				
326	Lake Pheugfth	10	"		11 51	7 00				
327	LASAGNA	15	"		1 05	7 17	12 35	8 30	6 15a	
370	Buzzardville	20	"		10 14	11 30		1 54		12 15vv
381	E. Asterisk, Arkansas	25	"			1 05H				
394	Munch	30	"			2 34hh				
402	Crunch	No!	"		4 19	2 34ii	4 45kk			
411	Hopeless Crossing	101	"			9 30K		6 16AA		
901	Snerdsberg, Tennessee	6¼	"		5 03rr	9 56				
912	Toadstool	5¾	"			9 59				4 45c
934	Ft. Apache, Arizona	4001	"			*1 34	*4 45	*2 36v		
937	Bedspring J	88	"		m	1 56p				
944	Buckskin	888	"							
952	Riboflavin NN	8888	"		4 15					
963	New Molar, California	3481	"		6 17y					
981	Fritter o	31	"		9 55					8 30
999	SOUTH GASP	0	"		10 30	10 30	10 30	10 30		10 30

EXPLANATION OF REFERENCE MARKS

- | | | | |
|----|---|----|--|
| a | Does not stop on odd-numbered Thursdays. | PP | Look, Ma! No hands! |
| AA | Adjust oxygen masks. | p | Avalanche! |
| c | When the engineer feels like it. | Q | See note "a." |
| D | Not this Sunday. | rr | Last call for dinner. |
| ff | Does not carry passengers born in the month of May. | RR | Conductor's middle name is Sidney. |
| H | Train whistle hits a perfect high "C" at this point. | T | All seats on this train reserved in advance, otherwise you got to sit on your luggage. |
| hh | Stops to let off paying passengers. | tt | Friendly pickpockets in club car. |
| ii | Stops to throw off non-paying passengers. | vv | Four-day layover. |
| J | Station Master noted for repertoire of snappy stories. | v | Alternate Mondays. |
| jj | Rarely on time. | xx | Don't order corned beef and cabbage in the diner unless you have supply of Bicarbonate of Soda along. |
| K | Stops to throw Mama from the train a knish. | y | Bus leaves every hour for Jamaica, Post time: 3:45, Pari-Mutuals at the track. |
| kk | Last week. | z | If you're lucky. |
| m | Tomorrow. | * | Mountain time prevails in this territory, but trains are operated under Central Time. For equivalent Pacific Time, figure one hour earlier than Mountain Time and two hours earlier than Central Time if you got the time. |
| NN | Sun rises at 7:09 a.m. | | |
| n | Observation car carries spittoon once used by William Jennings Bryan. | | |
| o | Nice looking blonde sells candy here. | | |

SCIENCE DEPT.



BRAINS TEAMING UP FOR RACE in West are, left to right: Gallup, expert racer. Kerbang, sky rockets and firecrackers. Blitz, German scientist. Pick and Back, two-stage rockets. Buck Roger, rockets. Waldo, automation, Zork Argh, space.



BRAINS TEAMING UP FOR RACE in East are, left to right: Dashkin, girl champ racer. Propelnik, rocket design. Schmidt, German scientist. Beelzebub, fission. Buck Rojnikoff. Plotkin, Trotsky-ite, and Watchova, expert watcher over the experts.

the race is on for the SUPER GUIDED MISSILE

ICBM! Intercontinental Ballistic Missile! Today, like never before, a feverish race is going on between the democratic and communistic spheres of influence for ICBM... a race for guided missile superiority. Every day one hears of new missiles. Land to air missiles, air to air missiles, air to land missiles, air to missiles land, missile land to airs... One rumor is that the latest feverish race is towards perfecting mysterious MISSILE X. Day and night thousands of people are working, billions are being spent perfecting MISSILE X before the "other side" does. It is further rumored that although day

and night thousands of people are working and billions are being spent perfecting MISSILE X, *nobody really knows what MISSILE X is supposed to do!* Just as long as they perfect it before the "other side" does.

We are going to here show you things to come. Yes—they will frighten you. But because we believe in informing the public, and educating the public, we are printing this article. But mainly because we believe in frightening the public, we are printing this article.

You sell *more* magazines that way.

PICTURES BY JAFFEE, WOOD and DAVIS

RADIUS OF DESTRUCTION of conventional bomb if dropped on Manhattan.

GUIDED MISSILE'S possible radius of destruction is shown circled on Texas.

ULTIMATE MISSILE would give absolute military superiority shown by radius.



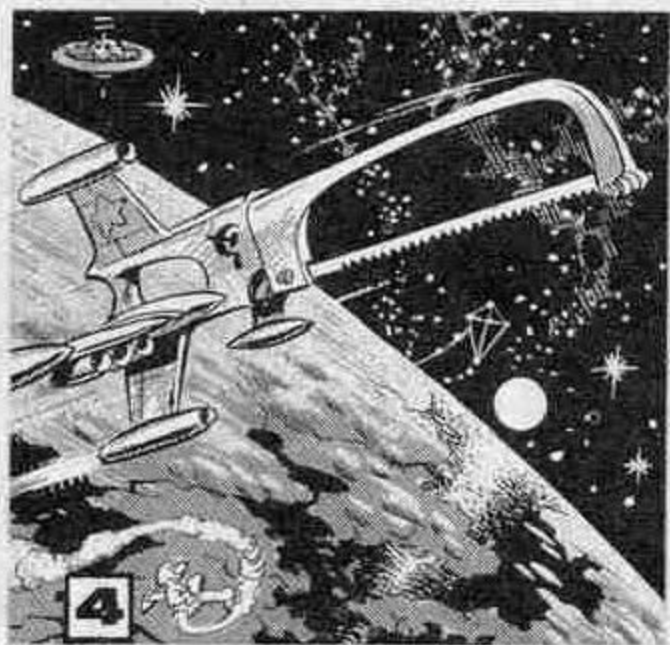
HERE IS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN in the event of a Soviet missile attack

(According to top U.S. scientists who have all just left to become citizens of Fond du Lac, Saskatchewan, see reason why* below.)



1.) Russian PBX-4 "Honest Ivan" guided atomic missile is fired on U.S.-bound trajectory from secret Siberian launching platform. 2.) Camouflaged U.S. radar station at North Pole detects enemy intruder. 3.) U.S. counter-missile the QT-34b.

"Big Snip" is sent aloft to intercept attacker over neutral Northern Canada. (when contact is made, side jets in rear handles will fire, forcing front blades together in scissor-like movement which clips the enemy missile neatly in half.)



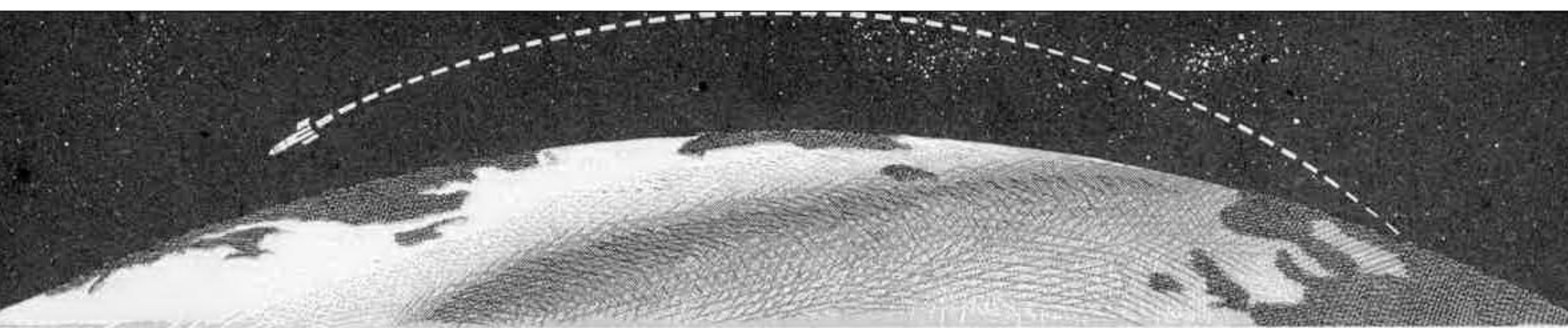
4.) To prevent this, Russians launch hacksaw-shaped Ilyushin NG-5 1/2, designed to disable Big Snip by sawing through its center pin. 5.) But U.S. "Flying Nailfile", counter-counter-missile zooms in to blunt teeth of Russian sawblade.

6.) Camouflage Soviet secret agent spots this move and calls for Reds' "Flying Horseshoe" magnetic missile to attract U.S. missile off its course, also to demoralize forward-area troops by stripping them of all metal articles in passing.



7.) American counter-intelligence radio overhears Red agent's request, sends up ultimate U.S. defense missile, a simple iron pin on which Russ horseshoe will "ringer" harmlessly. 8.) All missiles home in on each other in huge inextricable jumble over Fond du Lac, Saskatchewan. (*above)

9.) There they parachute to earth, where local Eskimo inhabitants become so rich from selling scrap uranium back to both sides that they eventually are able to buy up huge tracts of adjacent land, nearby towns, counties, states, and finally whole countries and thus achieve WORLD DOMINATION!



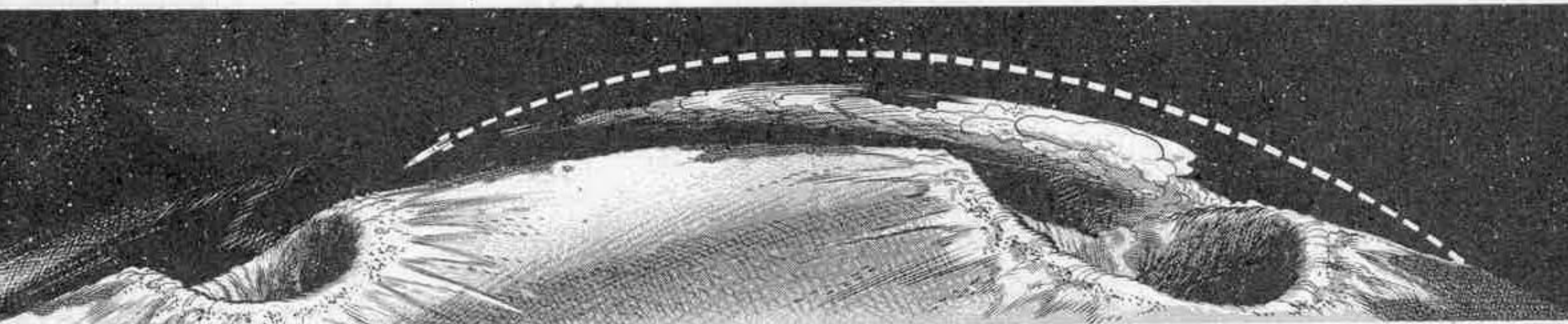
FIRST I C B M MISSILE FIRED FROM SIBERIA IS STRATEGICALLY AIMED TO IMMOBILIZE THE U.S.'S POWER TO FIGHT



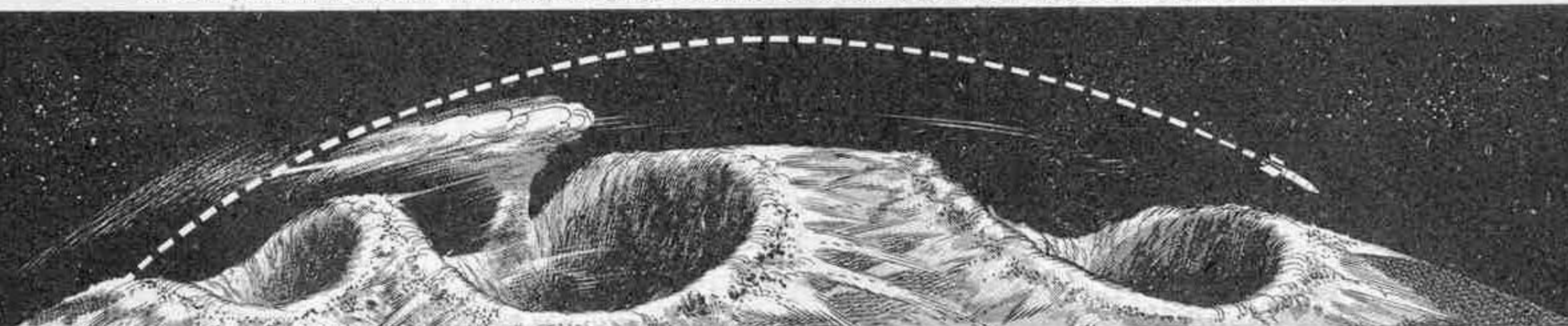
HOWEVER, ENEMY MISSILE IS DETECTED BY RADAR AND BEFORE IT STRIKES, RETALIATION MISSILE IS ON THE WAY

STRATEGISTS HAVE PLAN OF BATTLE

possible ICBM war will be fought to fission finish



HOWEVER, ENEMY IS READY WITH SECOND MISSILE WHICH IS LAUNCHED TO RETALIATE FOR OUR RETALIATION MISSILE



WE LAUNCH RETALIATORY MISSILE TO RETALIATE ON RETALIATORY MISSILE RETALIATING ON RETALIATORY MISSILE



FINALLY, DESPITE LOSSES, ENEMY STILL HAS POWER TO RETALIATE, WIPE US OUT. BUT NOT BEFORE WE RETALIATE

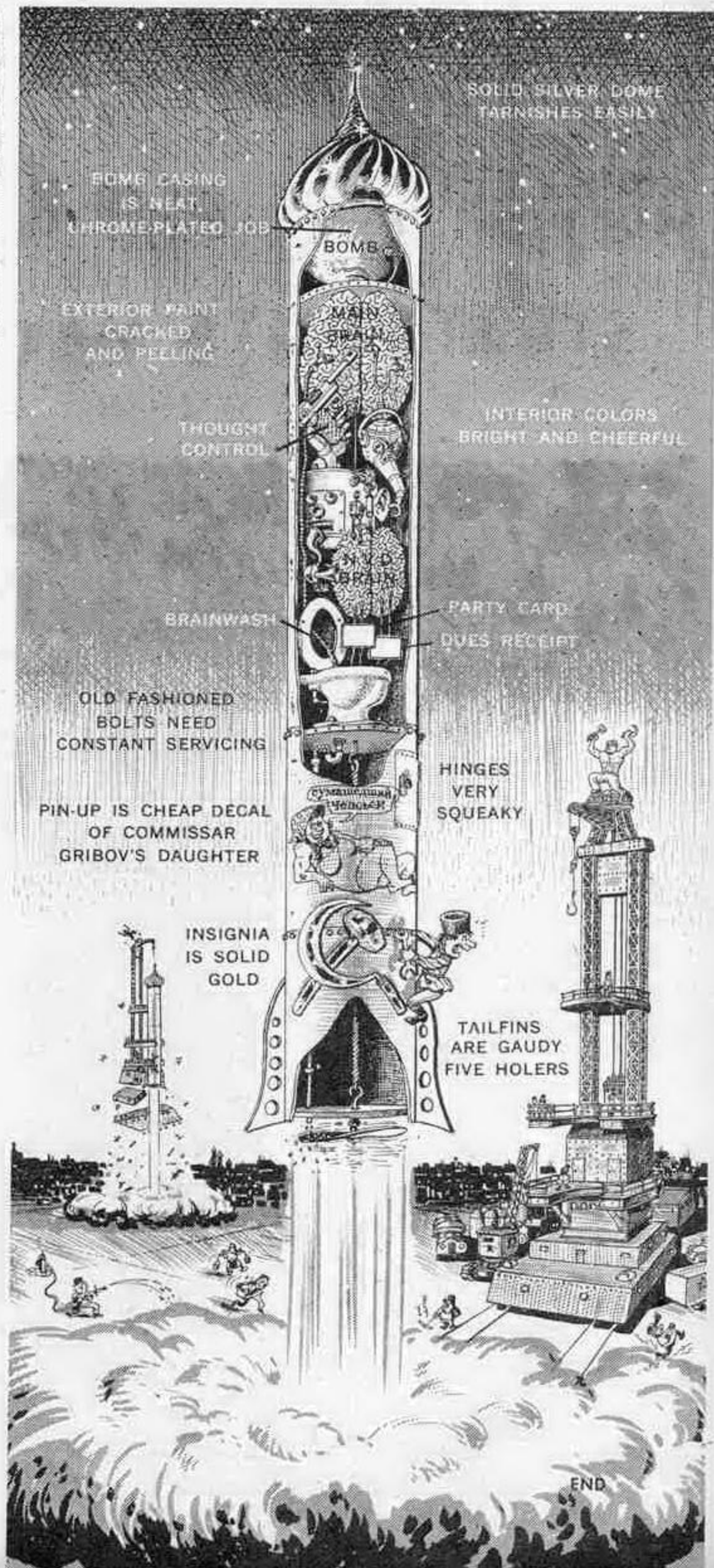
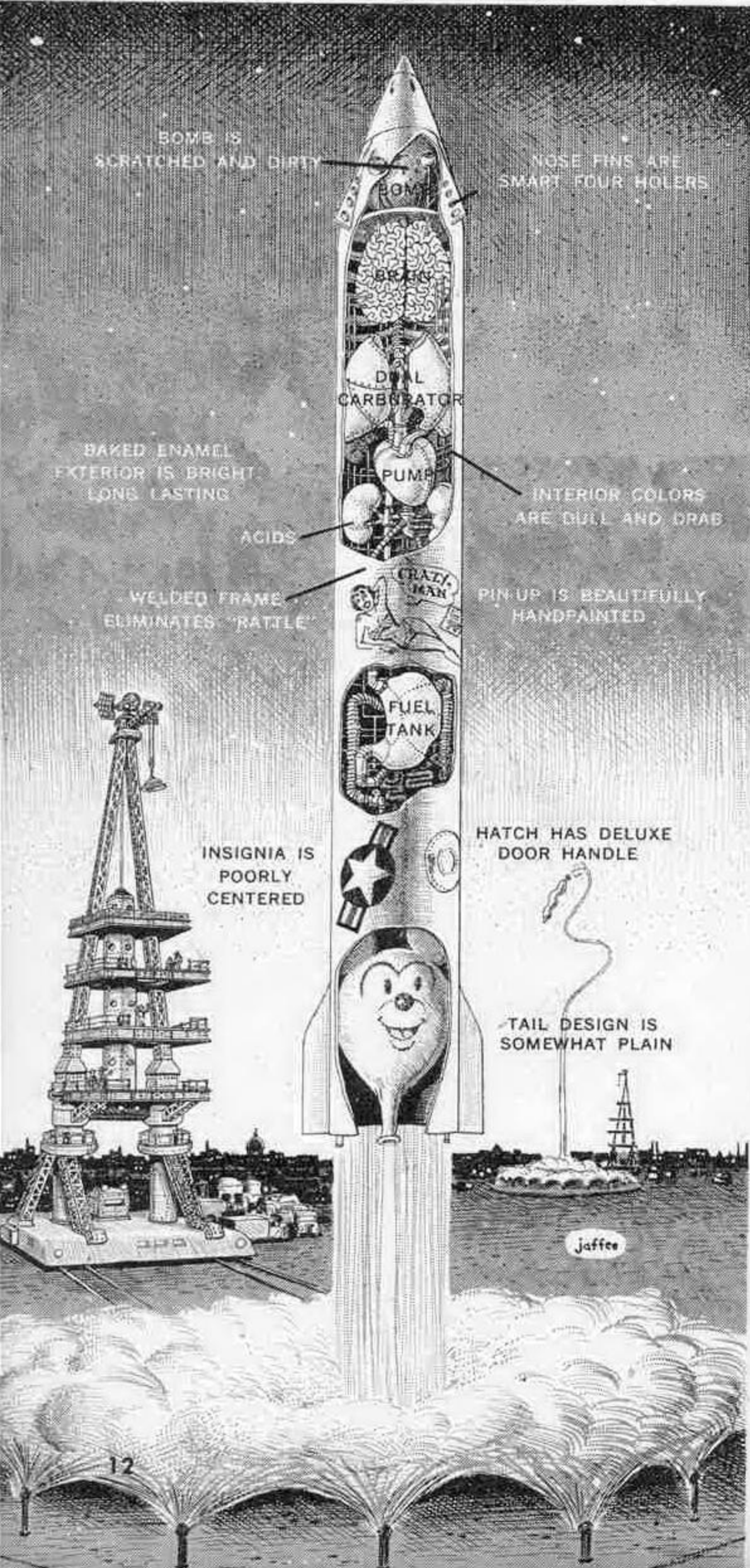
BRAIN MISSILE RACE IS ON

WEST AND EAST VIE FOR MOST INTELLIGENT BOMB

The Inter-Continental Brain Missiles (ICBM) have thinking mechanisms that are perfected to the point where they can do exactly what the human brain can. This creates a special problem. The brains just don't cotton to the idea of going somewhere to blow themselves up. However, the West feels confident that in time of crisis the freedom-loving brain

of its missile will act with honor in the fight for democracy. The East, on the other hand, feels safe in using its usual means of persuasion.

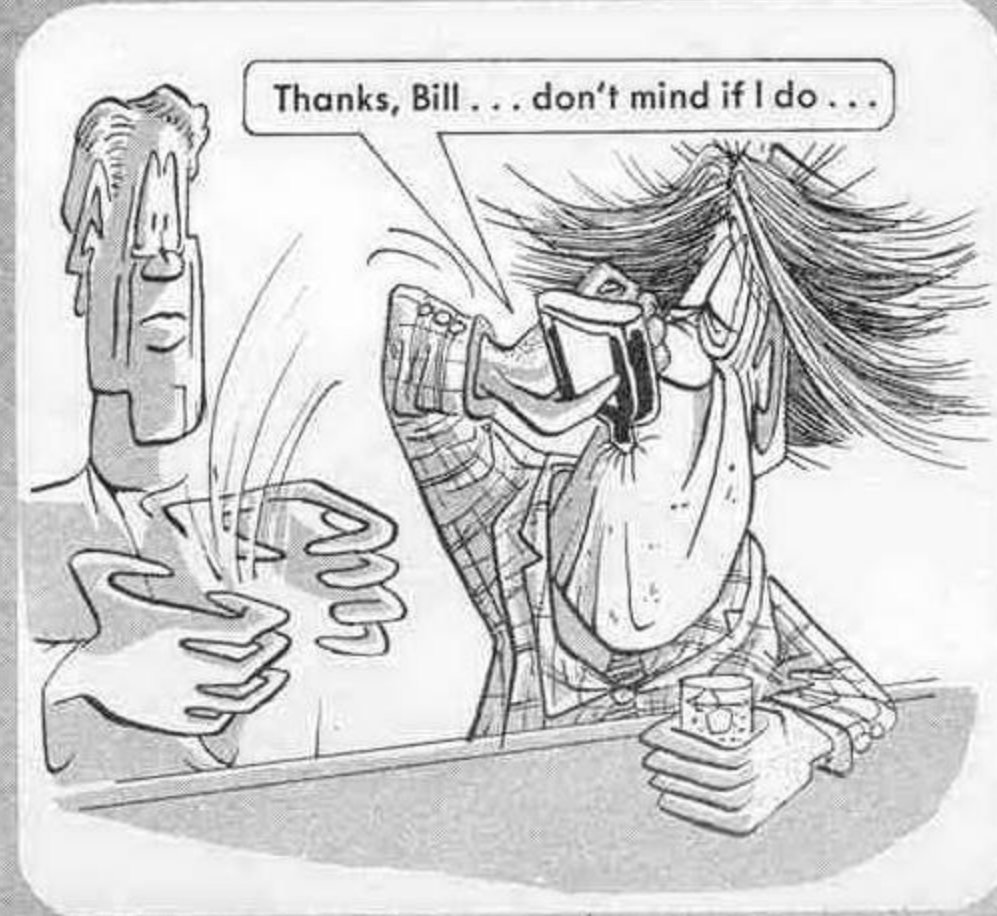
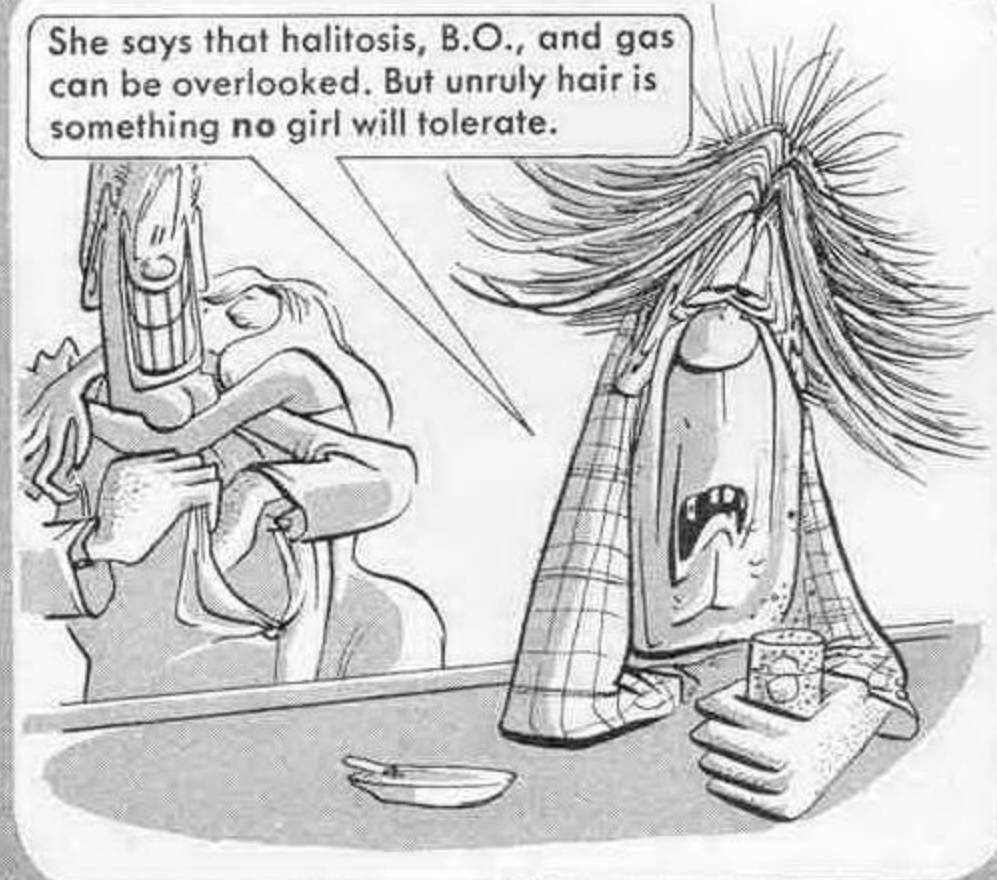
Although missiles are fairly even in range, accuracy and destructive power, differences remain. Artist's conception below shows some of astonishing merits and faults in each.





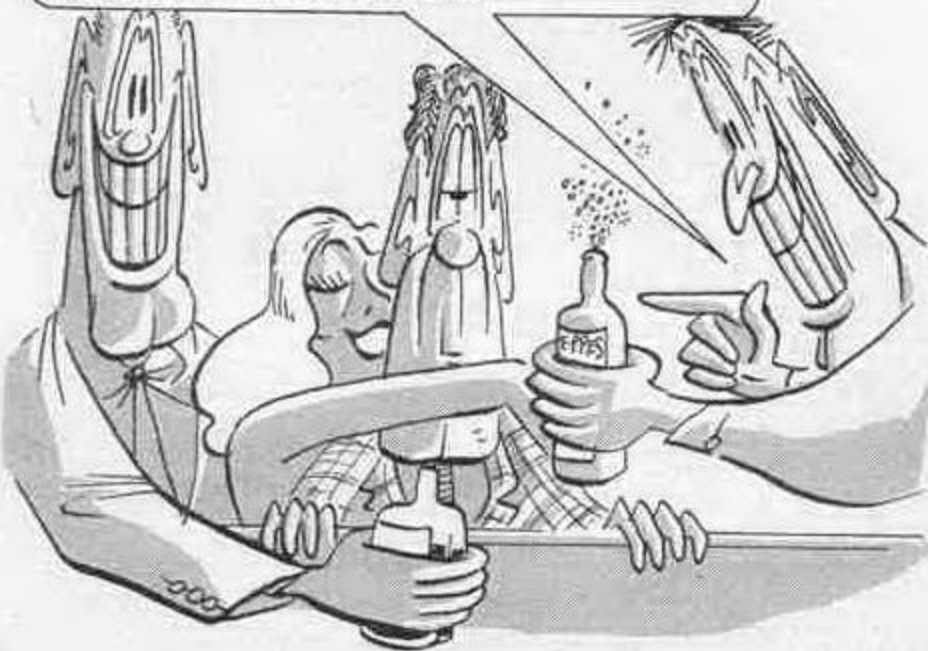
It's time for the commercial, gang, so here we go with another example of how Madison Avenue will probably overdo a good thing like the "Harry and Bert Piel" commercials, with this sample story board of a . . .

FUTURE TV AD





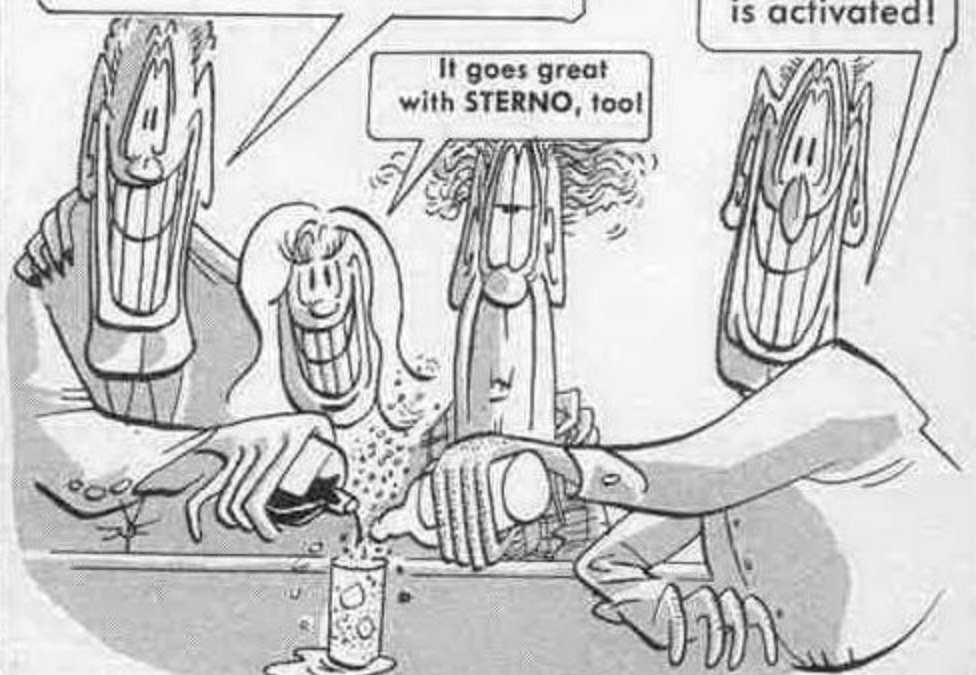
That's because you mixed it with **this**, Charlie! Schveppes Activated Sparkling Seltzer! Any drink is amazing when it's mixed with **SCHVEPPES!**



Why, I wouldn't drink my Hair Tonic with any other mixer but **SCHVEPPES!**

It goes great with **STERNO**, too!

Remember: **SCHVEPPES** is activated!



ORSON BEAN DEPT.

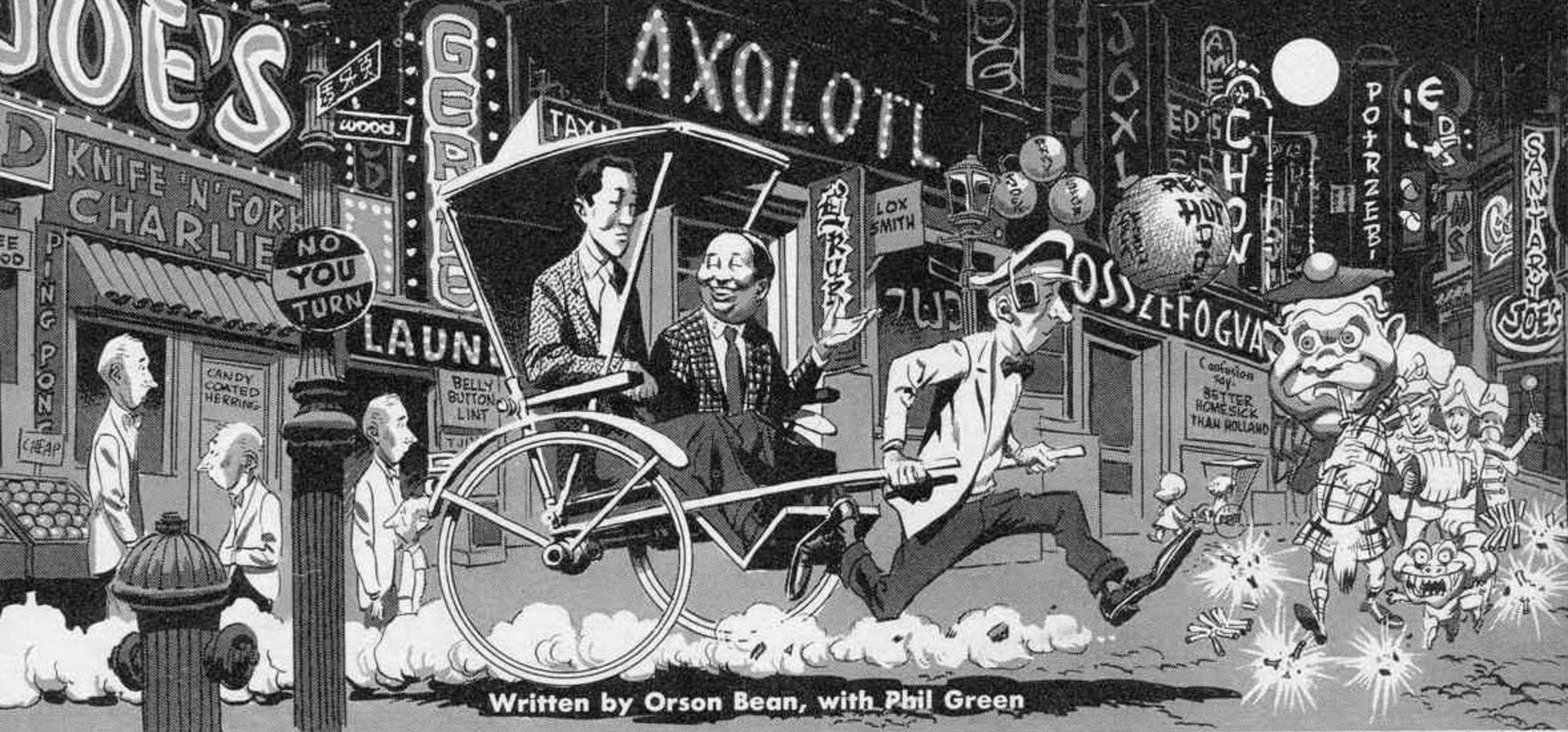
You know how when people go to a "Chinese Restaurant", they always make those cliché remarks? Well, on behalf of all of them Chinese Restaurants, here's where MAD gets even! 'Cause here's

ORSON BEAN'S

"The Two Chinese Fellas who go to an American Restaurant"

ROUTINE

MR. ORSON BEAN



Written by Orson Bean, with Phil Green

Two Chinese fellas get together and agree to eat out. Being in a particularly devil-may-care frame of mind, they decide to go have "American food". (There's a switch!) So

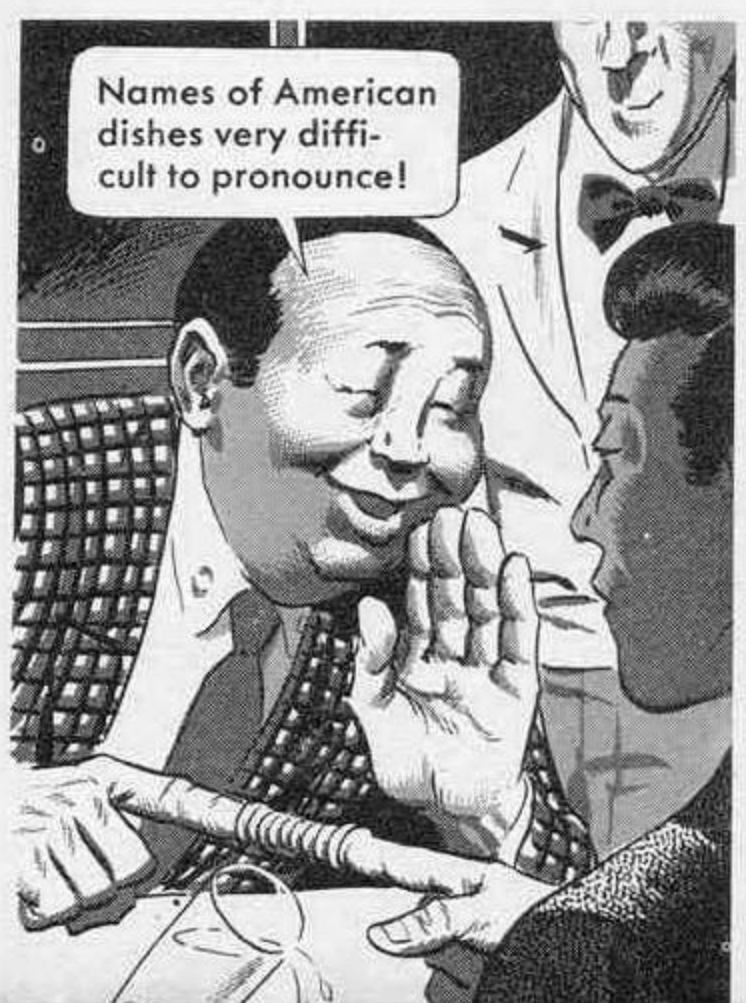
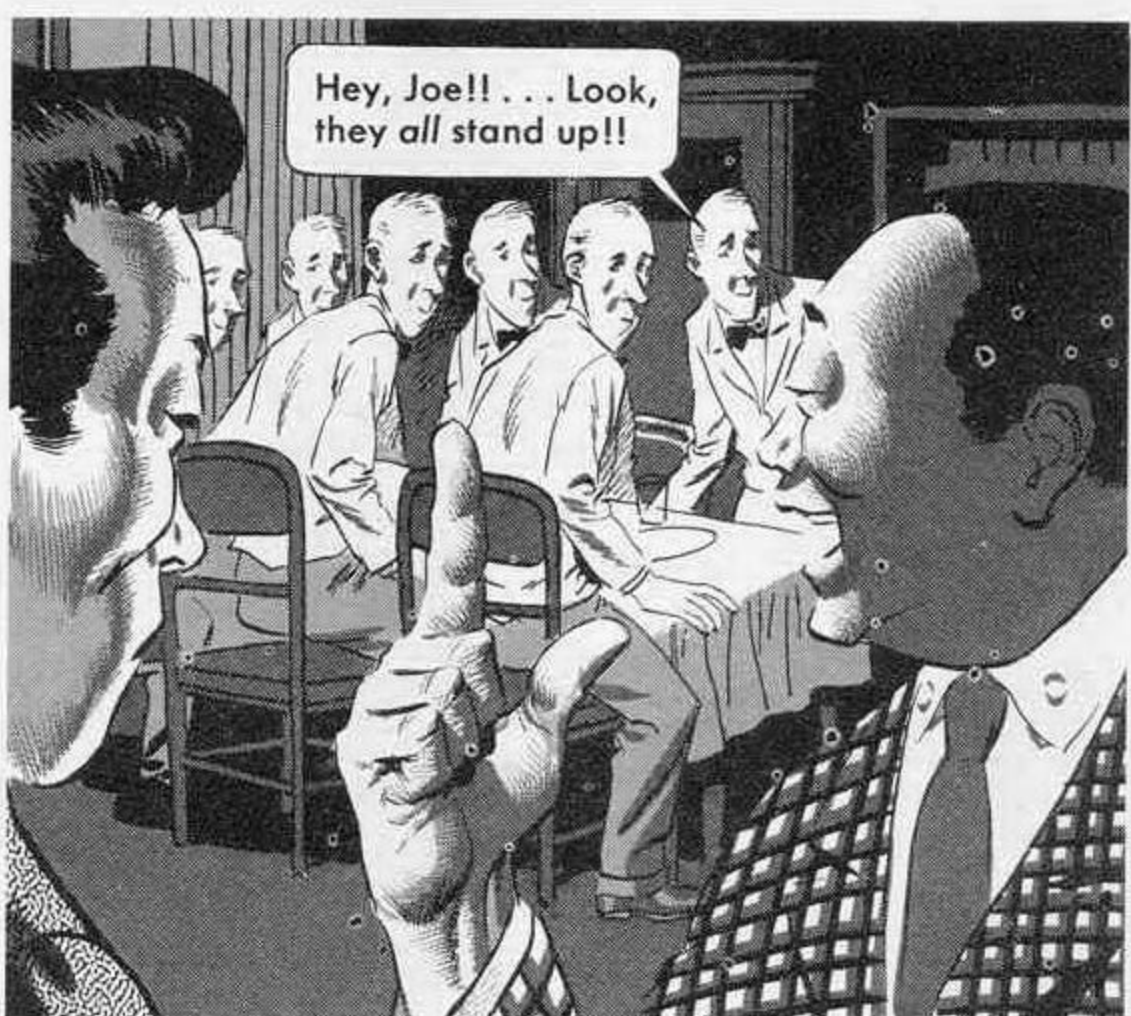
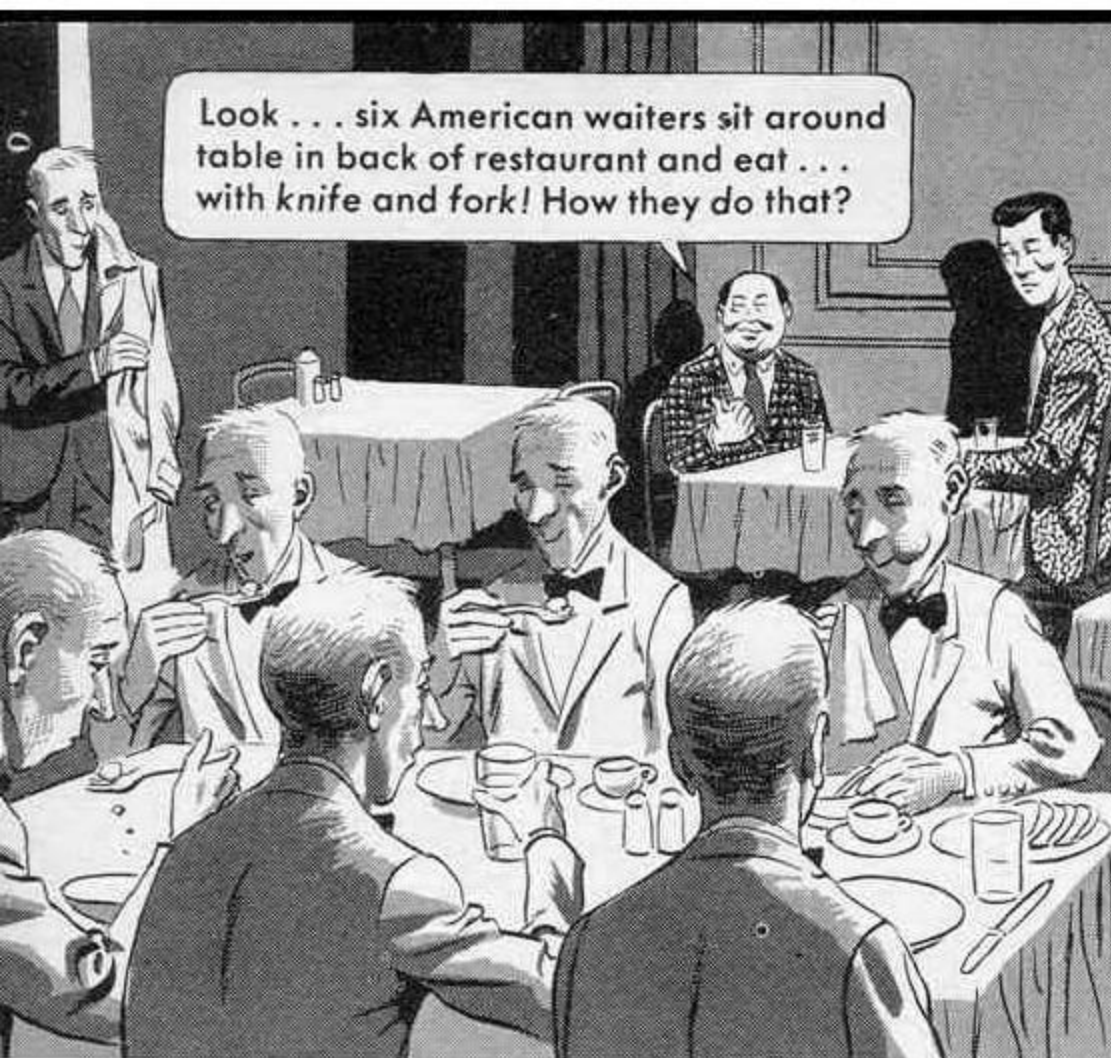
they hop in a rickshaw, and they ride over to the poorer part of the city... Americantown, (which is made up almost entirely of American restaurants and American laundromats.)

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

Soon, they find themselves before a typical American restaurant, so they walk in and go on upstairs... naturally.

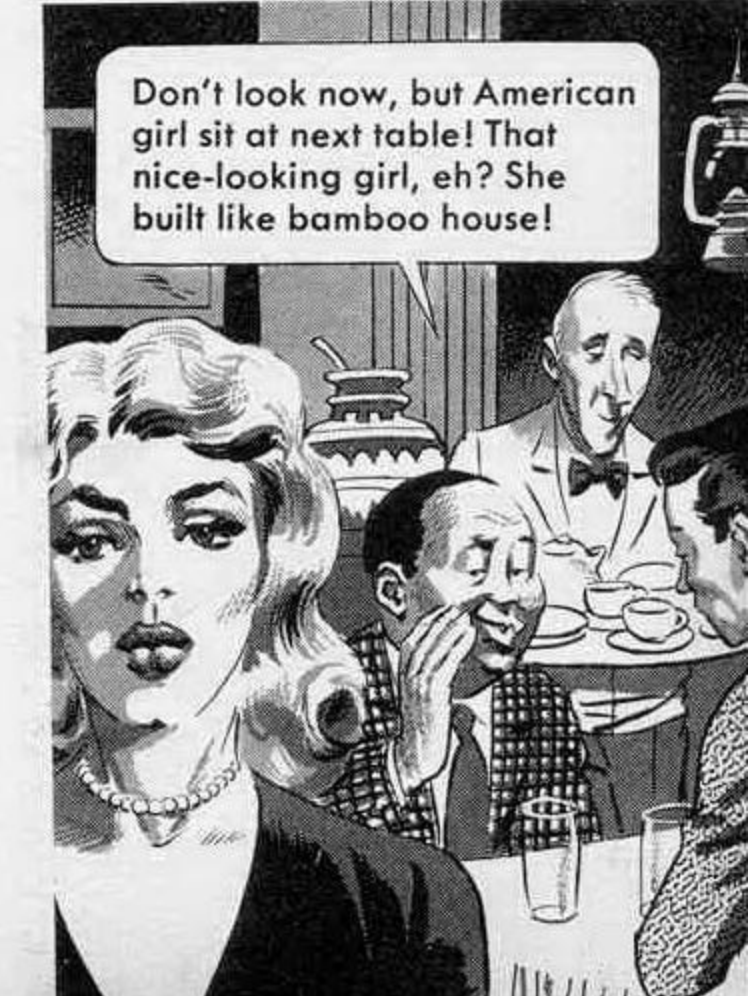
There's not much business in the place (it's between rush hours!), and in the back of the restaurant, six American waiters sit at a table, eating. The two Chinese fellas choose a table, and here is the conversation which follows...

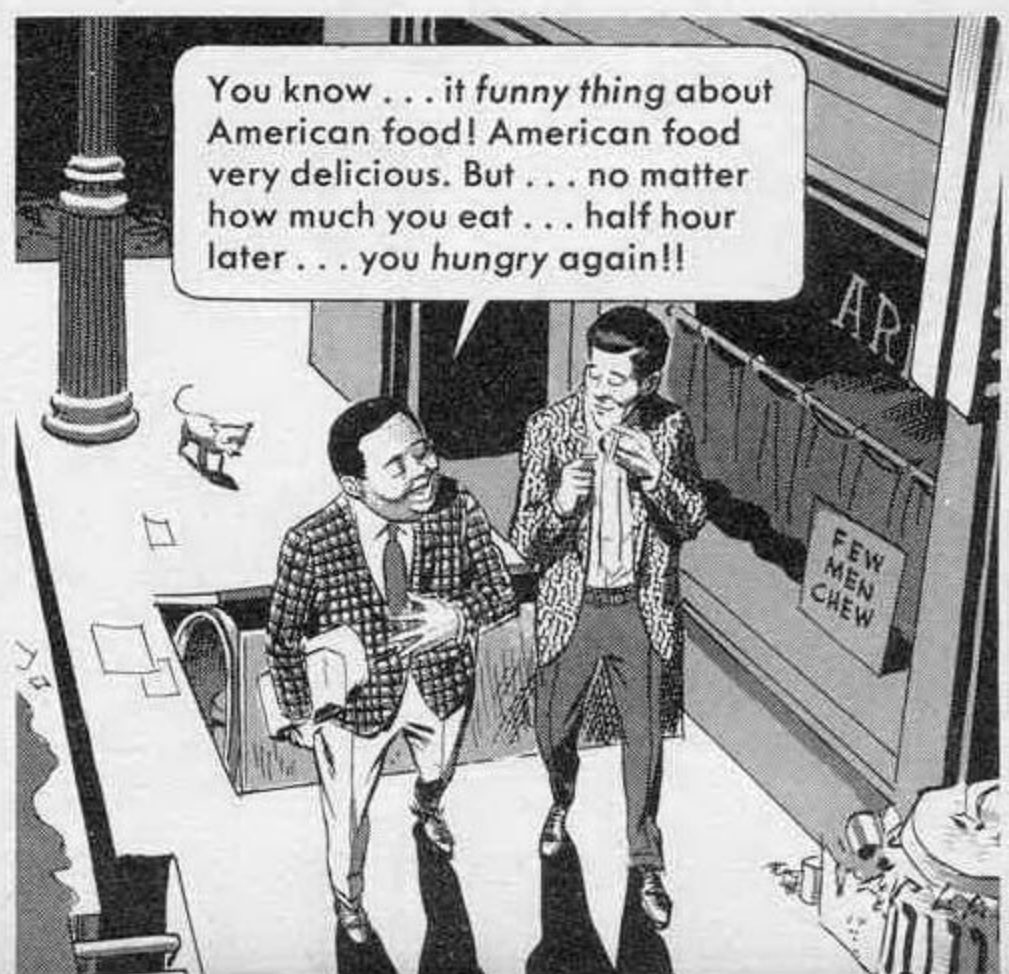
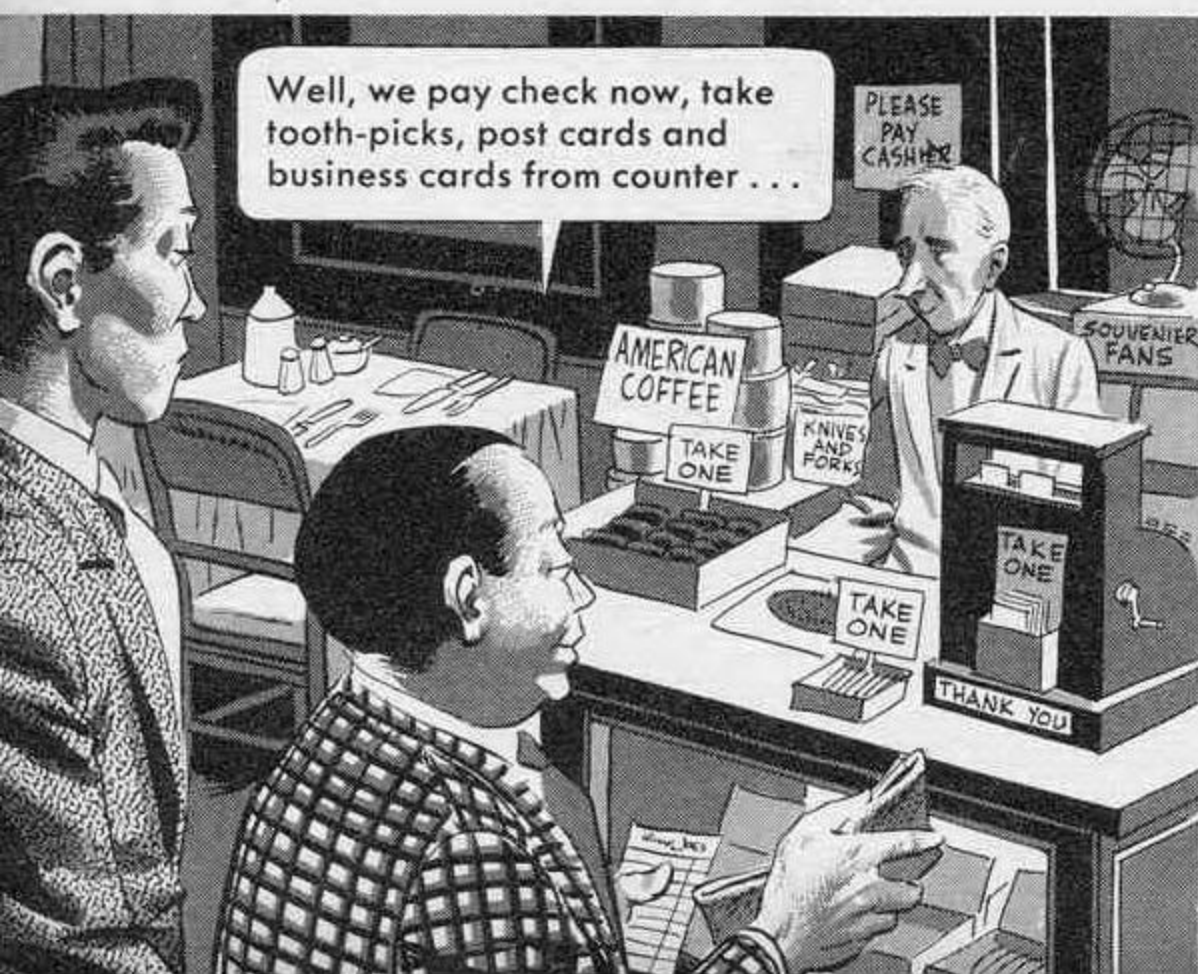
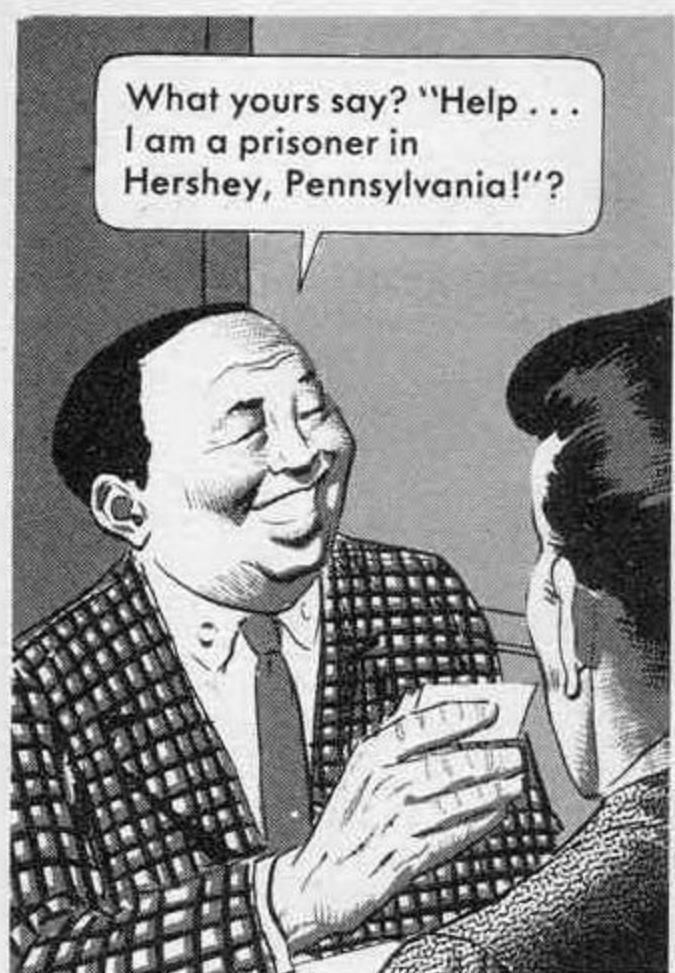
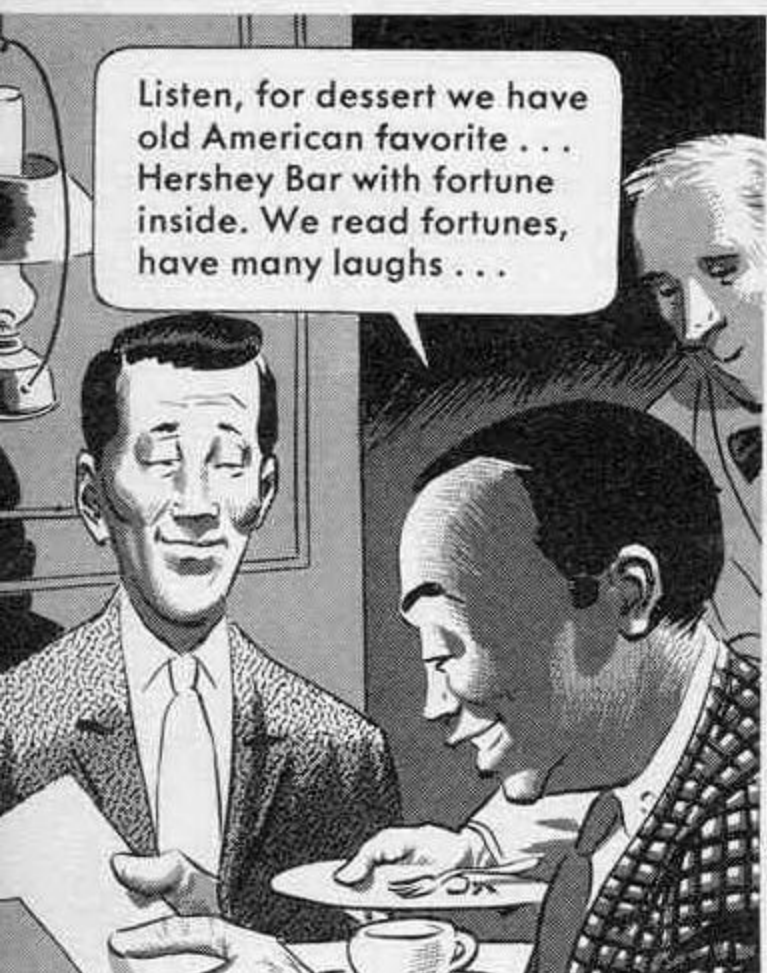






CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

The Woodsman Who Failed To Save The Girl.



FAIR WARNING DEPT.

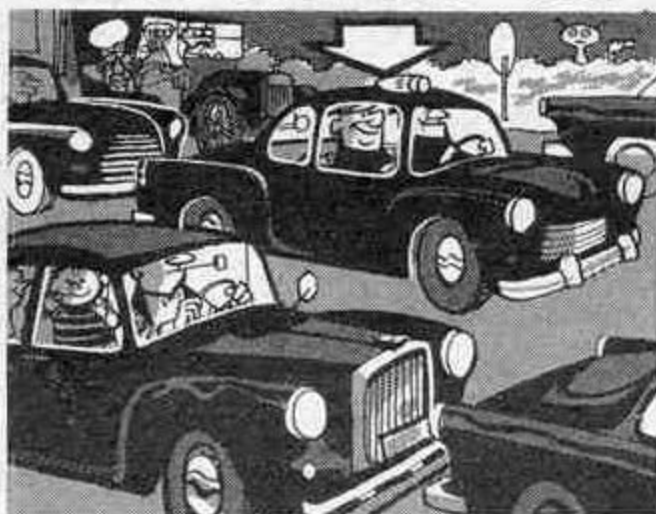
And now, MAD, mindful of its responsibility to readers and anxious to allow them to gain any advantage, however small, over non-readers, presents this next vital article.

MOTORIST

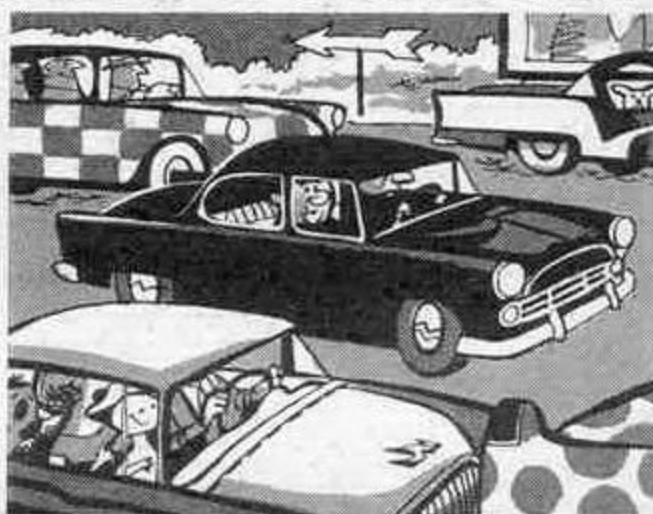
THE SEE-SAWING WAR OF RECOGNITION B



First strategic move came when police deduced that isolated two-tone patrol cars were easily recognized by motorists driving all black cars.



Strategic move by police consisted of painting two-tone patrol cars black to match motorists' black cars, thereby forestalling recognition.



Motorists retaliated quickly by trading in black cars for pastel-colored varieties, thus again isolating rare, out-of-place black patrol cars.

Police Departments around the country are going all-out to enforce the laws of the highways, and rightly so. Yes, even MAD is for highway safety and law enforcement. But it is the method used that we object to . . . method being this trend toward non-police-looking police cars that catch the unsuspecting motorist unawares. Up to now, motorists have been able to cope with the problem of how to recognize

police cars (see above), despite the Police Departments' insidious campaign to remain hidden. But recently, MAD learned that the latest move on the part of the motorists (taking to wearing bright hued clothing) has infuriated the Police Departments. After all, an officer of the law must wear a uniform, or else how are people going to respect him? So now, the police have come up with the most devilish

A WARNING OF THINGS TO COME..NEW SE

GOOD HUMOR TRUCK



Police mobile radar unit disguised as a Good Humor truck will check speeding cars. Alert motorists, however, will be able to tell fake police Good Humor truck from real thing. Police Good Humor man will be too busy consulting radar screen to ring his bell. If you see a Good Humor man who is not ringing his bell . . . slow down!

BABY CARRIAGE



Innocent-looking baby carriage will be another device to catch erring motorists. Carriage, equipped with 180 horsepower engine, will do 85 mph, accelerating to top speed from a standing start in 12 seconds. Carries one midget policeman inside, regular-sized policeman as steerer. Watch for steerer's retractable roller skates!

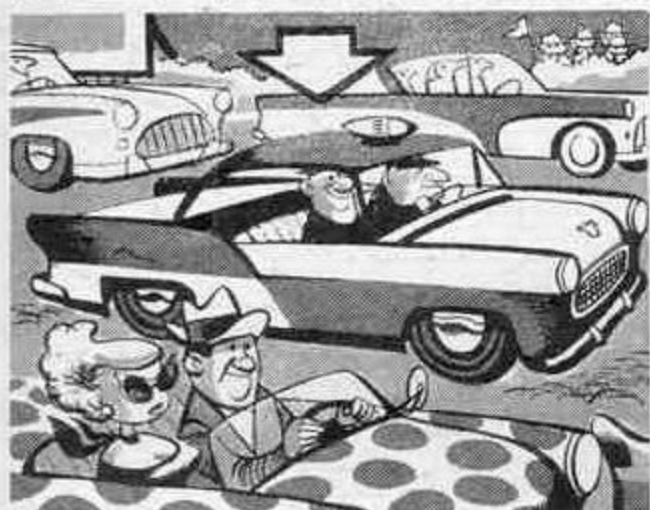
LEMONADE STAND



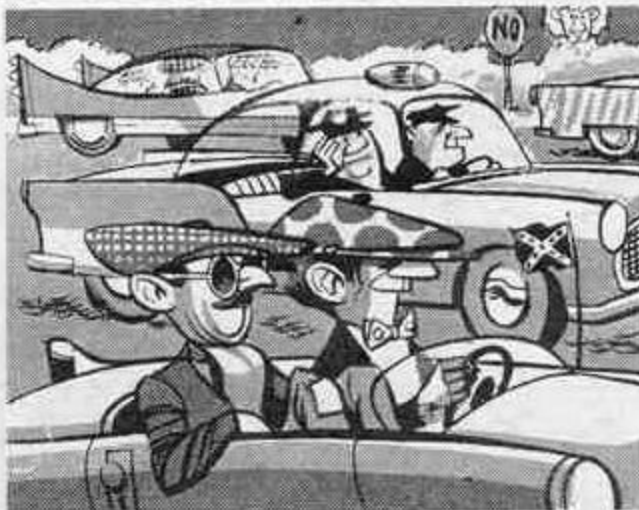
Police helicopter disguised as lemonade stand will hover over highways and trap speeders. However, alert motorists will be able to tell fake police stand from real one. Real lemonade stand will not have rotating umbrella and, depending on strength of lemonade sold, real stand will not be more than a foot off the ground. Careful!

BEWARE!

BETWEEN MOTORISTS AND POLICE TO DATE



Police counterattacked by discarding rare black patrol cars, acquiring new pastel-colored ones to match motorists', again gaining advantage.



Motorists' latest move was to adapt outlandish clothing styles like plaid caps and chartreuse jackets, thus isolating dull police uniforms.



But war of recognition is not yet over. While motorists drive on with a false sense of security, police are readying secret weapons (below).

plan of all to trap the motorist into the traffic courts. Disguised patrol cars that don't even look like cars!

The indignant editors of MAD feel that fire should be met with fire. After exhaustive research we have spied out the majority of disguises planned and are herewith exposing them (see below). We are also preparing a booklet entitled, "How to Disguise Your Car and Thus Avoid Inconvenience."

This booklet will tell how, with a little paint and some minor revisions, you can make your car appear like a small ranch house, a rock garden or a base fiddle. If you wish to obtain this booklet, simply address a card "To whom it may concern" and deposit it in the pouch of any large kangaroo you see at the zoo. We feel that, for the time being, it's best to keep this movement as well-hidden as possible.

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

SECRET WEAPONS...DISGUISED POLICE CARS

SLED AND DOG TEAM



By this winter, police will have put into action patrol unit disguised as Alaskan sled complete with 8 mechanized huskies. A V-1 motor will be concealed in each of the mechanical dogs, giving this job the equivalent of a V-8 dogpower engine. To tell fake police sled and dog team from the real thing on icy roads . . . listen for barking!

SNOWMAN



Another winter device will be motorized policeman hidden inside plastic snowman. Although this unit will not be able to attain as high a speed as other vehicles, the thought behind it is that any motorist who sees himself being chased by a snowman will automatically slow down. To tell a fake, blast with exhaust, then check for melting.

FOUR-MAN BOBSLED



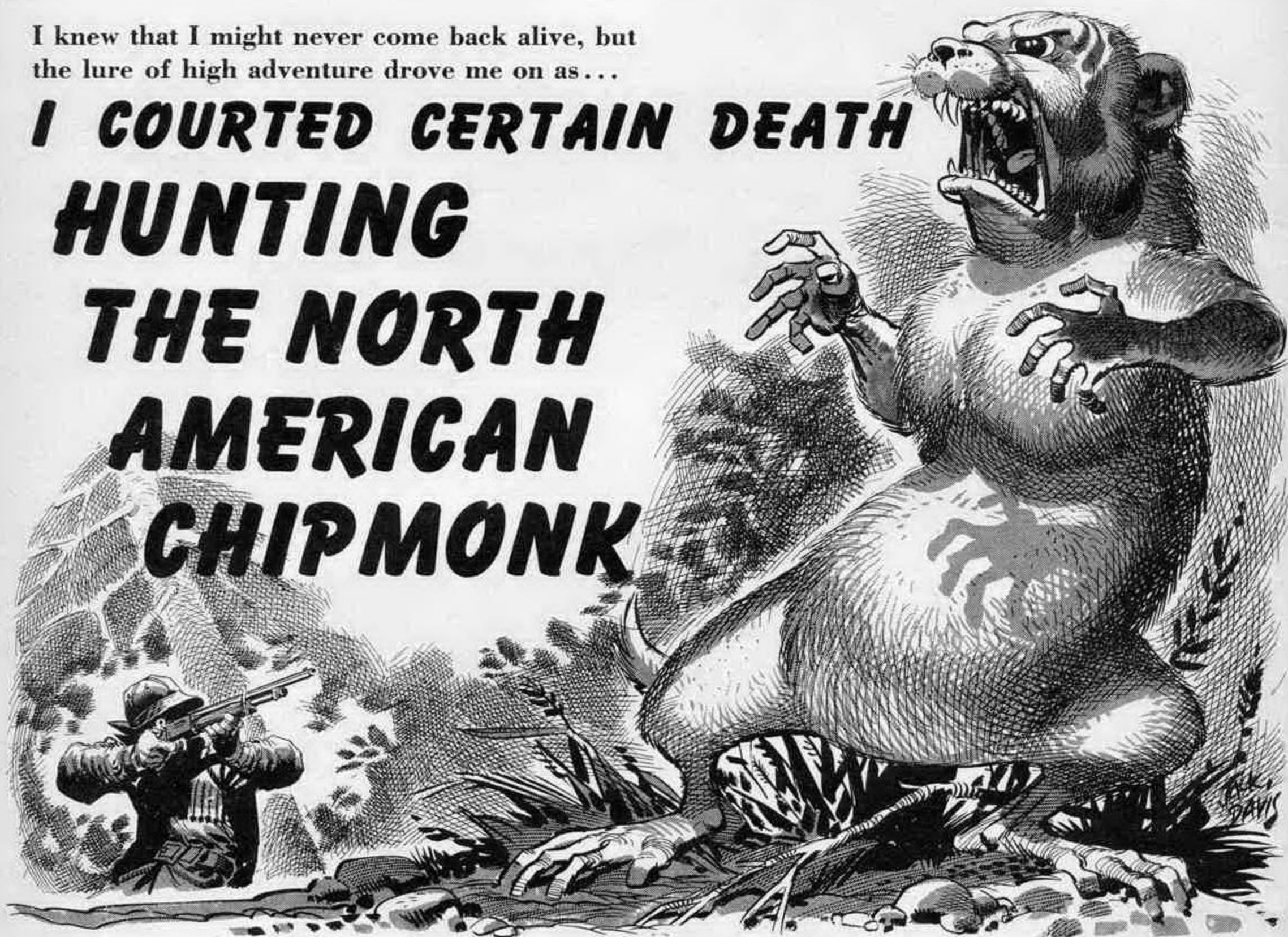
Keep an eye out for this baby on hilly highways. Disguised as a four-man bobsled, this device is powered by a 225 hp. engine with a 9.25 to 1 compression ratio and four-speed transmission. It carries two policemen, a recording clerk and a traffic court justice for on-the-spot trials. Watch for tell-tale gavel-rapping anchor man!

With violent-type stuff like Rock 'n Roll, Hot-Rodding, Comic Books and Patsy under fire these days, Junior is having a hard time finding acceptable pastimes and reading matter that will allow him to blow off steam. Pop, on the other hand, is having no trouble blowing off steam. There's always Hunting and Fishing . . . and all that reading matter devoted to these delightful, acceptable pastimes. Reading matter like . . .

Field & Scream

I knew that I might never come back alive, but the lure of high adventure drove me on as . . .

I COURTED CERTAIN DEATH HUNTING THE NORTH AMERICAN CHIPMONK



by Major Lance Sturdley, D.S.O., M.C.
FIELD & SCREAM's Indiscriminate Slaughter Editor

It was the tense grind of close-quarters hunting that wore me down until my life was a combination of frayed nerves, foul temper, and sheer exhaustion . . . and mainly, I hadn't killed anything yet. The knowledge of certain danger dogged my every move as I crept through the dense underbrush, starting at every noise, and conjuring up terrifying pictures with my over-worked imagination.

But, you ask, what possible danger can there be in hunting a twelve-ounce, fully mature North American chipmonk?

The danger of certain death, I say, is not when you meet up with that twelve-ounce, fully mature North American chipmonk. The danger of certain death is when you meet up with that one-hundred-and-eighty pound, immature North American trigger-happy hunter!



IRV BLINTZ casts for bass, using old method which calls for \$1252.63 worth of equipment.



AFTER fourteen hours on lake, Irv Blintz displays day's catch: 2 spotted bass and a sunfish.

FIELD & SCREAM'S EXCITING DEVELOPMENT ... A SENSIBLE METHOD TO ... INCREASE YOUR BASS CATCH

ANOTHER NEW ANGLE FROM THE OLD ANGLER

Have any of you veteran bass fishermen ever figured out just how much each bass you catch *costs* you? Even if you are lucky enough to catch the legal limit every day of the bass season, by the time you add up vital fishing expenses like cabin rent, transportation, beer, band-aids, beer, cigarettes, and beer, you're going to find that you simply can't afford to fish for those few bass you've been catching! The return just isn't there. Not in proportion to the original investment.

Now we are aware that, in order to solve this urgent problem confronting frustrated and financially over-extended bass fishermen, a rival outdoor-type magazine has developed an irresponsible method of bass fishing. It is guaranteed (they say) to increase your catches, to insure your going over the legal limit, and thus make your bass-fishing financially sound. Their irresponsible method is: *dynamite!* Friends, this method is not only vile, it is foolhardy! This method is not only ill-advised, it is downright dangerous! Any idiot who is a true sportsman knows that to be discovered carrying cumbersome electric cables, "B" bat-

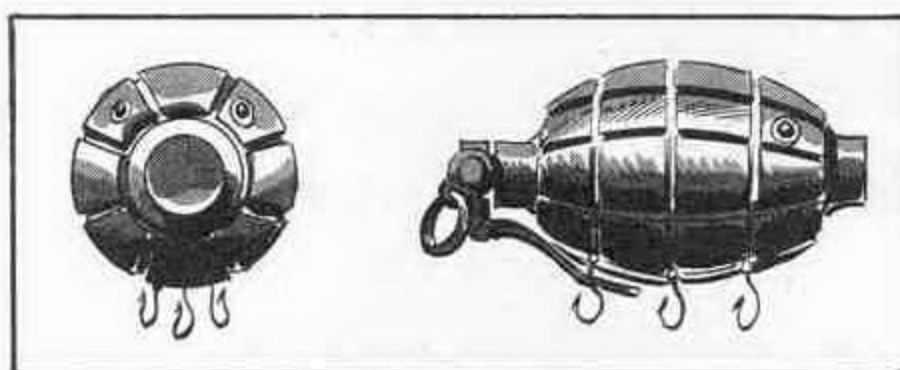
teries, T.N.T. sticks and a detonator near a lake well-stocked with bass, is to invite suspicion from those nosey Fish and Game Wardens. We at FIELD & SCREAM have developed our own *sensible* method.

Our sensible method is: *hand grenades!* War surplus hand grenades, recently tested by our staff,

were found to offer many real advantages over the foolhardy dynamite method. Chief advantage is, you can hide grenades in your pocket, thus avoiding suspicion. Concussion grenades are best suited for deep water work where they can reach down and destroy even the fish eggs, thus eliminating *all* bass within the blast area. Fragmentation grenades give excellent results

when used in shallow water near the lake shore where ricochet effect often eliminates any fishermen who might be dangerous witnesses to this exciting sport. So try our sensible method, friends. It keeps that old budget down!

One last word of caution, friends: after you pull the detonating ring on the grenade and count to ten, don't forget to let go! Good luck and good fishing! *The Crafty Old Angler.*



FIELD & SCREAM's exciting new development is guaranteed to increase bass catches. Attached hooks make grenade look like a clever lure.

**Spare the rod and spoil the child
— Minot F. Jelke Sr.

MILTON FORBISHER casts for bass, using new FIELD & SCREAM sensible, low cost method.



FOURTEEN seconds later, Milton Forbisher displays fantastic catch of large small-mouthed bass. CONTINUED



***A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush
—John J. Audubon*

Go out to your favorite blind with FIELD & SCREAM's new-type decoys, and we guarantee you'll find that . . .

DUCK HUNTING CAN BE FUN!

by Col. Lancelot Borscht-Bagel, A.M., F.M.
FIELD & SCREAM's Duck Hunting and Chicken-Flicking Editor.

There's no doubt about it, gang! Much as we duck hunters will hate to admit it, crouching in that swamp-blind hour after hour, through fog and rain and near-freezing temperatures, just to get off a few scattered shots at a flock of Mallards that might chance by, certainly takes the fun out of this otherwise invigorating sport.

FIELD & SCREAM's new-type duck decoy eliminates all that discomfort once and for all. With this decoy, you can go out to your favorite blind anytime you care to . . . on a sunny day at high noon in the middle of Summer if you prefer . . . and **SHOOT THOSE DUCKS!**

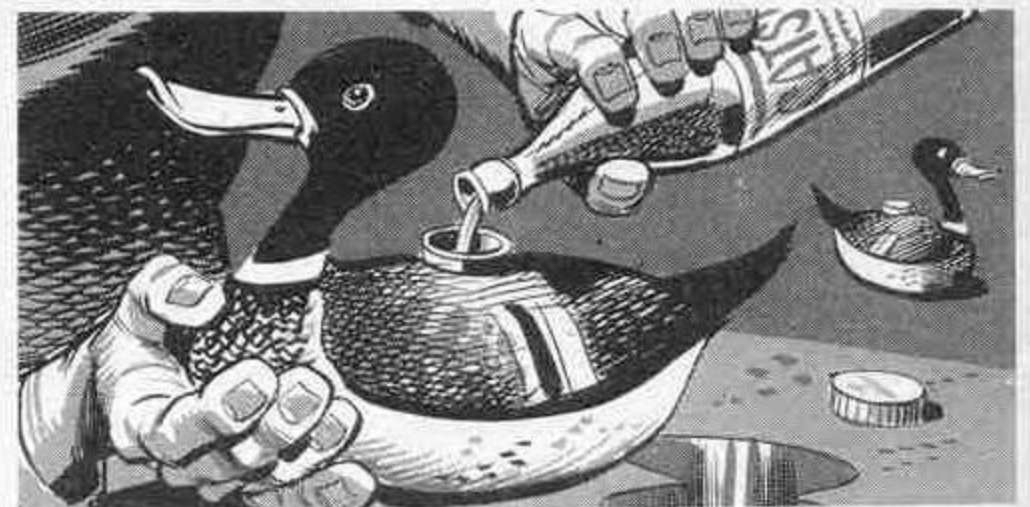
Yes, gang, after years of research, your duck hunting editor is finally able to announce FIELD & SCREAM's new development . . . the boon to hunters everywhere. Vinyl Plastic Decoys filled with ketchup. Just float 'em out on that lake, blast away, and experience the thrill we duck hunters usually spend miserable hours waiting for, as that near-convincing blood spatters in all directions. No more patience required. Just a little imagination.



HUNTERS in unsheltered blinds spend long, miserable hours shivering in fog, rain and near-freezing temperature, wait for ducks to show up.



WHEN FLOCK finally does appear, hunters are usually too numb from amount of liquid warmer imbibed to get off accurate shot, often miss . . .



FIELD & SCREAM's revolutionary new development in duck decoys.



Now, with **FIELD & SCREAM's** new-type Vinyl Plastic Decoys, duck hunters can experience the thrill of the kill without suffering all the pain and misery and discomfort of crouching in a cold, damp unsheltered swamp-blind.



Skin diver Fenwick Furd lets fly gas gun harpoon at herring target.



But harpoon misses herring, strikes killie on hook being used as bait...



Skin diver Furd is reeled in by excited fisherman on party boat above.

For refreshing new thrills in the sport of killing fish, try...

SKIN DIVING

by Rear Admiral Ozgood (Glugg) Z'Beard, U.S.L.H.S. (Ret.)
FIELD & SCREAM's Underwater Editor.

If you're a deep-sea fisherman, and you're beginning to get bored with having to spend long hours in a boat, jigging bait, waiting for that occasionally hungry fish to strike, then skin diving is the sport for you. Now you can go right down there and get those big ones whether they're hungry or not!

If the excitement of feeling a squirming blowfish on the end of your line has worn thin, then great new thrills await you. You haven't lived till you've had a red snapper impaled on the end of a sling gun spear!

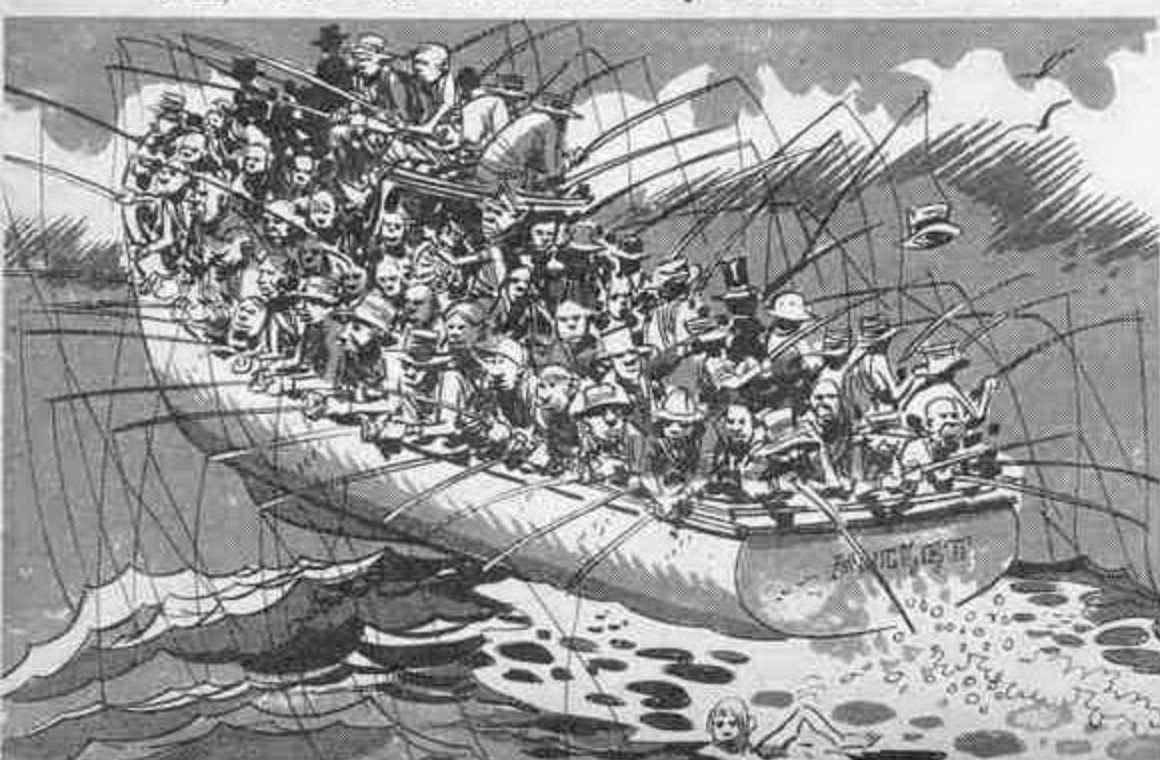
If you've grown tired of reeling in limp sea robbers so you can bash them over the head to put them out of their misery, then you don't know what you're missing. Wait until you see what happens to a porgy when you hit it with a gas gun harpoon!

Sportsmen, start enjoying this satisfying new sport today! All you need is a diving mask, a pair of swim fins, compressed air breathing gear, a spear gun, and a lust for life. Some poor fish's life. And you're set. So whet your appetite on these fascinating pictures of skin divers in action, and then rush down to your favorite sporting goods store. Join the growing ranks of fishermen who are daily tangling with fish on their own grounds, and turning the cool green depths into a gore-streaked sickly scarlet. **CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE**



Nothing deters skin diver Walt Goober as he eagerly stalks evasive flounder through sunken Spanish galleon.

Fishermen on crowded party boat above bake in hot sun, wait for bites as they stand elbow to elbow



...while skin divers in cool depths below stalk fish and dodge misfired harpoons as they swim elbow to elbow.



Sportsmen! Learn to throw a **BOOMERANG!**

Only \$5.98, two for \$11.00



Dept. "Rebound",
Wham, South Dakota.



"DOWN BOY!"

DOG TRAINER WHISTLES

Only \$1.00 postpaid

Rush your order now for this sensational dog whistle. Emits ear-splitting shriek. Plastic mouthpiece allows firm grip, resists tooth wear. Allows you to train to lie, heel, sit up and beg, and even point, once your dog learns to blow it and you become accustomed to that ear-splitting shriek. Send money now to:

"Down Boy!", Whiplash, Oregon.

SPORTSMEN GET LOST!



Camp Portage in Great North Woods. Experience thrill of fighting your way back to civilization. Free survival kit included. We guarantee 100 to 1 odds you will never be seen again. Have the time of what's left of your life! Write to:

POTTERS, FIELD, CANADA



ARMY SURPLUS

LAND MINES

\$11.98 each.

Why bother to go to all the trouble of stalking that deer or that grizzly bear when you can bury one of our Army Surplus Land Mines and let the critters blow themselves sky high. And think of the uproarious fun when some nosy Game Warden comes blundering by!

Rush Money to: Sky High, Blamm, Ga.

ARMY SURPLUS

MINE DETECTORS

\$13.50 each

Hunters! Don't fall prey to other hunters who have sent in to above advertiser. Afford yourself a fighting chance. Act now. Before it is too late!

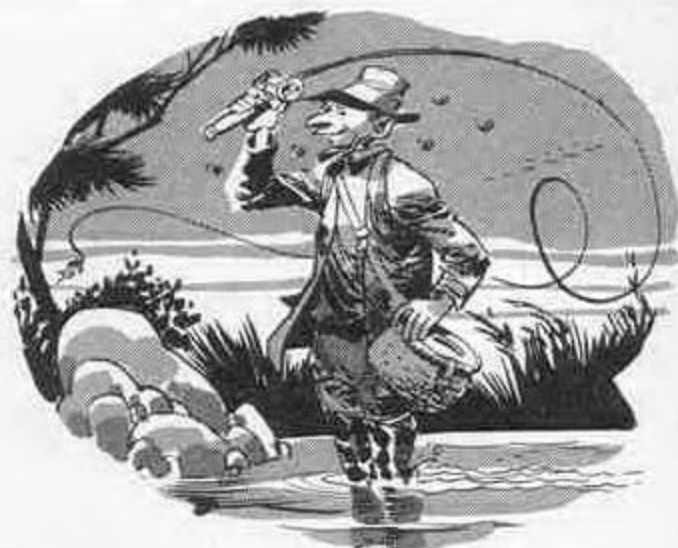
Rush money to: Look Out, Fzst, Ga.

FIELD & SCREAM'S FISHING & HUNTING TIPS

by Private Elmo Klunk, U.S.M.C., Dishon. Disch.

TIE YOUR OWN FLIES

TYING your own flies can be an enjoyable and profitable pastime on those long evenings between seasons when you can't get out there and kill fish. Even the less-skilled can quickly learn to tie flies. Just make sure the various colored silk threads you use will be able to withstand abuse, as those flies kick up quite a storm when you get them tied down and you begin pulling their wings off.



FLUSHING QUAIL

FLUSHING quail is always a touchy task for the blast-happy bird hunter, especially when he goes over the legal limit and stands a chance of being caught because the Game Warden is at the front door. If feathers are plucked promptly upon arriving home, quail can be easily flushed, since absence of feathers allows them to slip down water closet without blocking.



CHECK THAT BORE

BORE trouble can be a serious problem for hunters. Bad aim and a missed deer are often the results. If you're out in the woods with a hunting party, and you're unlucky enough to develop bore trouble, nip the problem in the bud. Grab your rifle and shoot him before he ruins the whole trip.



KEEPING WORMS

EXCELLENT results can be obtained if you keep those big, fat, juicy night crawlers in the refrigerator until the little woman lets you go fishing again. Just be sure to store them in a clear plastic container. By George, you'll be going fishing sooner than you think when the little woman takes one look and packs off to her mother's house.



IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Last month, as a service to hunters everywhere, the editors of FIELD & SCREAM presented a tabulation of game seasons for each state in the Union. Since then, most states have revised or changed their game season dates. We shall print a full list of vital corrections in our next issue. Meanwhile, too bad if you get arrested!



KOVACS' Strangely Believe It!

KAHENA,

QUEEN of the **BERBER** tribe in **ALGERIA**, had a harem of **FOUR HUNDRED HUSBANDS**,

and, in a single evening,
THREE HUNDRED AND NINETY-FOUR
of them called to tell her they would have
to work late at the office.



A **TOMATO** IN THE SHAPE OF A
TOMATO

WAS GROWN BY
MRS. REGINA BUTTLES
of Mount Palomar,
California
Mrs. Buttles herself
is shaped like a
pear.



DUCKS
DO NOT
FLY!



THEY ARE
ACTUALLY
GREAT
JUMPERS!

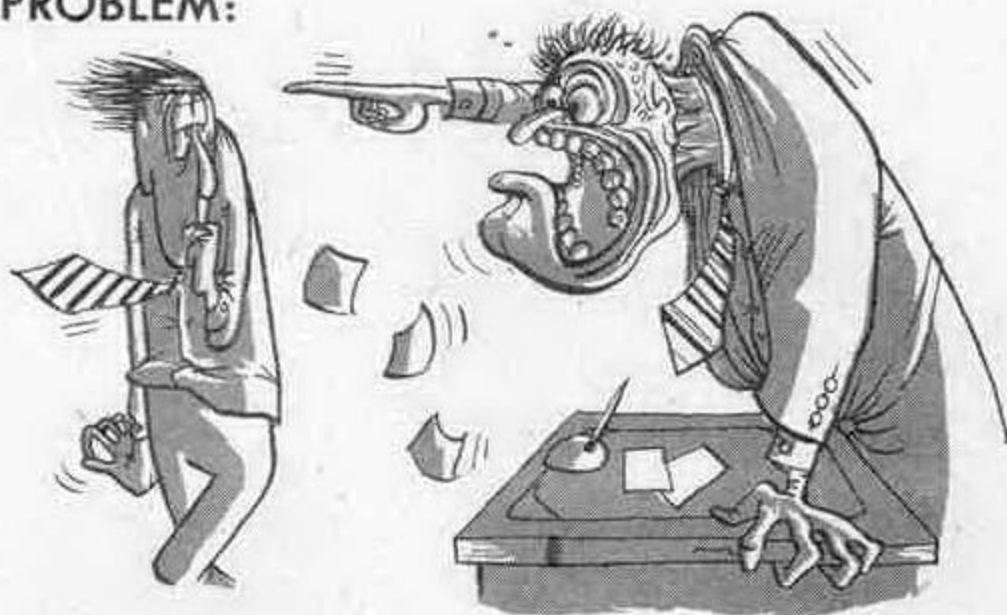


ROBERT TRAYNOR

Noted **ABOLITIONIST**
of the Nineteenth Century, fought a
DUEL with **PISTOLS** while swinging in a **HAMMOCK!**
He was shot through the **CANVAS!**

ALFRED E. NEUMAN ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS

PROBLEM:



Two weeks ago, I was laid off my job . . .



I came home to find my wife in the arms of another man . . .



As I stumbled from the house, I saw my children being carried away by some fiend . . .



On the way to summon the police, I was beaten and robbed . . .



I am cold, hungry and thoroughly depressed. I sometimes say to myself, "If I knew how to tie a hangman's knot, I would end it all!" What should I do?—Anxious

SOLUTION:

PICTURES BY DON MARTIN



Simple! A hangman's knot is tied thusly: right over left, left around right, through and under. $\frac{3}{4}$ hemp is suggested. Good luck!

DO-IT-YOURSELF DEPT.

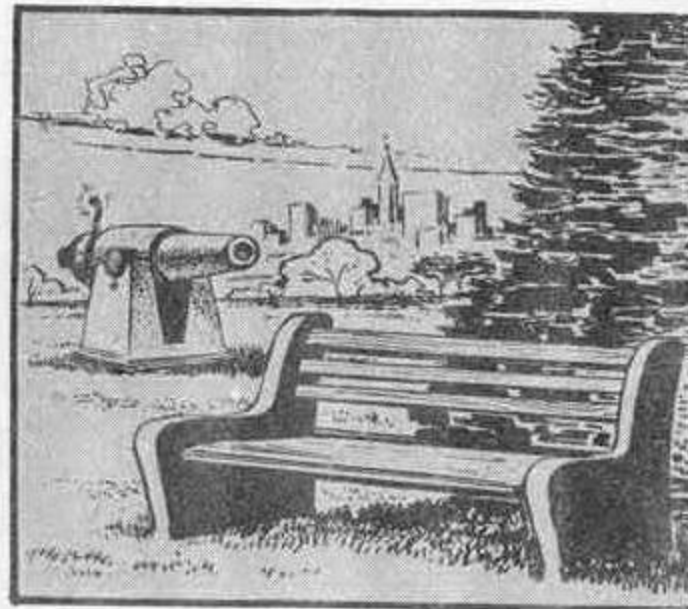
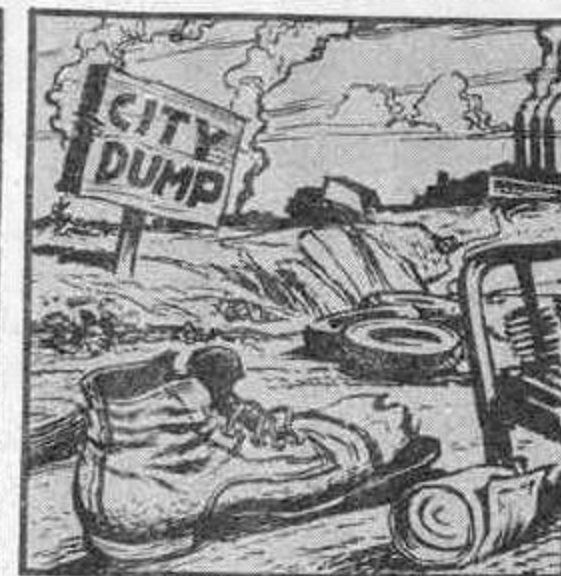
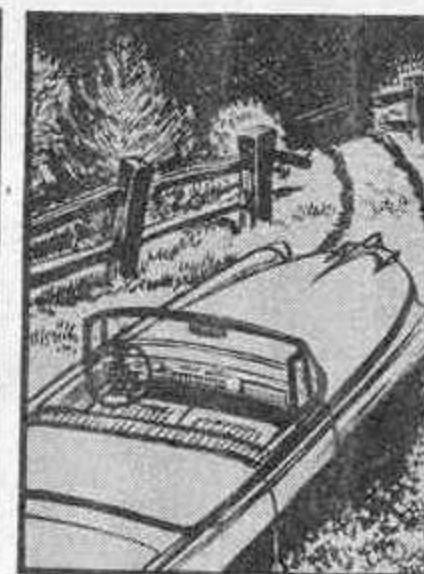
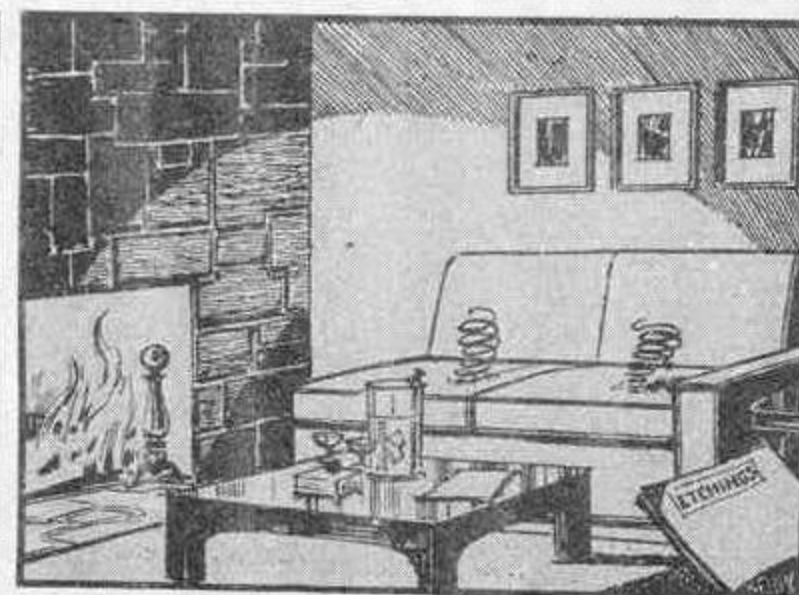
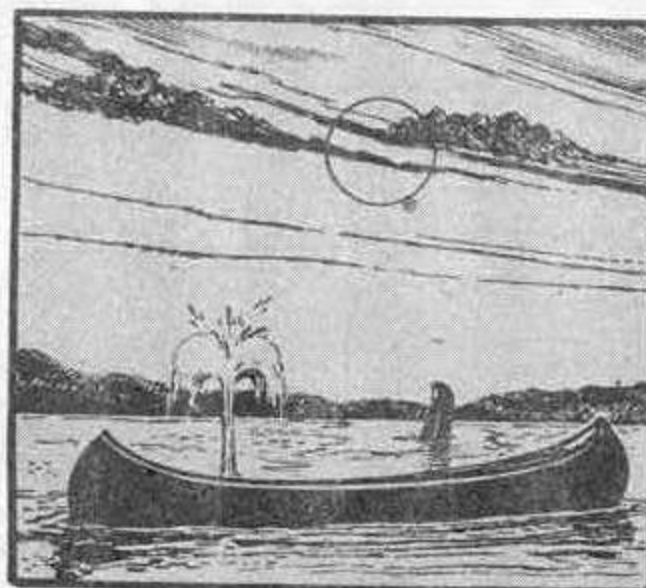
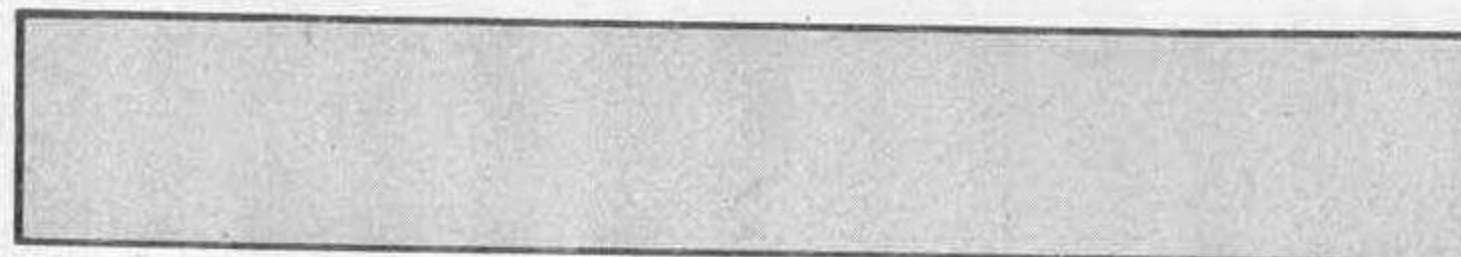


AND NOW MAD GOES SIDEWAYS AGAIN (ANNOYING, ISN'T IT?) WITH A CLASSY INTELLECTUAL FEATURE FOR YOU READERS WITH IMAGINATION, FOR YOU READERS WITH CREATIVE TALENT...BUT MAINLY FOR YOU READERS WITH PLENTY TIME TO WASTE . . .

MAKE YOUR OWN LOVE-STORY COMIC

How many times have you read a comic book and said: "Yech-h-h-h! Who writes this junk?" Hah? How many times? How often have you finished a comic book story and said: "Pha-a-! I could do better!" Hah? How many times? Well here's your chance, you critical clods. Here's your chance to be a comic book editor, writer, and artist . . . all with the snip of a scissors. Here's your chance to make your very own love-story comic book. *Love-story comic book?* you say. Let's face it, that's the only kind makes money! So, nimble-fingered readers, just cut out your choice of the titles, captions, balloons and figures provided below and paste them down on the page of romantic type backgrounds (supplied left). When you're through you'll be stunned to find that you've accomplished an amazing feat. You'll be stunned to find that you've foolishly destroyed vital reading matter on pages preceding and following this useless article.

LOVE IS A MANY SPLENDORED FLING
MY ROCK-AND-ROLL ROMANCE
Happiness is a thing called Money



What ever happened to "Boop-Boop-A-Doop"?

I'LL NEVER FALL IN LOVE AGAIN!
NEVER! I WON'T LET MYSELF!
IT'S TOO PAINFUL! OH... I
BEG YOUR PARDON! HOW
CLUMSY OF ME...

I'VE BEEN SUCH A FOOL... AN
UTTER FOOL! I THOUGHT I
COULD LIVE WITHOUT YOU, BUT
I KNOW NOW THAT I WAS
WRONG! I KNOW NOW THAT
I NEED YOU... DESPERATELY!
YOU AND YOUR MONEY!

BUT, DARLING... YOU'RE NOT
TALKING SENSE! PEOPLE DON'T
GET MARRIED THE FIRST DAY THEY'VE
MET! WE... WE HAVE TO SPEND
TIME TOGETHER... GET TO KNOW
EACH OTHER! TOMORROW WE
CAN GET MARRIED!

MY DEAREST,
WRITING THIS LETTER IS THE MOST
DIFFICULT THING I HAVE EVER DONE,
BECAUSE YOU KNOW HOW I LOVE YOU...
BECAUSE YOU KNOW HOW I NEED YOU...
BUT MAINLY BECAUSE YOU KNOW HOW
I'M ILLITERATE!

THE DAY PASSED SLOWLY, AND WHEN EVENING
CAME, I WAS SURPRISED TO FIND MYSELF
IN THE PARK. I WAS SURPRISED BECAUSE
I THOUGHT I'D LEFT MYSELF IN THE LIBRARY...

I LOOKED INTO HIS EYES AND I SAW SOMETHING
THERE THAT I'D NEVER SEEN BEFORE... SOMETHING
THAT MADE MY HEART LEAP... MY BLOOD POUND...
MY BRAIN WHIRL. ONE OF HIS EYES WAS PURPLE...

I WANTED TO RUN FROM HIM... TURN AND
FLEE FROM THIS MAN WHO STOOD LOOKING
DOWN AT ME, BUT I COULDN'T. I WAS
ROOTED TO THE SPOT. HE WAS STANDING
ON MY WEDGIES...

SUDDENLY, I HAD THAT SAME ODD FEELING
IN MY HEART... THAT SAME ACHE... THAT
SAME BURNING I'D HAD SO LONG AGO...
THE LAST TIME I ATE PICKLES AND
ICE CREAM...

WE KISSED, AND SUDDENLY I WAS SILENT.
SUDDENLY I COULD NOT SPEAK. SUDDENLY,
I WAS MUTE. SUDDENLY, MY LIPS WERE
SEALED... BY HIS BUBBLE GUM...

I TURNED AND RAN, WILDLY... MY EYES
FILLING WITH TEARS... BLURRING MY
VISION... BLOCKING OUT EVERYTHING.
THAT'S WHEN I KNOCKED OVER
THE PUSHCART...

THIS IS ALL WRONG, DARLING!
THIS IS MADNESS! HOLDING YOU
LIKE THIS! KISSING YOU LIKE
THIS! WHISPERING WORDS OF
LOVE LIKE THIS! WHAT WILL
PEOPLE SAY? WHAT WILL PEOPLE
THINK? AFTER ALL... WE'RE
MARRIED!

HE... HE THINKS I'M
JUST A CHILD... TOO YOUNG
TO FALL IN LOVE! BUT HE'S
WRONG... SO VERY WRONG!
FORTY ISN'T SO YOUNG!

IT'S ALL OVER TOWN! EVERYBODY'S
WHISPERING BEHIND MY BACK! THERE
GOES MY NAME! THERE GOES MY
REPUTATION! OOPS... THERE
GOES MY PHONE...

IT'S ALL OVER! HE BELONGS
TO SOMEBODY ELSE! I'VE LOST
HIM... LOST HIM FOREVER! IF
ONLY I'D DONE THINGS DIFFERENTLY!
IF ONLY I'D DRAWN THAT THIRD ACE!

STOP! YOU'RE CRUSHING
MY CORSAGE!

OH, I LOVE YOU... I LOVE YOU...

OH, DARLING... DARLING...

OH, ANGEL...

OH, NUTS!

CAN IT BE TRUE? IS THIS THE
SAME LITTLE GIRL WHOSE
PIGTAILS I USED TO PULL?
THE SAME LITTLE GIRL I USED
TO THROW STONES AT? THE
SAME LITTLE GIRL I... OUCH!
WHY'D YOU SOCK ME FOR?

NO! IT ISN'T TRUE! DEAREST,
TELL ME IT ISN'T TRUE! YOU'RE
HONEST AND CLEAN AND GOOD!
TELL ME... TELL ME IT ISN'T
TRUE... BEFORE THEY PULL
THE SWITCH!

SOB... SOB... SOB...

SOB... SOB...

SOB...

TEE-HEE...

A FEW DAYS AFTER...

THE NEXT NIGHT...

THAT EVENING...

A LITTLE LATER...

THE END

SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

Escaping the Cannibals



Why don't they revive "Mairzy Doats?"

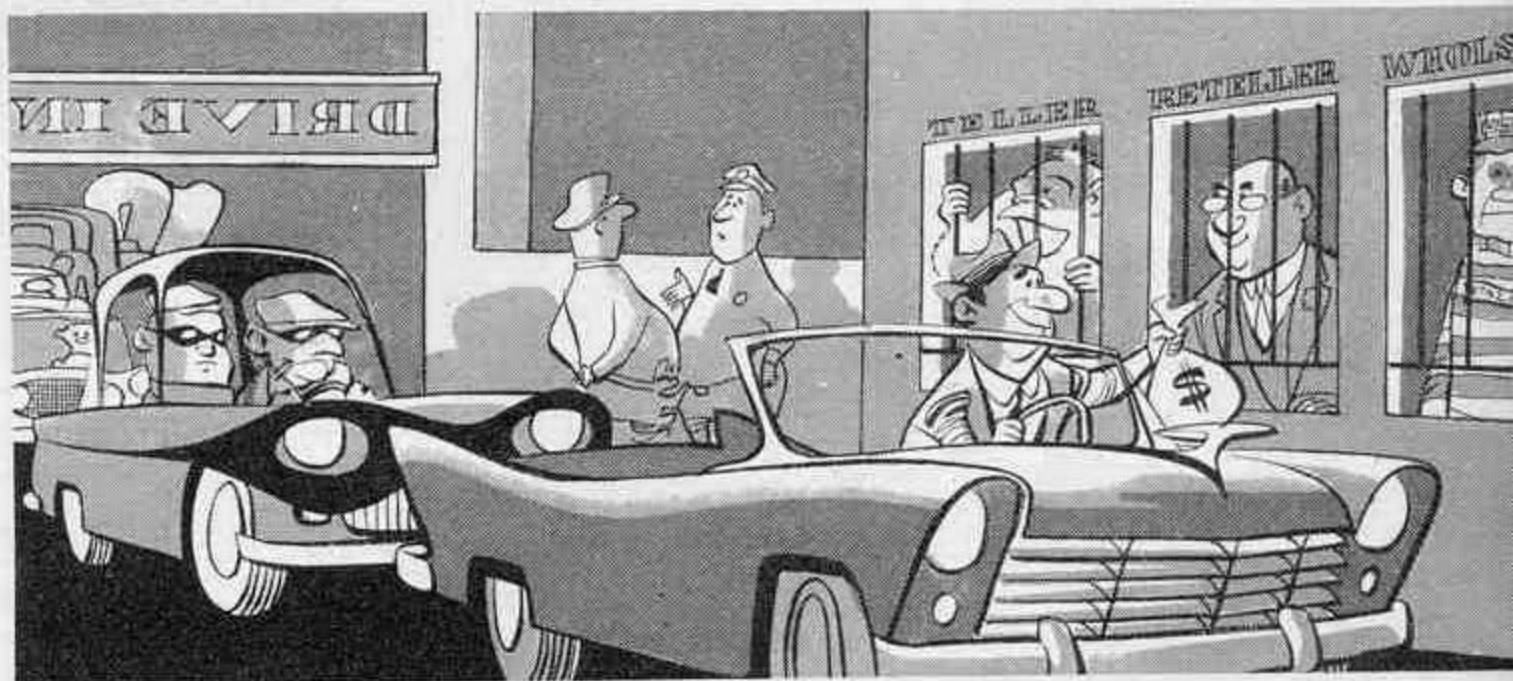
you read it in MAD

KINDLY REMAIN SEATED DEPT.

Today, America is a nation on wheels. The automobile has taken its place as an integral part of everyday living. As a consequence, a frightening trend has started. All over the country, establishments catering exclusively to the motorist are springing up along our roads. Like f'rinstance

THE DRIVE-IN BANK

Here, a motorist can transact banking business without ever having to leave his Chevrolet car. And here, a crook can pull off stick-up business without ever having to leave his "getaway" car.



THE DRIVE-IN RESTAURANT

If you're really hungry, pull in here fast, and a pretty car-hop will serve you a full-course dinner. If you're really cheap, pull out of here fast, and leave her stuck with that check!



THE DRIVE-IN MOVIE

Young couples come here in cars from miles around to enjoy a few hours of thrills and excitement as movies are flashed on a huge screen. And once in a while they even look at the picture!



MAD predicts that, if this trend continues, motorists will never have to leave their cars at all! (Well . . . almost never!) Because every luxury and necessity will be available at places like these

FUTURE DRIVE-INS

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

CONTINUED
ON NEXT PAGE

**After thirty, your waistline usually increases with your age.

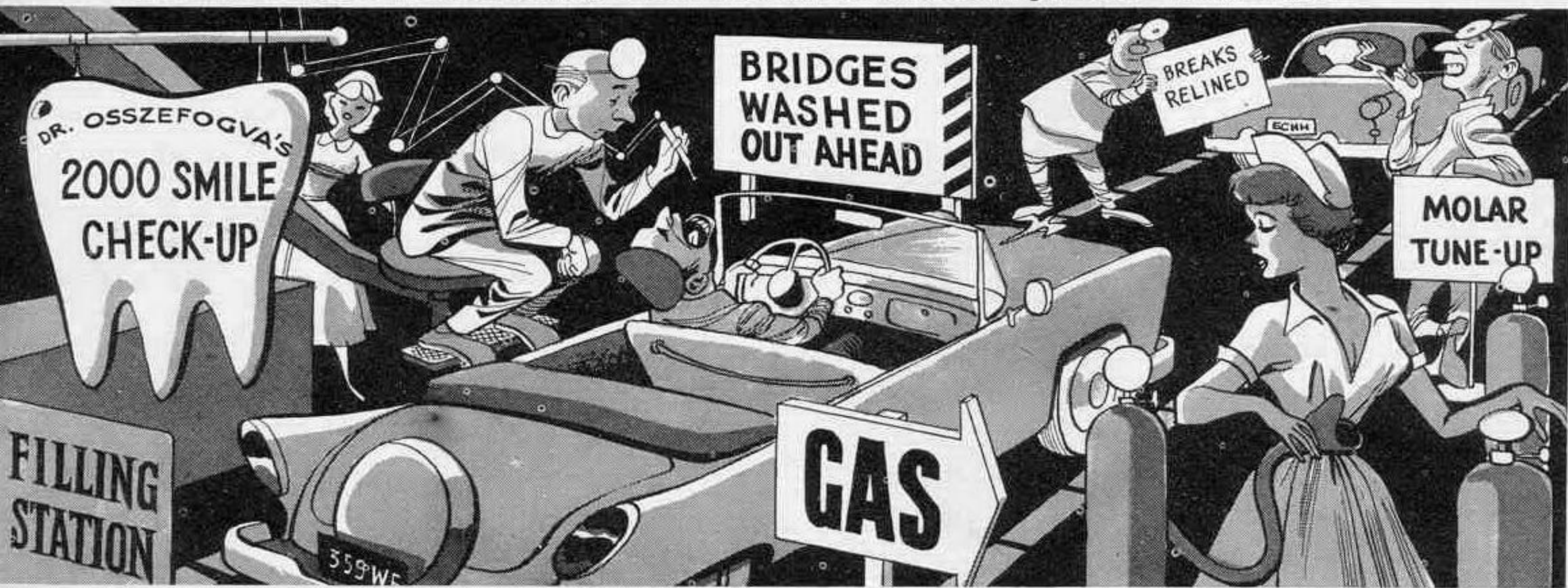
THE DRIVE-IN TURKISH BATH

A future drive-in, this "reducing" establishment will cater to fat motorists who want to drive "sports" cars, but can't fit into them. This service will shrink two birds with one steam blast.



THE DRIVE-IN DENTIST

Another innovation will be this future drive-in aimed at the motorist who suddenly finds himself "down-in-the-mouth". Without having to leave his car, he'll be able to get those "dents" fixed.



THE DRIVE-IN AMUSEMENT PARK

Hot-rodders out for thrilling "rides" will find more than they bargained for at this future drive-in, where the midway barkers sound off with horns, and the "Strip-Down Peep Show" is a "must".



THE DRIVE-IN MATERNITY HOSPITAL

This future drive-in, strategically located between house and hospital, will be a boon to those expectant mothers who consistently manage to time the big moment so that it happens in the taxi.



THE DRIVE-IN DIVE-IN

For the motorist who refuses to leave his car, yet seeks relief from the Summer's heat, this future drive-in will provide the answer. It will also provide for his automobile if it can't swim.



THE DRIVE-IN DRIVE-IN

Another service, for the motorist who hates that early-morning traffic, yet refuses to leave his car, will be this future drive-in you drive in, which drives you and your car in . . . to town . . .





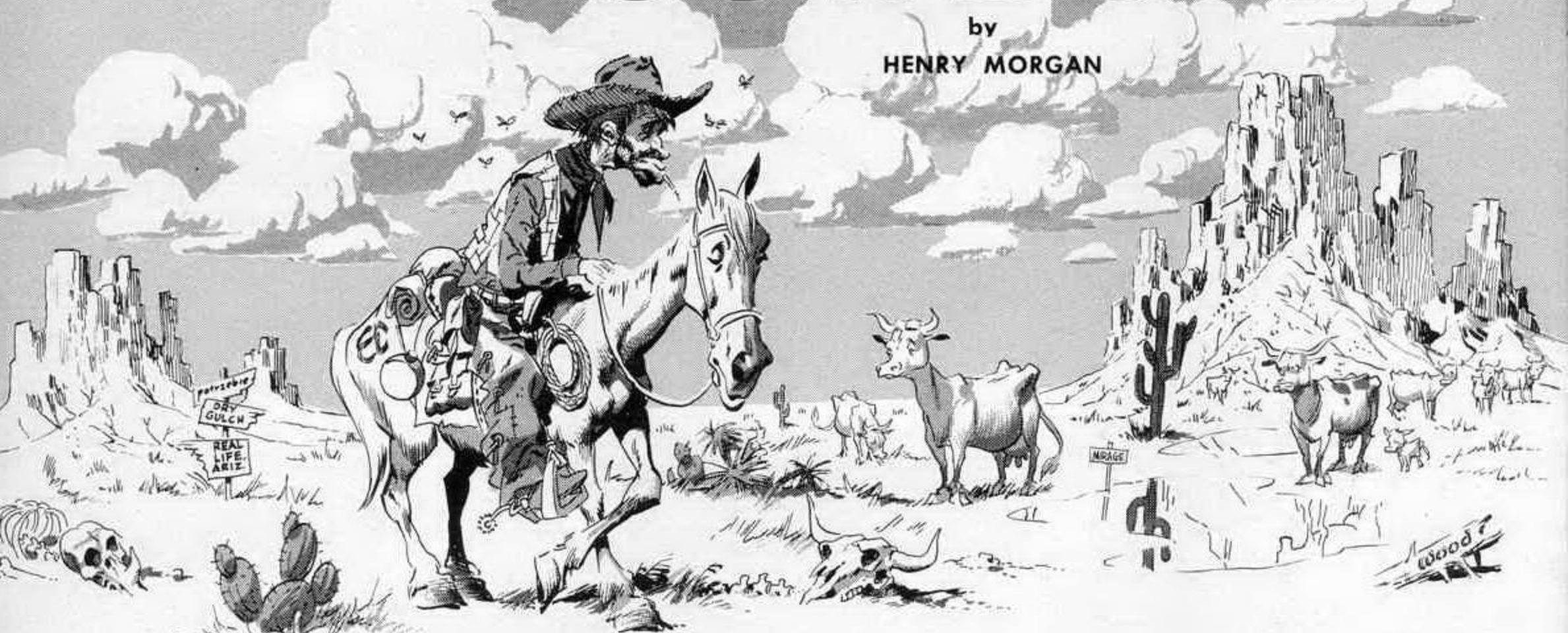
HENRY MORGAN DEPT.

This is a special educational feature for people who watch cowboy movies on T.V. The remarks herein are made in the belief that no real cowboy reads MAD. If any cowboy should read this stuff, I plead with him to remember that he and I are Americans and must stand together against a hostile world. Besides, anybody will tell you what a great kidder I am. Here, then, is . . .

**We'd like to be a dry cleaner at a nudist camp.

THE TRUTH ABOUT COWBOYS

by
HENRY MORGAN



KIDS, NEXT TIME you watch your favorite cowboy actor on T.V., try to remember what he was in the old days . . . in real life. The average cowboy was an illiterate oaf. He

didn't know how to read or write, and his entire vocabulary consisted of about 95 words, of which 32 were Spanish. His job was to sit on a horse all day, and stare at cows.

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

The average cowboy ate three meals a day. Breakfast was some mud boiled in a rusty tomato can over a brush fire . . .

When a horseshoe would float in the boiling mud, the mess was then called *coffee*, and the cowboy would drink it . . .





Lunch was coffee and some hard, ugly little biscuits made of sourdough. It was called sourdough because it was sour.

Dinner was coffee . . . and a dead rabbit.

At *fiesta* time, our cowboy ate 2 parts of the greasier parts of a pig, and revelled.

Nights, he slept under a horse blanket. It was called a horse blanket because it was used for the horse, too . . . and as a result, smelled like both of them.

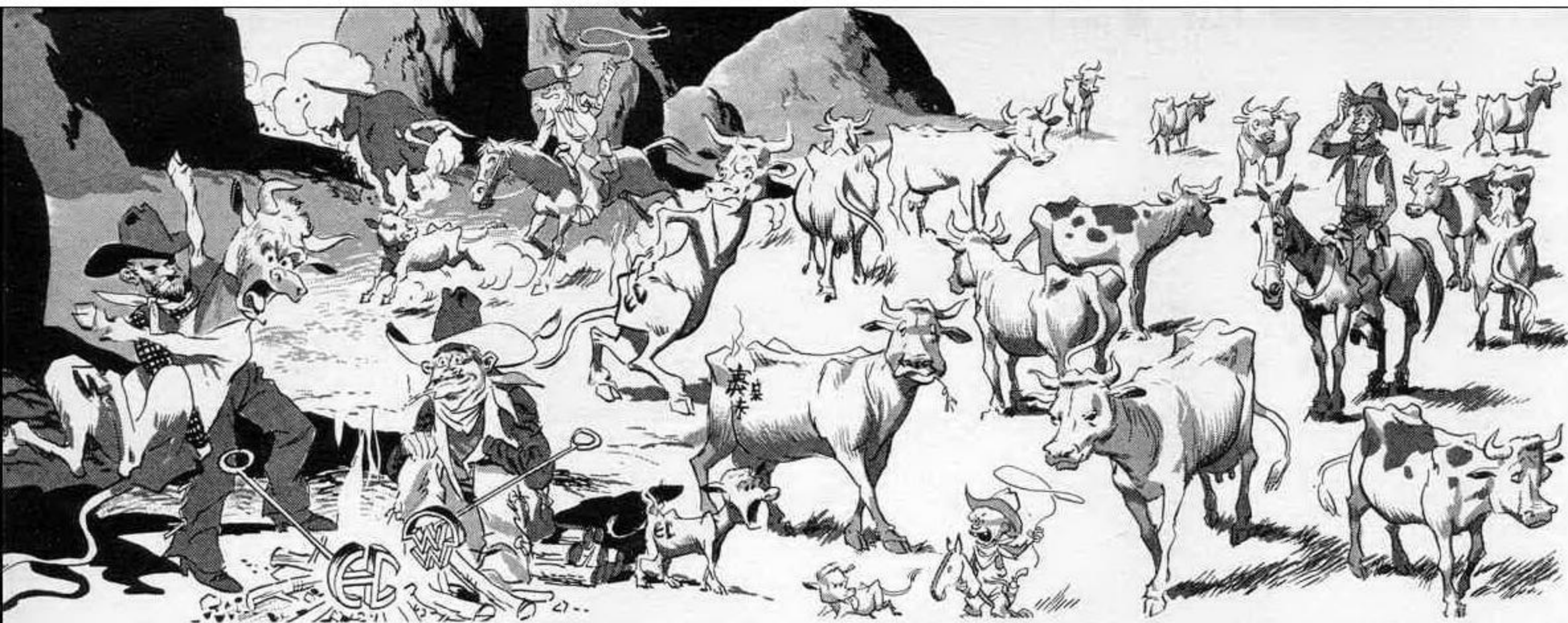


It was a known fact that cowboys didn't like discouraging words. They had a song about how much they loved the range, and another song all about how much they didn't want to be

buried on the lone prairie. In other words, the place was all right to *live* on, but a terrible place to *die* on. So if our cowboy had any personality at all, it was split . . .



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



There were no fences out on the prairie, so the cattle had to be marked. But cowboys couldn't write, as we have already learned, so they'd make up a childish design, and burn it on the animal. This device was called a *brandin' ar'n*.

Once a year was round-up time. The cowboy's job was to herd the cattle together and get them all moving in one direction.



To do the same thing with sheep, dogs are used because they are so much smarter, and four times faster than cowboys.

In the defense of the cowboy, it should be noted that no sheep dog has ever been known to play the guitar and yodel.

Cowboys didn't bathe much . . . just up to their calves. The way this would happen was, he'd come to a stream and he'd

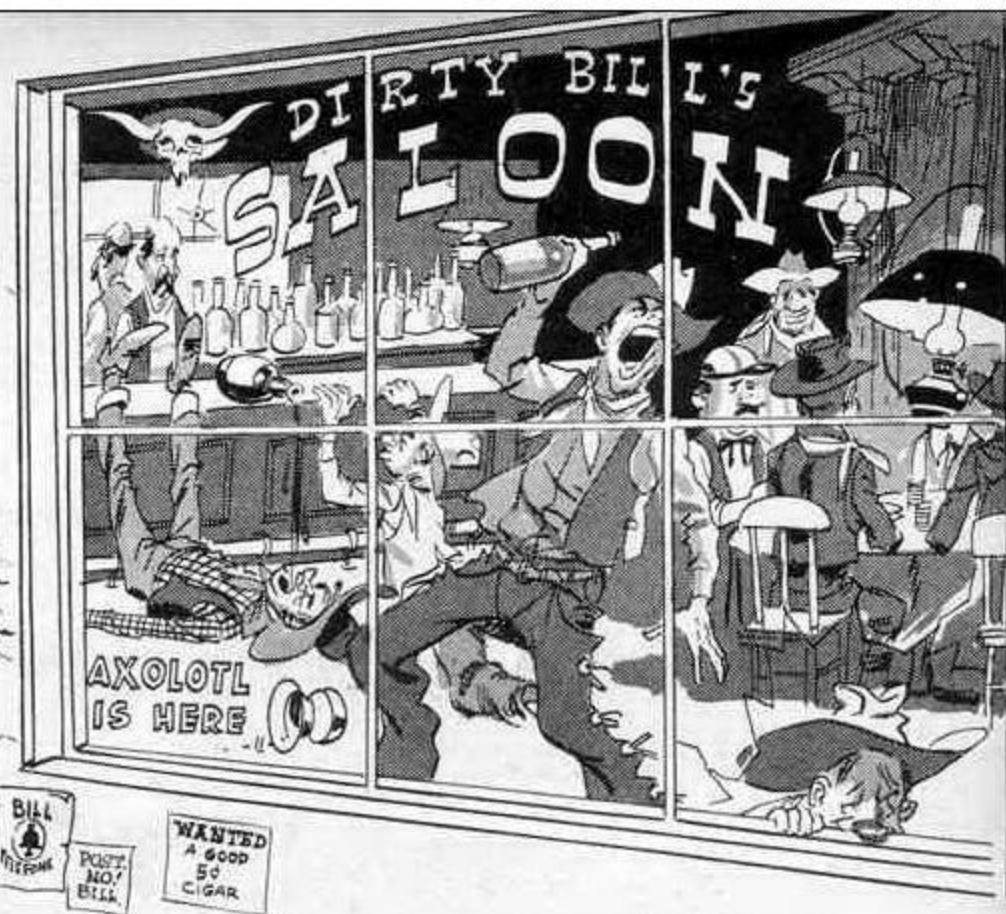
be too lazy to get off the horse. When the horse swam, the cowboy'd get his ankles wet. This was considered plenty . . .





You know from the movies, of course, that cowboys are always seen wearing black hats and black shirts and black neckerchiefs. Well, see, these were all originally *white*.

Now, a cowboy had no future, except to become the oldest cowboy around, so occasionally he'd get real ambitious and he'd begin stealing cattle . . . from his boss . . . naturally . . .



A cowboy was paid about \$20 a month. On payday, he'd take his money to the nearest saloon, and promptly get falling-down drunk. His horse never had any real fun like that . . .

After he'd saved up a little money from these individual endeavors, he'd buy a gun. And this would open up whole new worlds of opportunity . . . like holding up stage coaches.



In time, after a few successful hold-ups and several successful murders, he'd be a big man in those parts, with the love and admiration of all who knew him.

So kids, from now on when you watch those westerns on T.V., remember that the hero of the story is based on that great all-time lummoX, THE COWBOY! ¡Adios, amigos!



THE END

New Designs in TELEVISION SETS

IMPROVED TUNING CONTROLS MAKE WATCHING T.V. LESS WORK

Yes, indeed . . . if you are one of those television watchers who are continually bothered by the leaping around you have to do to adjust and control your set, there's good news ahead! Today's latest T.V. designs cut all the strenuous work you have to do to watch television, radically. For instance, there's no more bending to get at

controls with easy to reach top touch tuning.

Too bad for little people.

Then there's remote control where you won't even have to leave your seat. Now you can lay like paralyzed all evening. Now you can *die* and no one will know.

Here then, are details of what we're talking about.

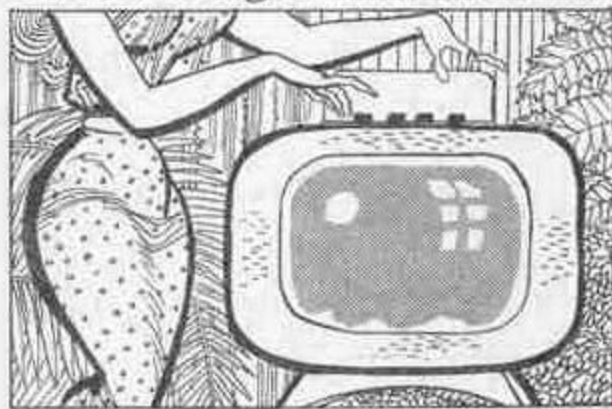
PICTURES BY JACK DAVIS

T.V. sets come with controls in a variety of locations

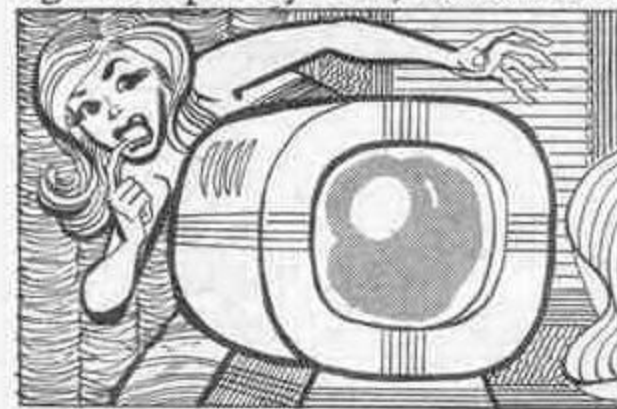
CONTROLS PARTLY HIDDEN on side. Panel drops to conceal controls.



CONTROLS PARTLY HIDDEN on top sink out of sight when not in use.



COMPLETELY HIDDEN CONTROLS out of sight completely. Yes, no controls.

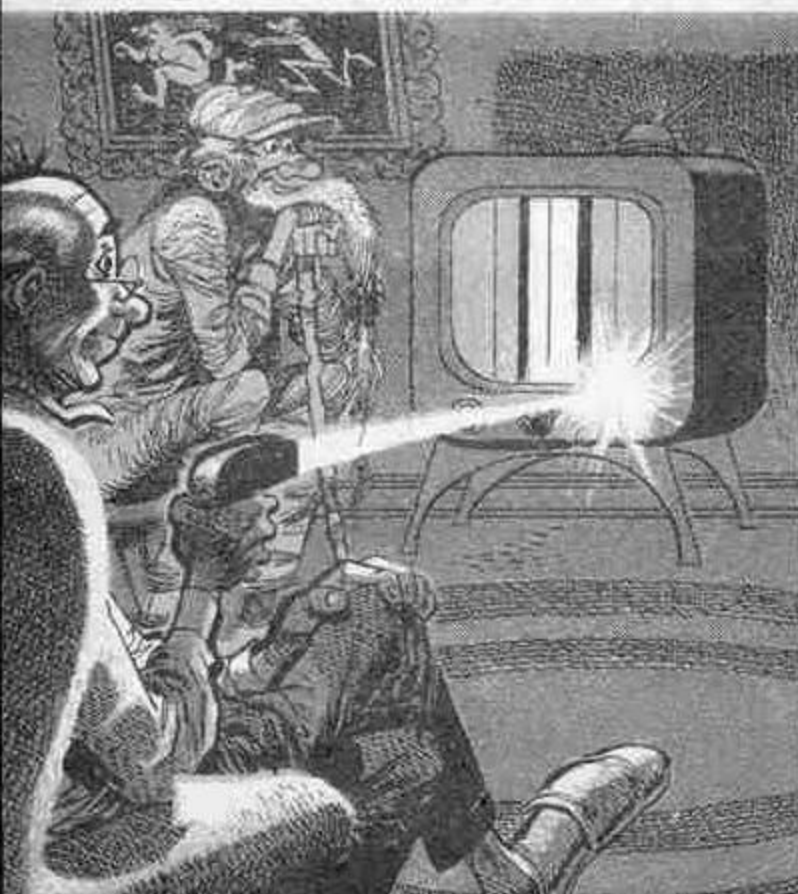


Most exciting device of all is a novel remote control

THE MOST NOVEL device by far is an electric eye 'gun' which switches your picture on when fired at the set.

THE ELECTRIC EYE 'GUN' can be used also for changing and regulating channels, when aimed and fired at set . . .

THE ELECTRIC EYE 'GUN' banishes annoying problem of inconsiderate station switching when fired at junior.





OLD FASHIONED CONTROLS, because they are within reach of all members of the family, often create annoying problem of fights for controls in front of television set.

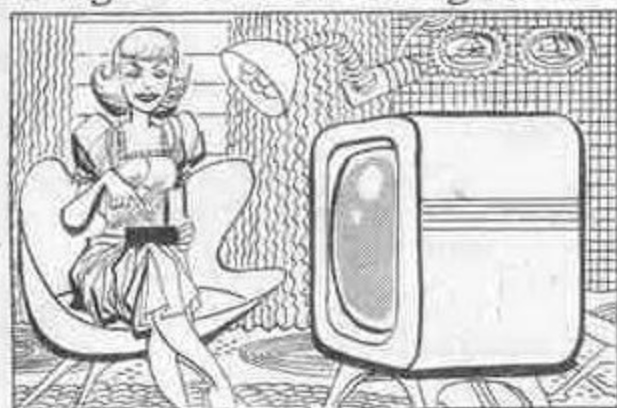


NEW FASHIONED CONTROLS cleverly solve problem of fights for controls in front of the television set. With remote controls now everybody fights in the next room.

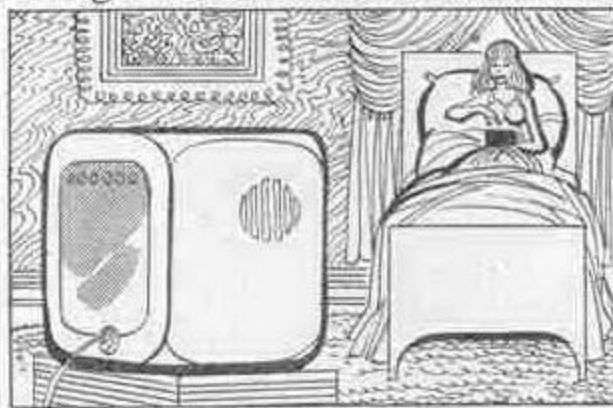
What ever happened to Roy Cohn?

...on top, on side, on bottom, inside bureau drawer

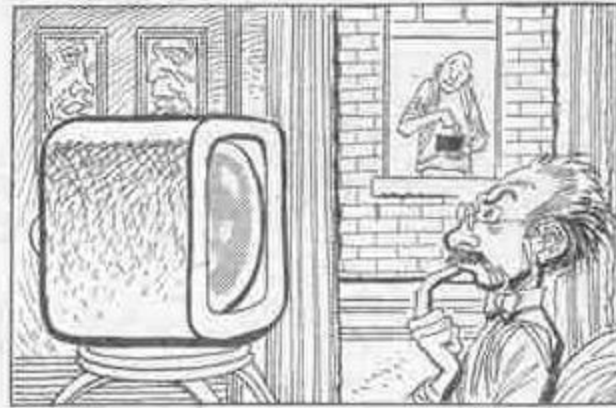
REMOTE CONTROLS allow station changes without touching set . . .



REMOTE CONTROLS allow station changes from across the room . . .



VERY REMOTE CONTROLS allow you to change neighbor's stations . . .



'gun' that tunes in set by shooting out a beam of light

THE ELECTRIC EYE 'GUN' can be swung and brought to bear freely to handle opposition when fired at gramp.

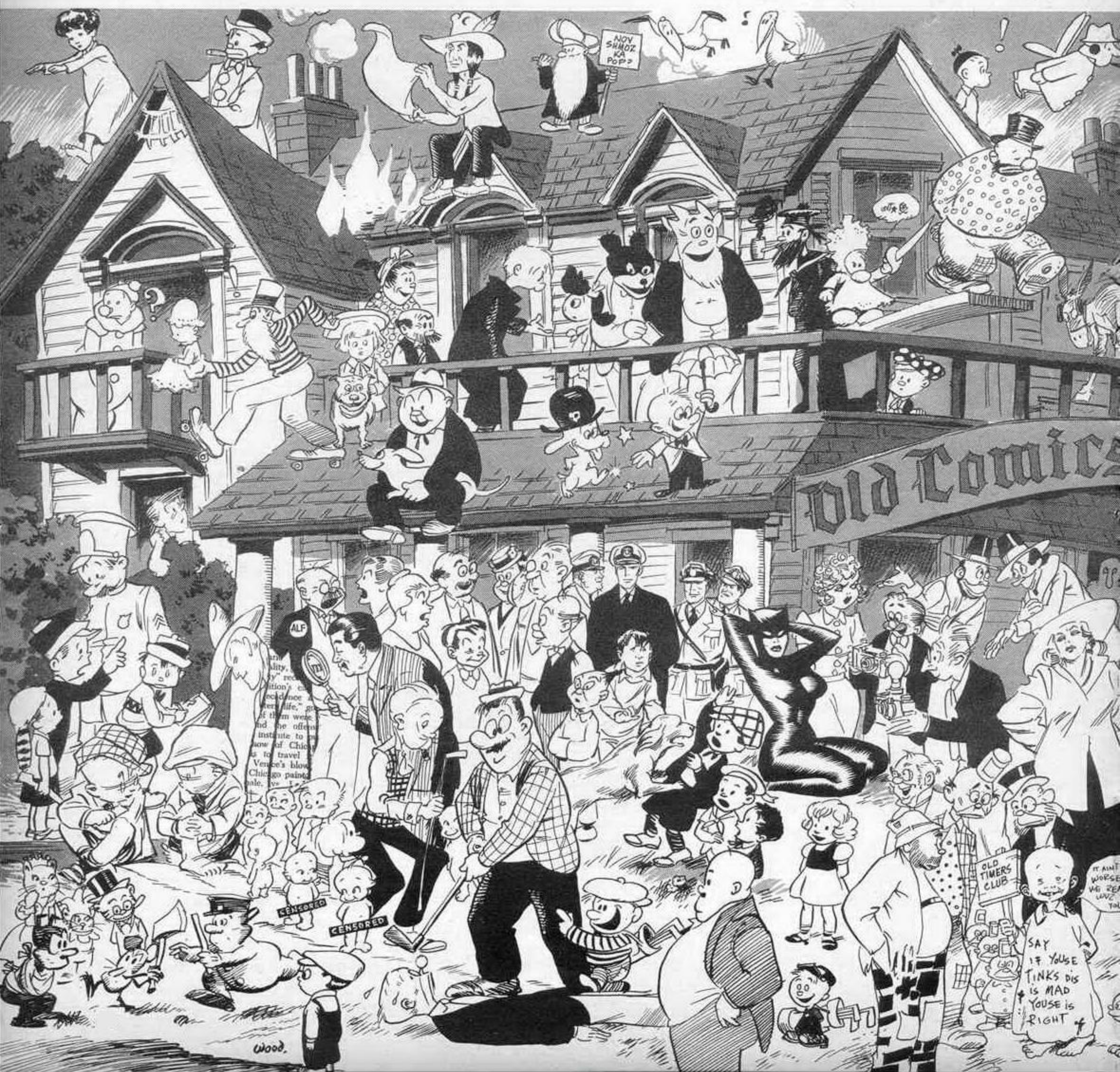
TRUE, THAT A POOR UNSTEADY AIM and poor marksmanship can pose a problem in turning off your T.V. set.

HOWEVER, THIS PROBLEM is swiftly remedied as electric eye 'gun' shuts off *everything* when fired at self.



NOSTALGIA DEPT.

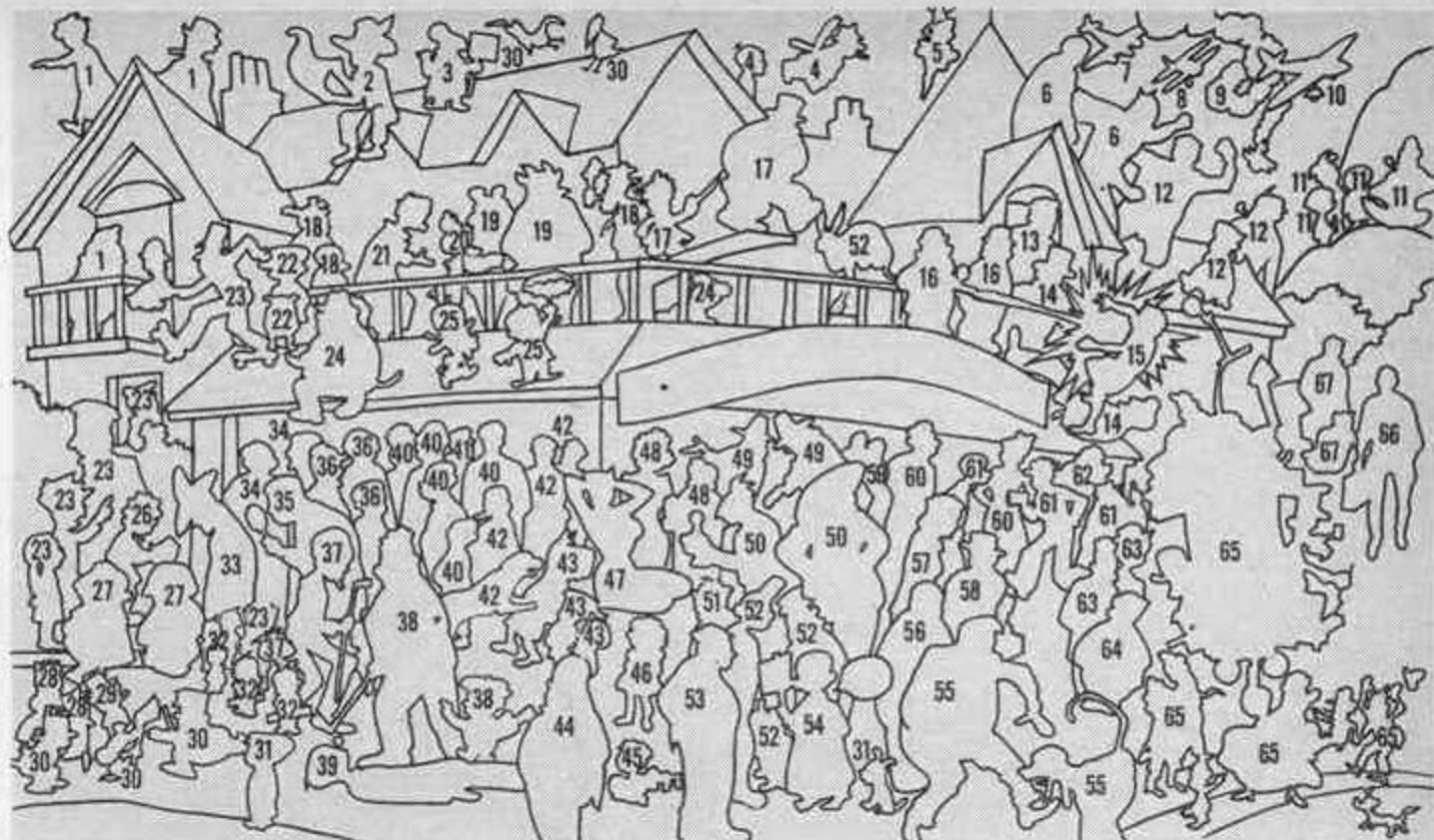
**MAD establishes an...
OLD COMIC-STRIP
CHARACTERS' HOME**



Recently, MAD was presented with a serious and touching problem. This problem was so serious and so touching, it kept us awake nights thinking about it. What happens to the comic-strip character of yesteryear? Where does he go, once his popularity has waned? What does he do to while away each endless day of obscurity?

We thought about this serious and touching problem for a long time, and then we decided to do something about it. We decided to build a home for these lovable old cast-off comic-strip characters. We decided to establish a place where they could spend the rest of eternity happily, a veritable drawing board in the sky. Below is a picture of our finished product.

Now MAD has another serious and touching problem: How we gonna pay for it?



- (1) Little Nemo, Flip, Felix the Clown. (2) Chief Wahoo. (3) The Hitchhiker from "The Squirrel Cage". (4) Barnaby, Mr. O'Malley. (5) Flyin' Jenny. (6) Batman and Robin; semi-retired, still in comic books. (7) Bruce Gentry. (8) Ace Drummond. (9) Tailspin Tommy. (10) Barney Baxter. (11) Peter Pitdown, Charlie, Minnie, Shadrach the Hermit. (12) The Spirit, Ebony, Commissioner Dolan. (13) Scorchy Smith. (14) Desperate Desmond, Hairbreadth Harry. (15) Dickie Dare. (16) Sappo, The Professor. (17) Bunky, Fagan. (18) The Family Upstairs. (19) Doc Yak, The Bear. (20) Silly Millie. (21) Benny. (22) Buster Brown, Tige the Bulldog. (23) Just Kids, Grandpop and Baby, Mr. Branner the Policeman. (24) Dinglehoof and his Dog. (25) Count Screwloose and his Crazy Dog. (26) Skeets. (27) Skippy, Sooky. (28) The Pussycat Princess. (29) Mr. Jack. (30) Krazy Kat, Ignatz Mouse, Offisa Pupp. (31) Little Jimmy. (32) The Kewpies. (33) Rocky Mason. (34) Mr. and Mrs. (35) Charlie Chan. (36) The Nebbs. (37) Desper't Ambrose, Pop from "S'Matter Pop?" (38) "That's My Pop" and son. (39) The Timid Soul. (40) Mama, Cedric, Pa from "Pa's Son-in-law". (41) Don Winslow of the Navy. (42) Sgt. Pat of "Radio Patrol", Pinky, Irish. (43) Jimmy Dugan, Raymond, Puddinhead, the "Reg'lar Fellers". (44) Pop. (45) Jerry on the Job. (46) Daisybelle. (47) Miss Fury. (48) Toots and Casper. (49) Alphonse and Gaston. (50) Betty, Lester De Pester. (51) Foxy Grandpa. (52) Happy Hooligan, Maud the Mule. (53) Panhandle Pete. (54) The Yellow Kid. (55) Napoleon, Uncle Elby. (56) Clarence. (57) Jane Arden. (58) Apple Mary. (59) The Goons from "Popeye". (60) Homer Hoopee. (61) Harold Teen, Pop, Shadow. (62) Ming from "Flash Gordon". (63) Brad and Dad. (64) Abie the Agent. (65) Aunt Eppie Hogg, Mickey McGuire, Pop Wortle, Flytrap Finnegan, The Skipper, Suitcase Simpson, The Powerful Katrinka and her sweetheart The Dwarf, The Terrible-Tempered Mr. Bang, "The Toonerville Folks". (66) Jet Scott. (67) New arrivals from "Beyond Mars". (68) More guests due any moment.

Editor's Note: Any retired comic-strip characters not included in this panorama were probably on the back porch or in the recreation room watching old movies on T.V. when the picture was made. Next issue, MAD builds an Old Comic-Strip Artists' Home.

** We're always impressed when we see a man wearing both spots and Bermuda shorts.

Just before press-time, we were informed that Steve Allan decided to drop his weekday night show as of Jan. 1. The reason, we learned from a source close to Ed Suvillan, was mainly...Steve heard about this article and chickened out!

The Editors



Highlight of weekday night show comes when Steve takes a hand-mike, goes into the studio audience, and demonstrates one of his fabulous talents... his

uncanny faculty for discerning and discovering the most interesting people to interview. What's even more uncanny is they're all in the aisle seats...

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

From his humble beginning as a Disc Jockey on a local Phoenix, Arizona, radio station, to his present status as New York T. V.'s biggest talent (6'2½"), this bespectacled comedian has come a long way. 2495 miles to be exact. Here then is . . .

If you were to be invited up to Steve Allan's Park Avenue home to interview him, you would find a lavish six room apartment consisting of a modest kitchen where lots of people prepare Steve's meals, a charming dining room where lots of people serve Steve's meals, and a spacious living room where lots of people digest Steve's meals while they all wait for him to tear himself away from his latest project. Yes, if you were to be invited up to Steve Allan's home, you would also find a quiet study where Steve con-

stantly works on his many projects when he's not appearing before the T. V. cameras. For beside being a talented comedian, Steve is also a short story writer, a novelist, a poet, a playwright, a magazine article writer, a composer, and a musician. So with all these projects, who's got time to eat? Yes, if you were to be invited up to Steve Allan's apartment to interview him, that's what you would find. However, that's not what we found: Because we weren't invited. Steve was too busy.

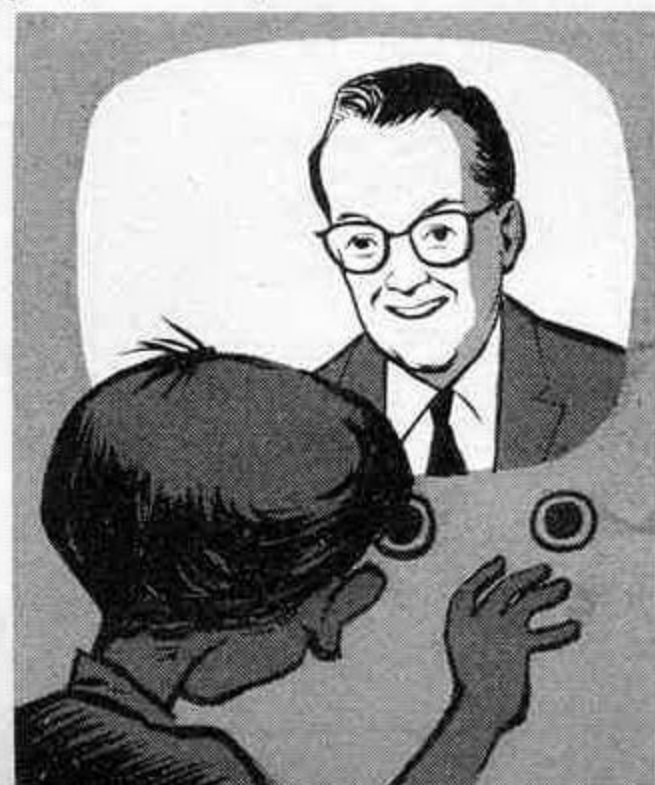
SEATS FOR THE STEVE ALLAN SHOW are so hard to get, loyal fans have to line up outside Hudson Theatre hours before air time. Some have to wait

four hours for their downstairs seats. Mrs. Sterling has to wait six hours for her aisle seat. Steve Allan has to wait seven hours for his own seat.

MEN, searching for late hour news program, watch Steve Allan. They mistake him for Dave Garroway.

WOMEN, searching for late hour quiz program, watch Steve, mistake him for Robert Q. Lewis...

CHILDREN, searching for late hour kiddie program, watch Steve, mistake him for Clark Kent.



Name talent, clever tricks, timed commercials all used in
THE BIG SUNDAY EVENING BATTLE FOR THE TRENDX
 between
STEVE ALLAN and ED SUVILLAN



Allan, in smart move, hires Elvis Presley to appear on his show. Elvis's appearance wins big trendx for Steve...



Suvillan, in counter-move, hires Elvis Presley to appear on his show. Elvis's appearance wins big trendx for Ed...



Allan, in desperate move, does imitation of Presley on his show. Steve's imitation wins big lawsuit for Elvis.



In another clever move Allan hires Wes Yeast, talented impersonator of Ed Suvillan, to make it look as if the real Ed Suvillan is somehow appearing on the Steve Allan Show.



However, Wes, previously hired in clever move by Suvillan, carries a midget television camera under his toupee, so Steve Allan actually does appear on the Ed Suvillan Show.

Attempting to capture T.V. audience switching channels, Ed cleverly holds big act until Steve starts commercial.



To recapture T.V. audience switching channels, Allan cleverly holds commercial until Ed starts his commercial.



Audience, switching channels, hits all commercials and is cleverly captured by Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour.



TALENTED TELEVISION PERFORMER IS ALSO CLEVER WRITER

WRITES MUSIC



As one of his many sidelines, Allan writes music. To date, he has written some 2000 odd songs, which may explain why so few ever became popular.

WRITES POETRY



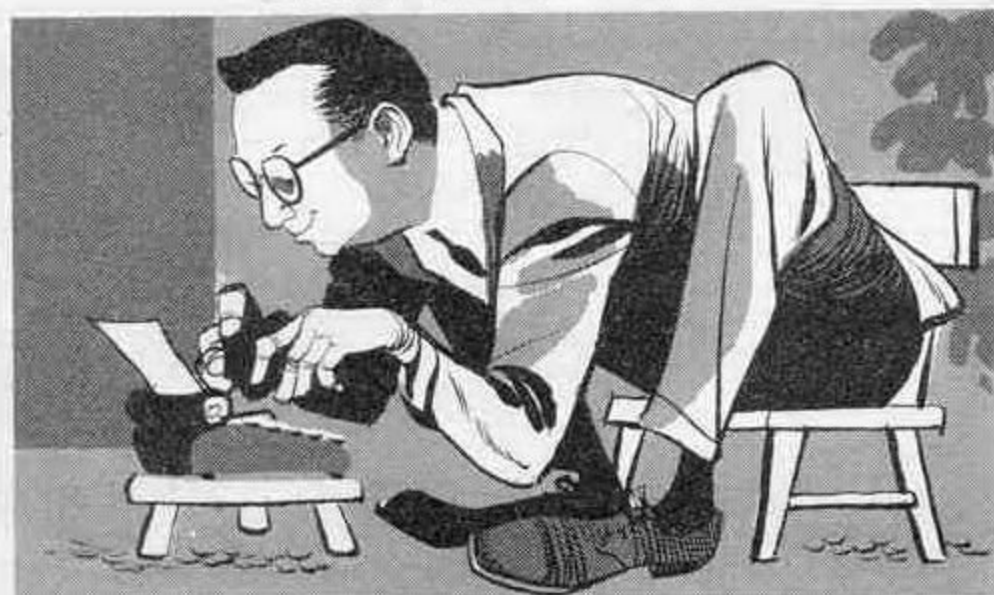
Allan also writes poetry. He started writing poetry when he thought someone, who was commenting on his height, said, "Gosh, you're another Longfellow!"

WRITES SCREENPLAYS



At present, Allan is hard at work on another project, the screenplay for an autobiographical movie, "The Steve Allan Story", starring Benny Goodman.

WRITES SHORT STORIES



As another sideline, Allan also writes short stories. Like he took some old fairy tales, modernized them, and turned them into a book of "BeBop Fables". Their dialogue showed promise. However, their plots were still the same old jazz.

WRITES CHECKS



But with all that writing he does as a sideline, Steve is still nobody's fool. He takes no chances. The cleverest writing Steve Allan does is the checks he writes each week to the smart boys who actually write his television shows.

ALLAN'S PIANO SOLO DEMONSTRATES HIS MUSICAL GENIUS

Steve's musical genius is clearly demonstrated during his Sunday evening show when he sits and plays a snappy piano solo while funny pictures are flashed on your T.V. screen.

Funny pictures like those below. Now you've got to admit that only a musical genius could sit and play snappy piano solos and still manage to get into those funny pictures . . .



**Wanted . . . someone who'll sing the introduction to "Stardust" for a change.
—Hoagy Carmichael

RELAXATION IS KEYNOTE OF WEEKDAY NIGHT SHOW



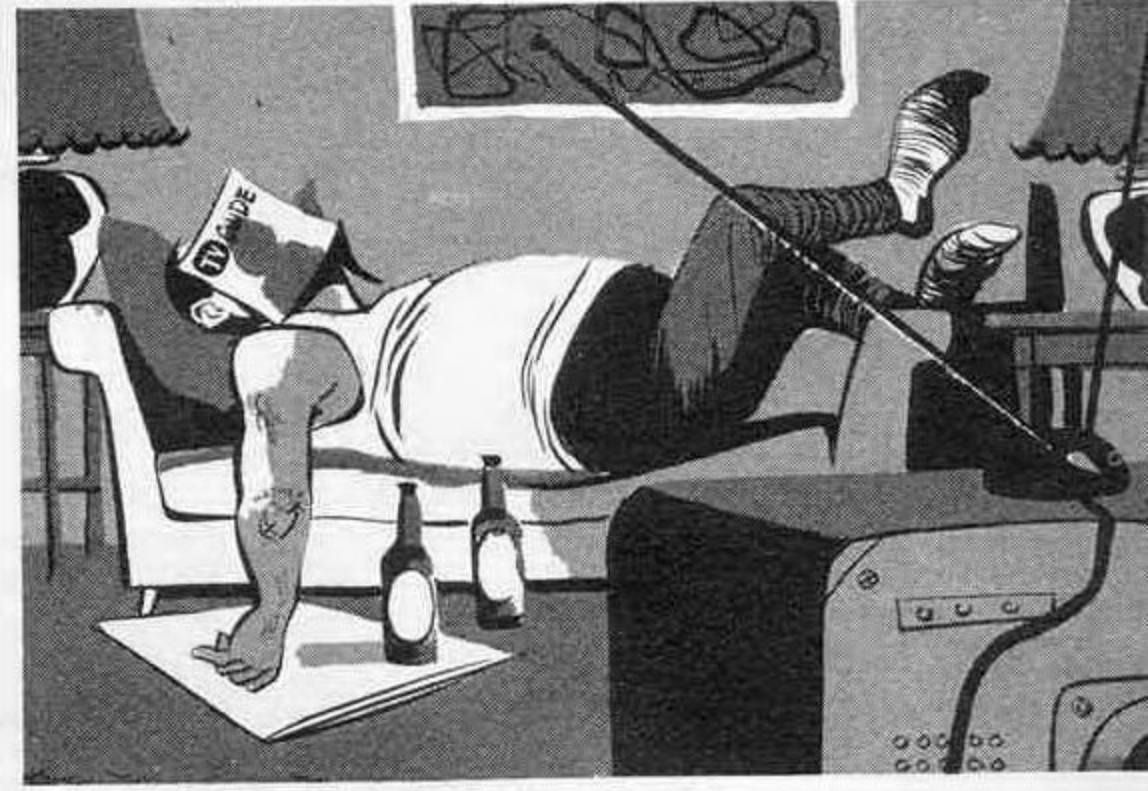
Steve relaxes at home base, chats, reads notes from studio audience.
Band relaxes, ignores notes entirely, even ignores Sketch Hinderson.



Studio audience relaxes, chats, ignores notes from Ray Geneburn . . .
Home viewers, relaxed from so much relaxation, ignore whole show.



Besides being all those other things, Steve Allen is also a shrewd psychologist. And he employs his knowledge of psychology when he hires performers. Note psychological ef-



fect in picture below of Steve posing with guests and regulars from recent shows. Note that, by hiring short performers, Steve makes sure he remains *T. V.'s Biggest Talent!*



END

PROBLEM:



Ever since I can remember, I've been terribly fond of stuffing birds . . .



My wife, however, can't stand my stuffing birds . . .



She says our home is getting so crowded with stuffed birds, she doesn't know who she's talking to anymore . . .



I love my wife . . .



But I love my stuffed birds more! What can I do?
Confused.

SOLUTION:



Combine your loves! Even though she has no feathers, your wife will probably look good on the mantle, next to that specimen of the rare Ring-Necked Fuzzwort.



BOB

BOB & RAY DEPT.

Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding (Mutual, 5:00 PM, EDT) have been delighting listeners for years with zany take-offs like "Mary Backstage, Noble Wife", "Wyatt Sturdley, Frontier Marshall", "Linda Lovely, Girl Intern", and other such hilarious satirical gems. Recently they set Madison Avenue on its charcoal-gray ear with their refreshing "Harry and Bert Piel" commercials. We at MAD have been listening faithfully to Bob and Ray for years, mainly so we could swipe their material. But now the jig is up. Here, then, for pay, under their own by-line, we present Bob and Ray's own version of . . .



RAY

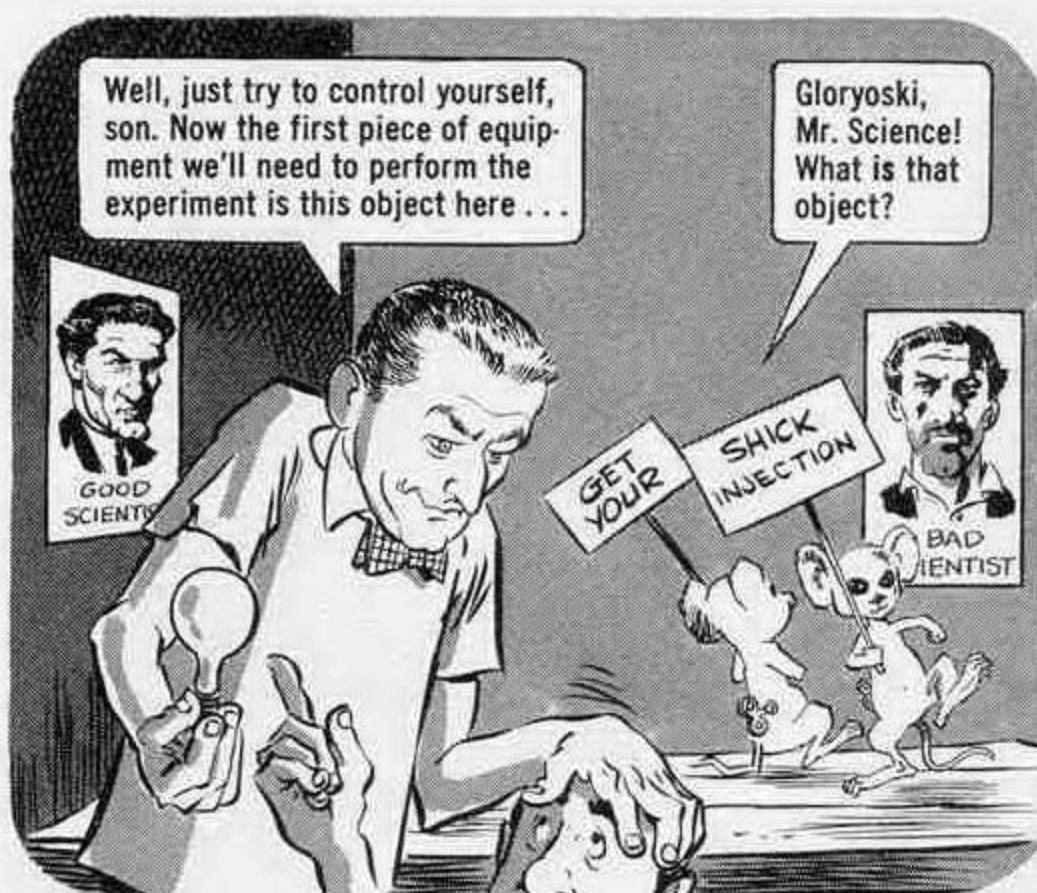
MR. SCIENCE

And now, "The Cumquat Institute of America", reminding you to eat one, two, three cumquats every day, invites you to spend another educational session with the idol of the

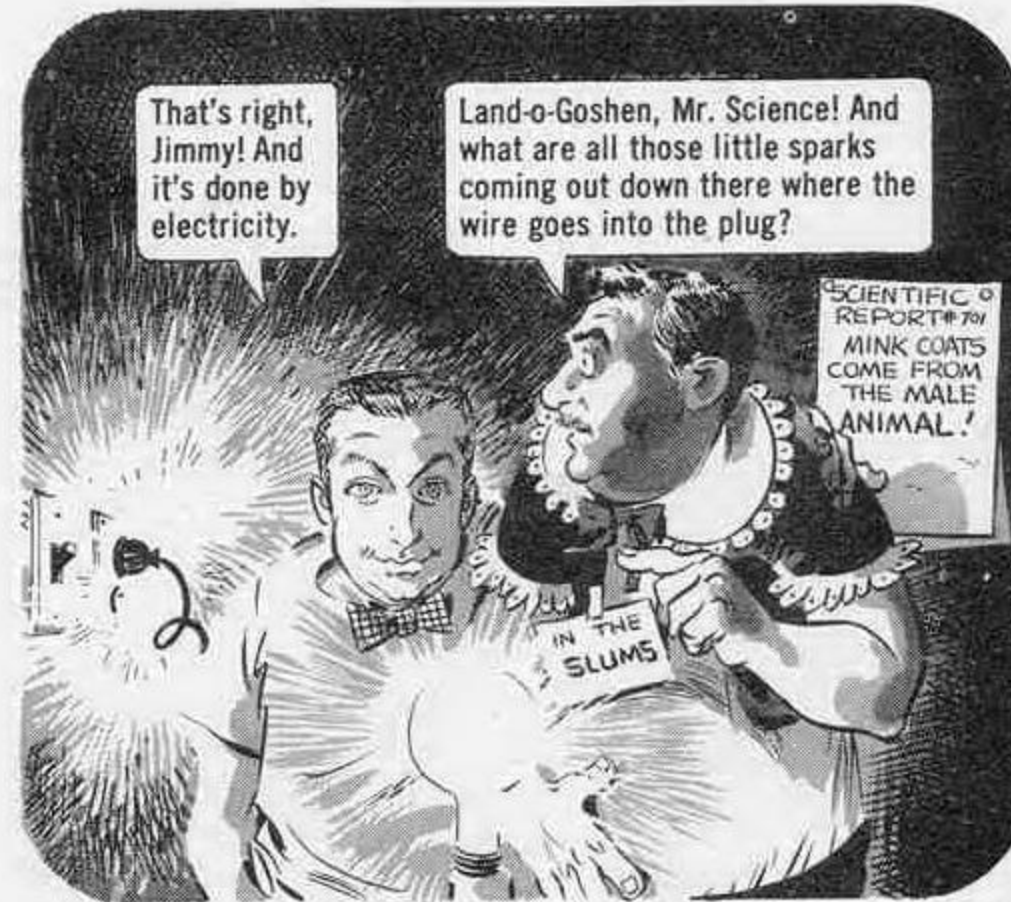
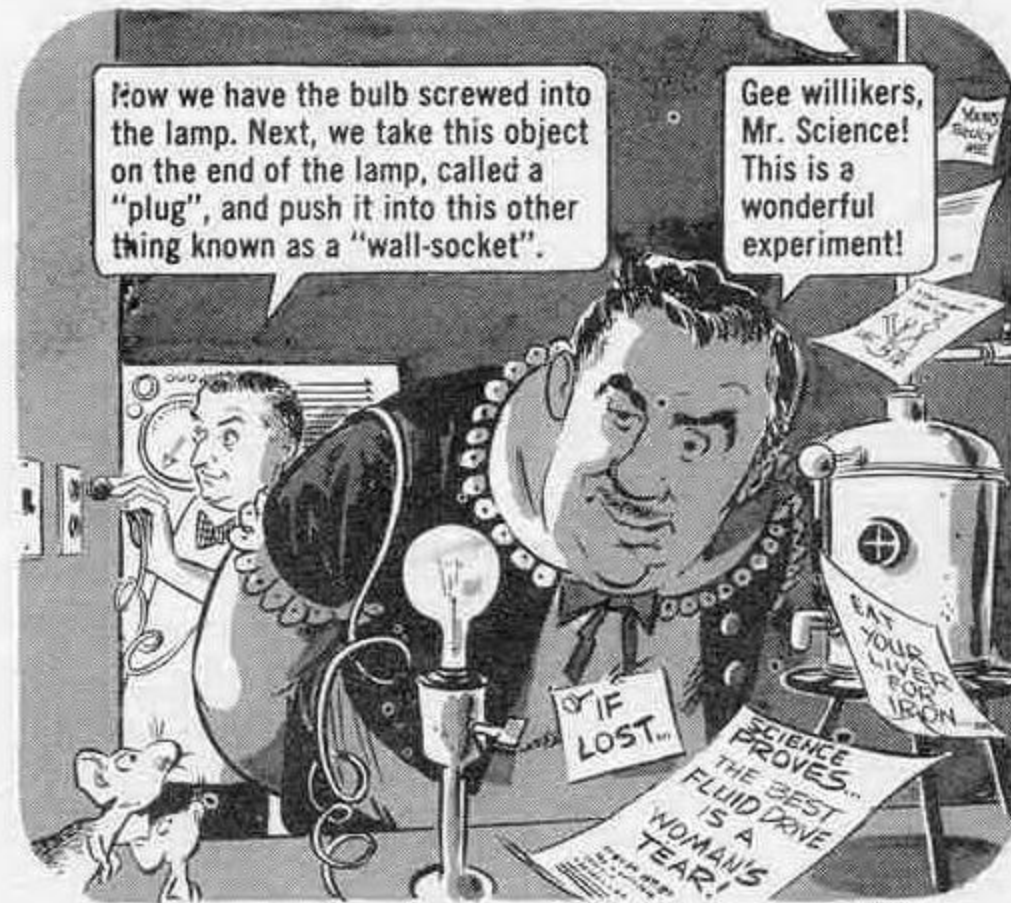
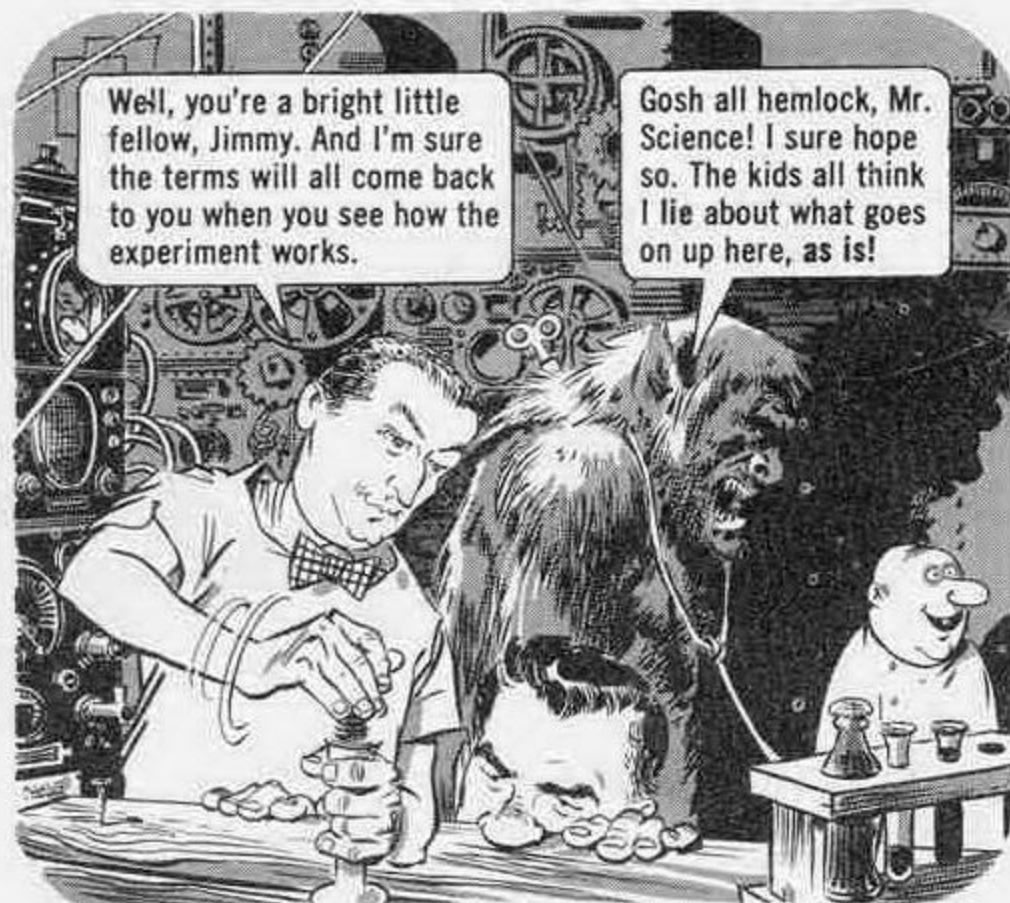
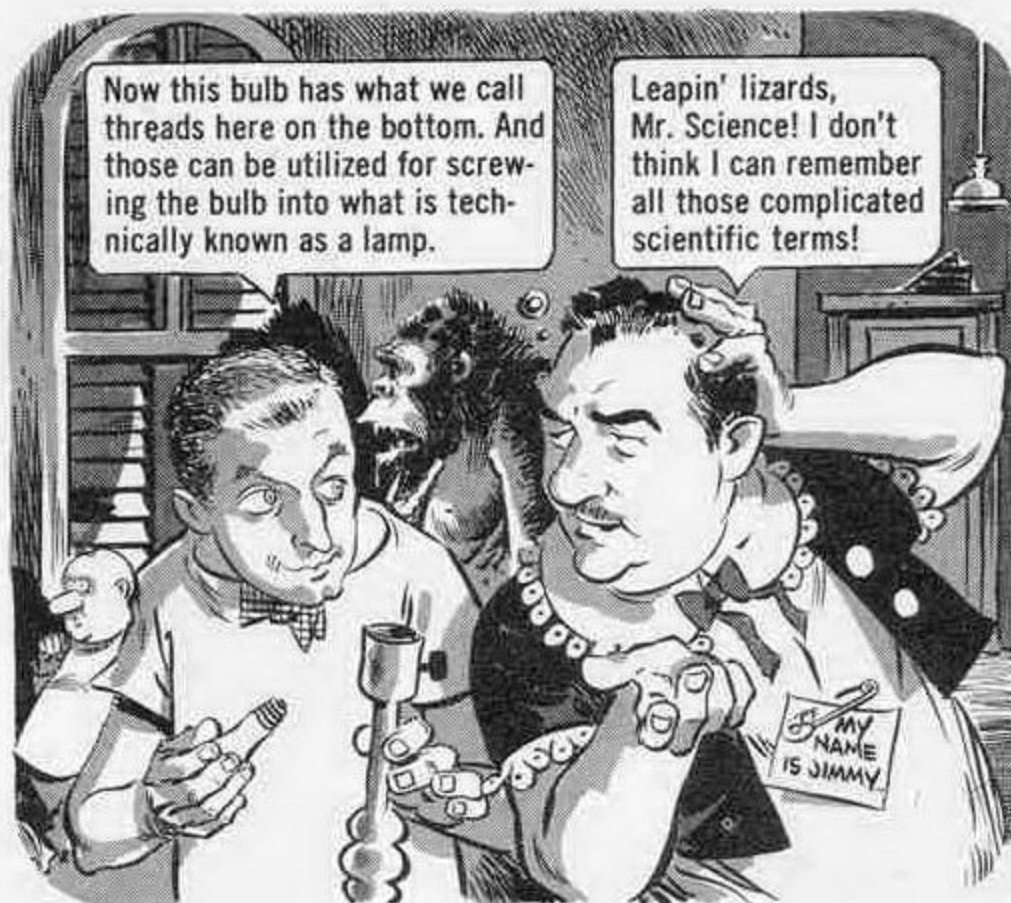
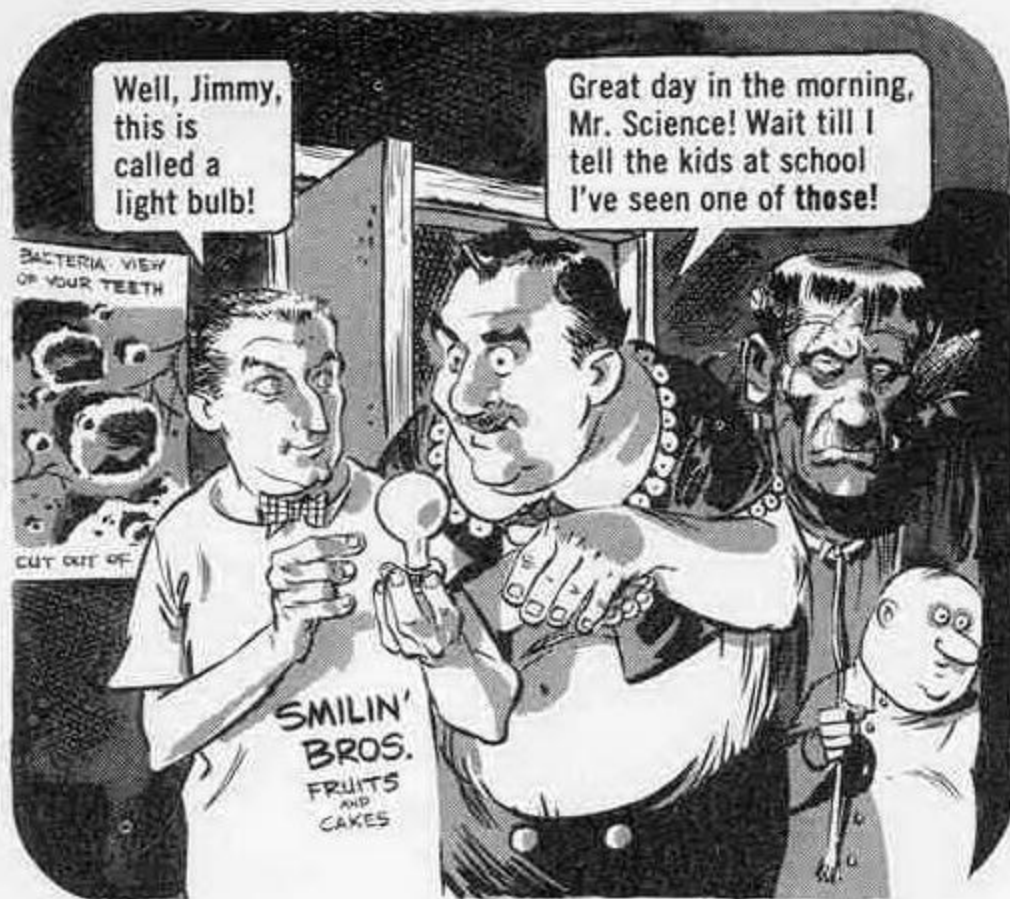
nation's youngsters . . . Mr. Science. As we look in on the modern, well-equipped laboratory today, we see that Mr. Science's friend, little Jimmy Schwab, is just entering . . .



PICTURES BY MORT DRUCKER



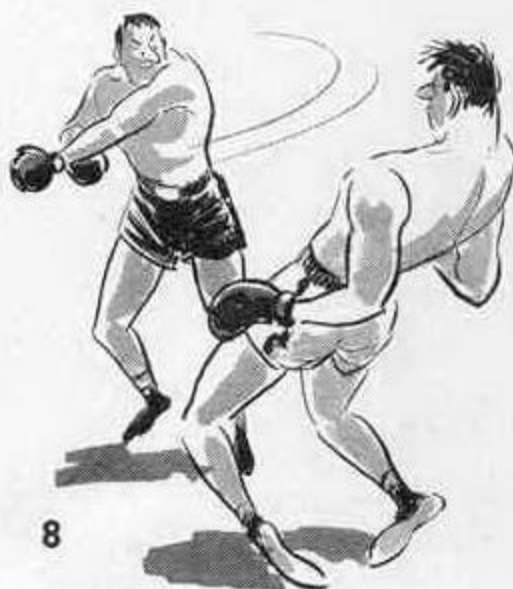
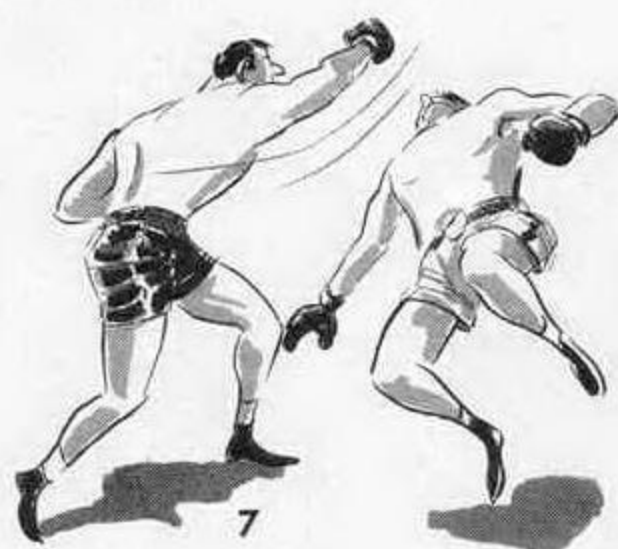
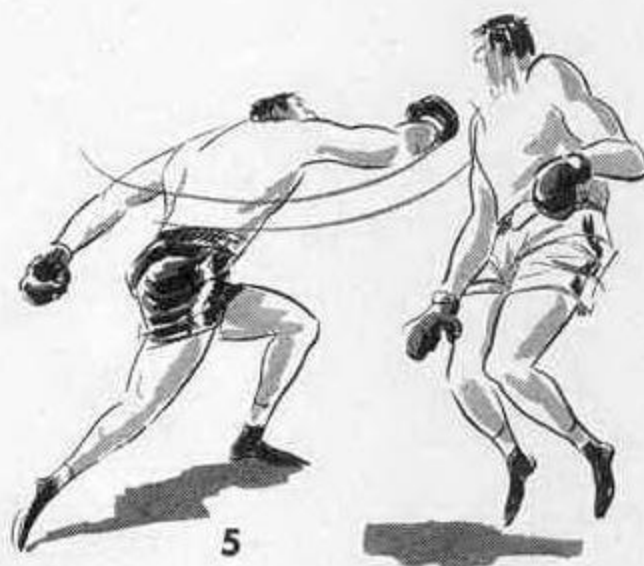
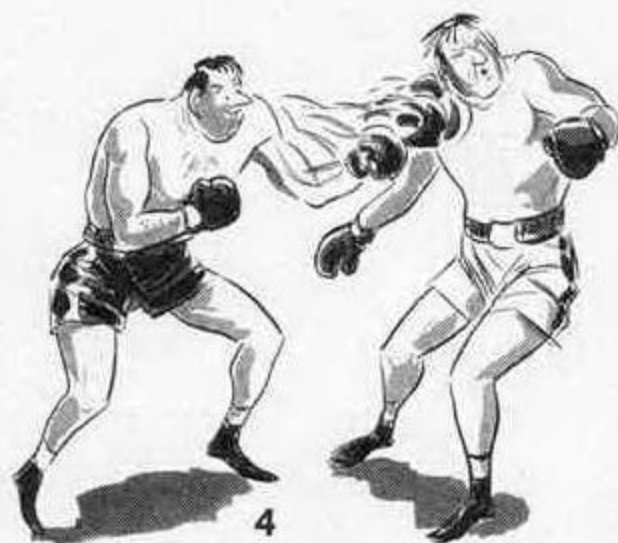
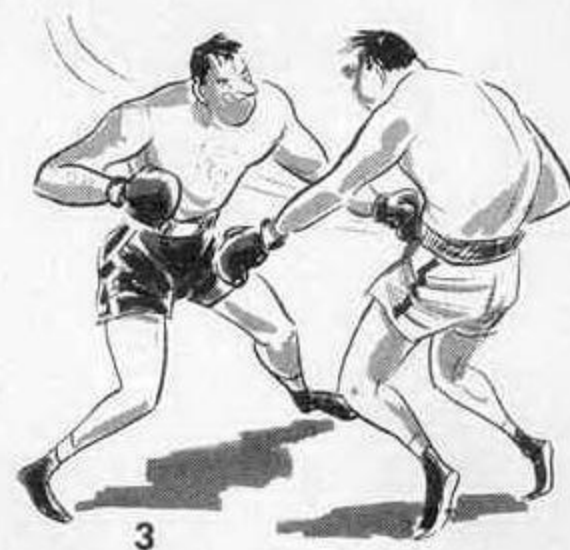
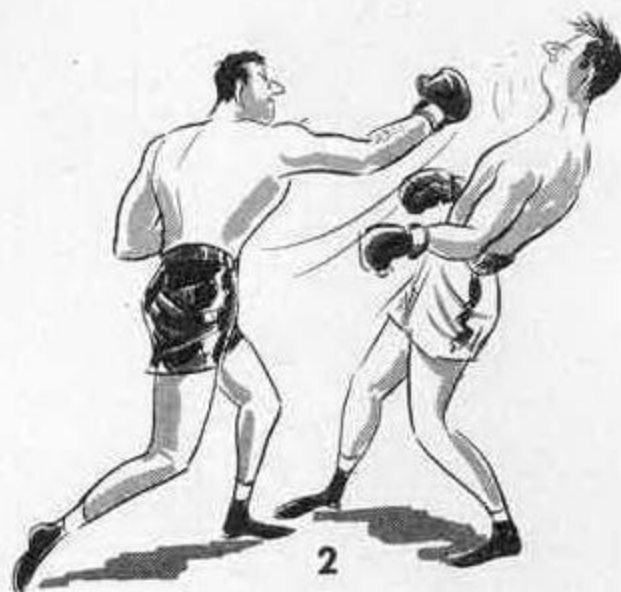
**People who can't make a living at something generally teach it.





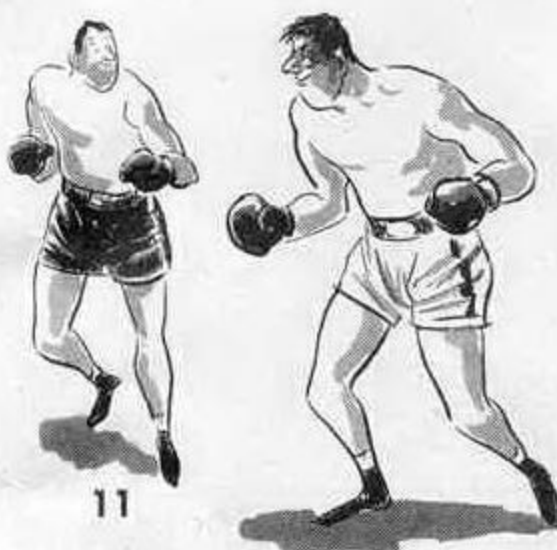
HOLLYWOOD DEPT. SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

The Fighter Who Didn't Rally.



10

"Alice is here, and your mother forgives you."



11



Intarlandi

SHOOTING THE GRAND RAPIDS DEPT.

Today, people are "living modern". They're driving modern cars like "Flight Sweep", smoking modern cigarettes like "L&M", running up modern debts like "Installment Plan" and ending up with modern illnesses like "Flap the Lower Lip". Here's one craze that's a major contributor to today's MAD mode of living . . .



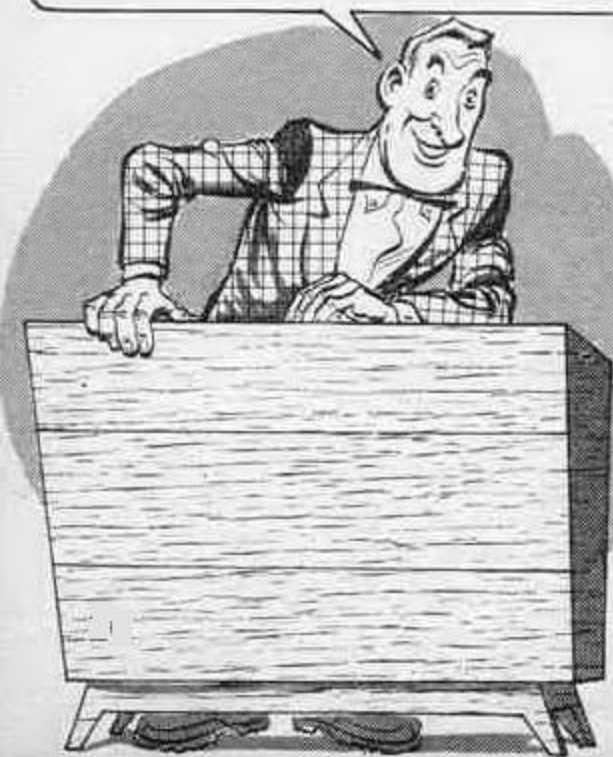
Old-fashioned furniture made use of old-fashioned materials like heavy frames, bulky padding, and expensive innersprings. Modern furniture makes ingenious use of modern materials like foam rubber cushions mounted on pliable webbing . . .



Notice the ingenious use of materials like this pliable webbing . . .



Modern furniture eliminates ugly extensions like drawer-pulls, so as not to break up the smooth sleek lines. Here you see a chest of drawers with draw-pulls cleverly concealed . . .

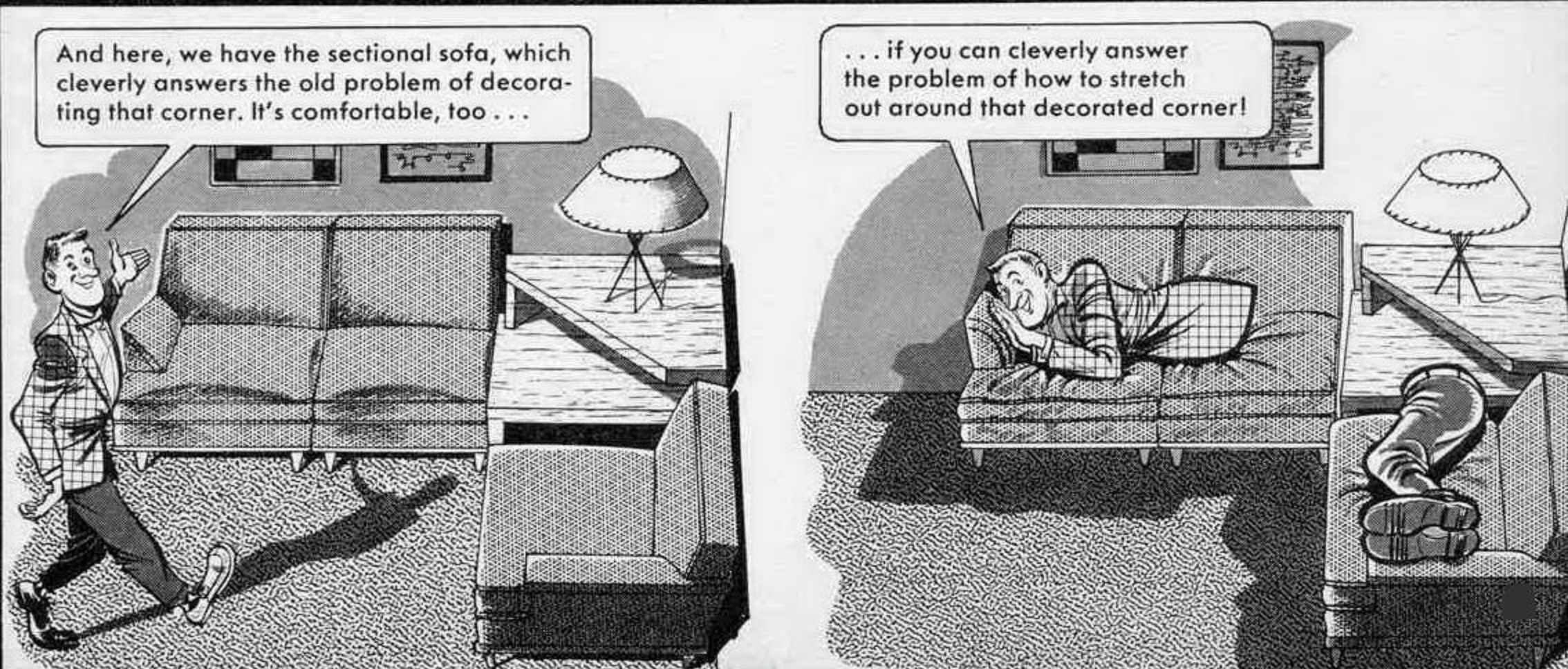
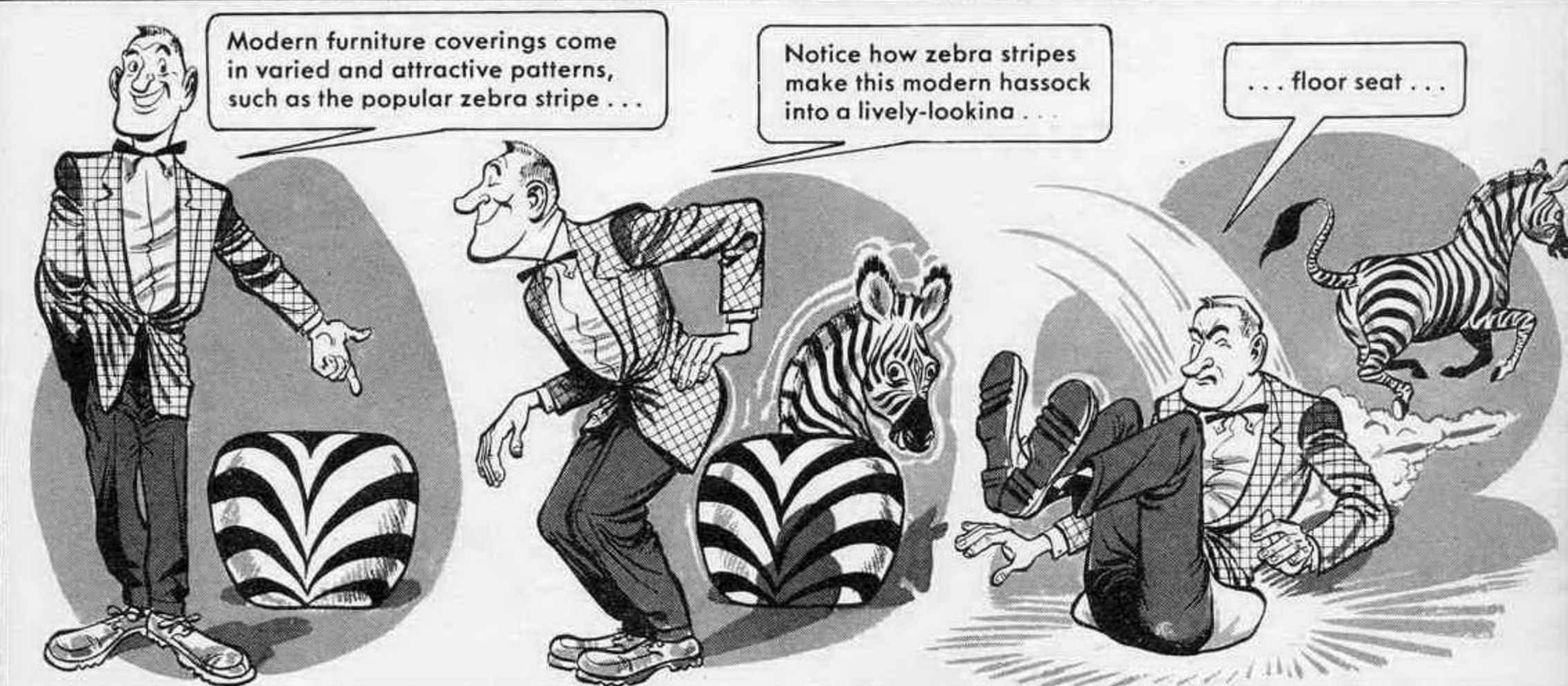
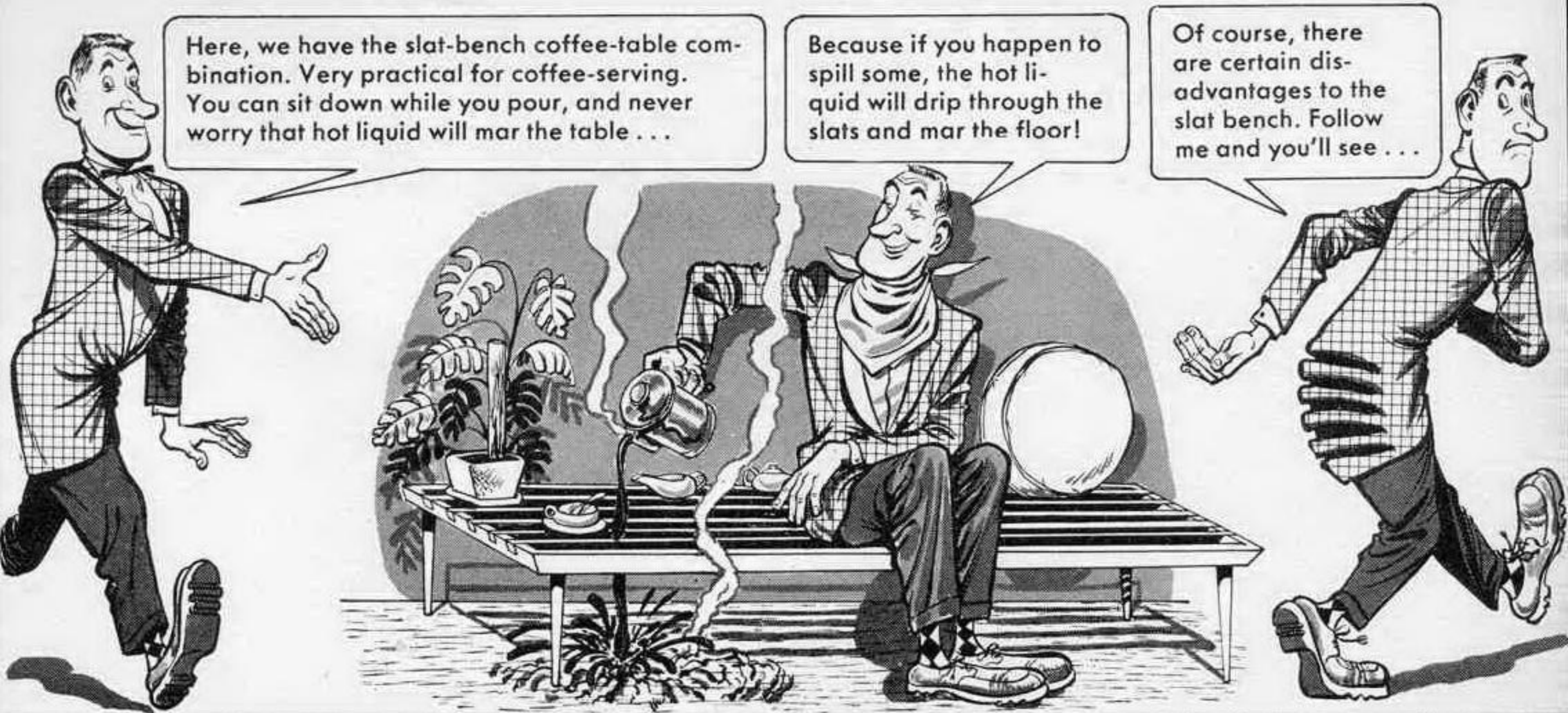


The drawer-pulls are cleverly concealed underneath these . . . er . . . On the side of these . . . er . . . They're here someplace!



Ha, yes. Here we are! See what I mean about not breaking up those smooth sleek lines . . .





And now, from the hallowed halls of Institutes of Higher Learning

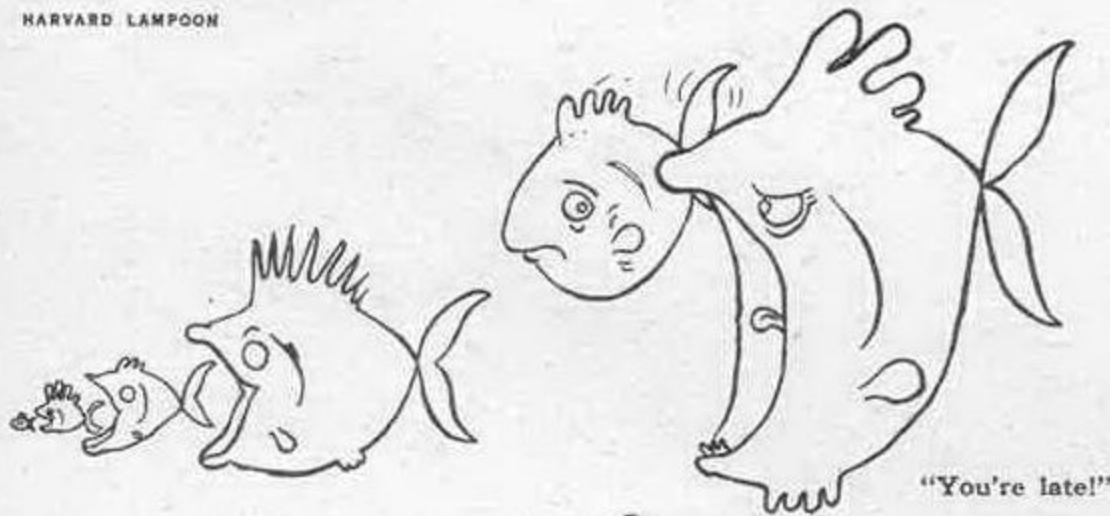
WOTTEGIAE

Once again MAD presents its thought-provoking and dispassionate examination of the inner workings of the minds of young Americans as they are now being cultivated at Colleges and Universities all over the country, revealing to an astonished world such inspiring products of advanced learning as these inane cartoons.

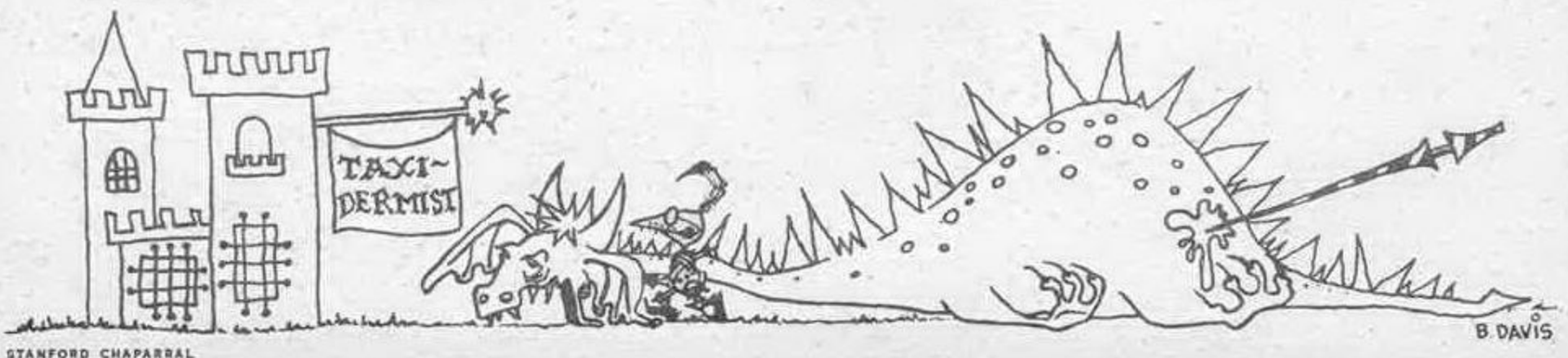
IOWA STATE GREEN GANDER



HARVARD LAMPOON



FLORIDA SMOKE SIGNALS

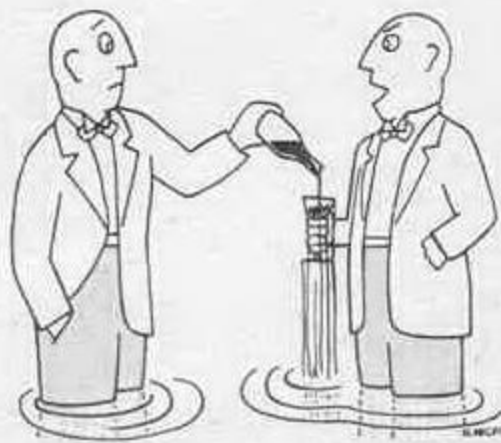


STANFORD CHAPARRAL

B. DAVIS

come these collected examples of...

WHIMSEY



"I SAID 'when!'"

MICHIGAN GARGOYLE

MINNESOTA DAILY



"I think it says: 'University professors, go home!'"



CORNELL WIDOW

HOBBY DEPT.

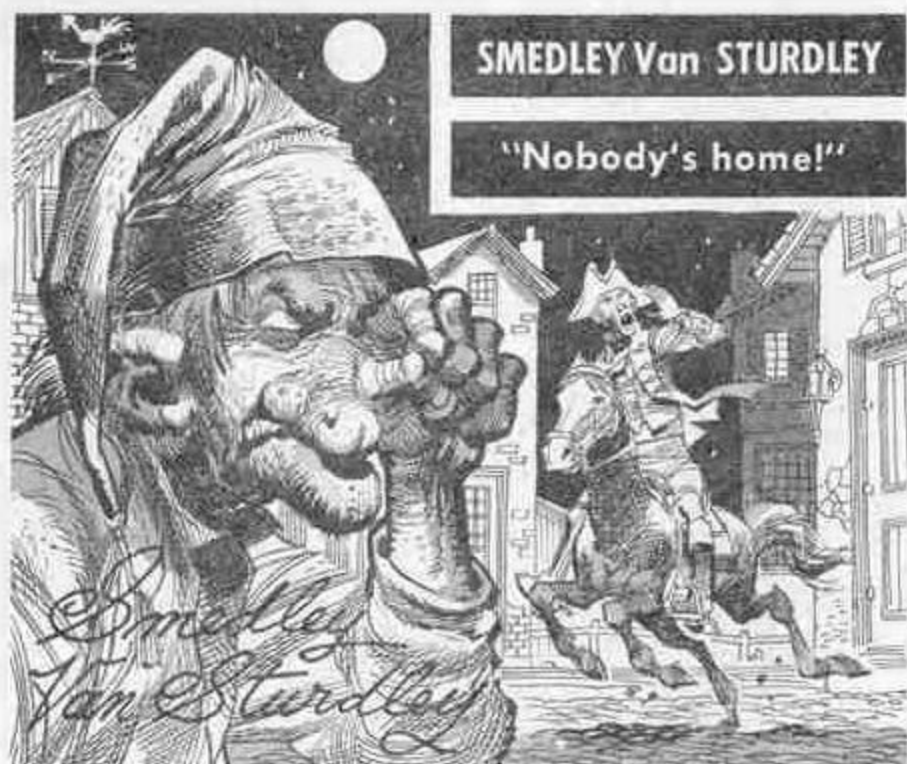


AND SO, ONE PREPOSTEROUS ARTICLE FOLLOWS ANOTHER. EVER DEDICATED TO THE CAUSE OF WIDENING AND IMPROVING ITS SCOPE OF READERS' INTERESTS, MAD NOW OFFERS HOBBYISTS AMONG YOU A RARE OPPORTUNITY. BE THE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD TO BEGIN THIS EXCITING AND UNUSUAL COLLECTION OF...

MAD BUBBLE GUM CARDS

You know how all those bubble-gum cards you ever collected up to now have been nothing but portraits of famous national figures, past and present, like for instance famous baseball heroes or famous war heroes or famous western heroes. You know how after a while you get sick and tired of famous heroes. Day after day, gum-wad after

gum-wad, the same old famous heroes. Well, dear readers, here's your chance to get out of the rut. Here's your chance to throw away that dull old collection of corny bubble-gum cards featuring world famous heroes. Here's your chance to begin a dull *new* collection... with this MAD starter-set of corny bubble-gum cards featuring world famous clods.



**MAD
GUM
1**

SMEDLEY Van STURDLEY

Oaf
Concord, Mass.

Born: December 5, 1748

Height: 4'-3"

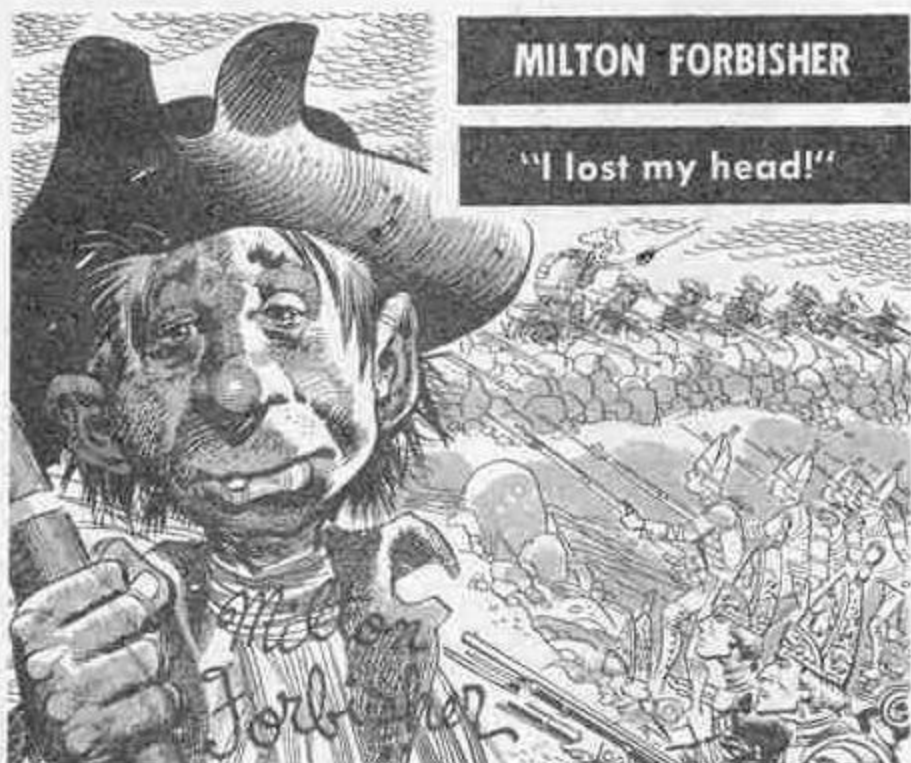
Weight: 109

When Paul Revere made his famous ride from Lexington to Concord, arousing the colonists at every Middlesex village and farm and warning them that the British were coming, it was Smedley Van Sturdley who turned over and went back to sleep!

FAMOUS COWARDS No. 1

©M.B.G.

Printed in U.S.A.



**MAD
GUM
2**

MILTON FORBISHER

Minute Man
Boston, Mass.

Born: October 9, 1752

Height: 7'-7"

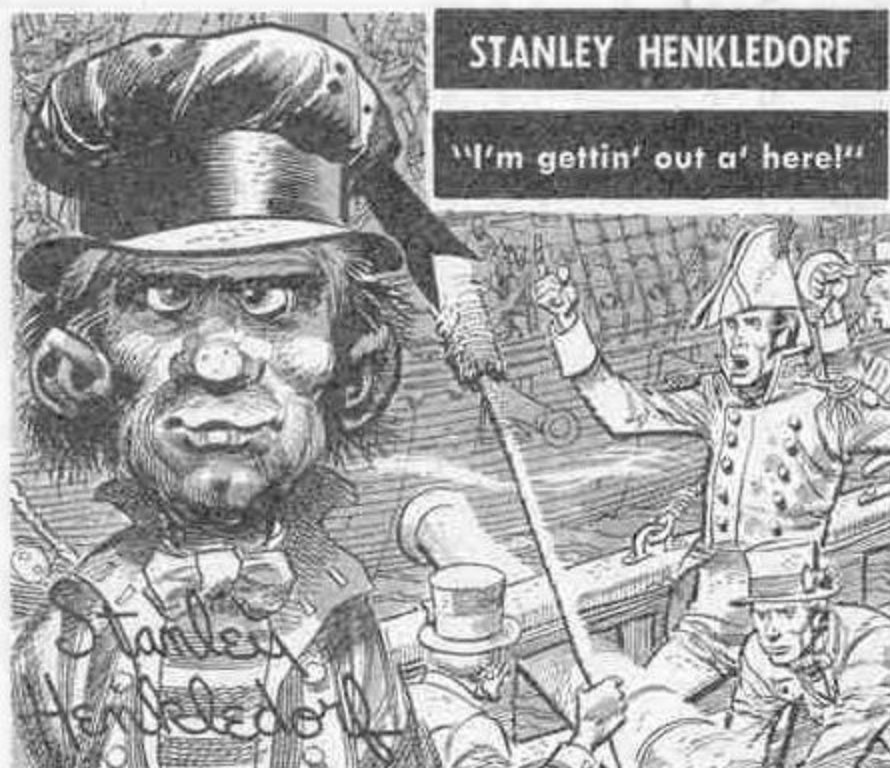
Weight: 109

At the battle of Bunker Hill, when that handful of Minute Men made their valiant stand against an overwhelming force of red-coated British regulars, it was Milton Forbisher who panicked and shot before he saw the whites of their eyes!

FAMOUS COWARDS No. 2

©M.B.G.

Printed in U.S.A.



STANLEY HENKLEDORF

"I'm gettin' out a' here!"

**MAD
GUM
3**

STANLEY HENKLEDORF

Poltroon
Getzville, N. Y.

Born: July 3, 1788

Height: 5'-8"

Weight: 109

During the war of 1812, at the famous naval battle of Lake Erie, when Commodore Perry, in the thick of the fight uttered those immortal words, it was Stanley Henkledorf who heedlessly turned, took to a long boat, and did give up the ship!

FAMOUS COWARDS No. 3

©M.B.G.

Printed in U.S.A.



WALTER N. GOOBER

"I forget!"

**MAD
GUM
4**

WALTER N. GOOBER

Malingerer
Pecan Gap, Tex.

Born: August 7, 1808

Height: 6'

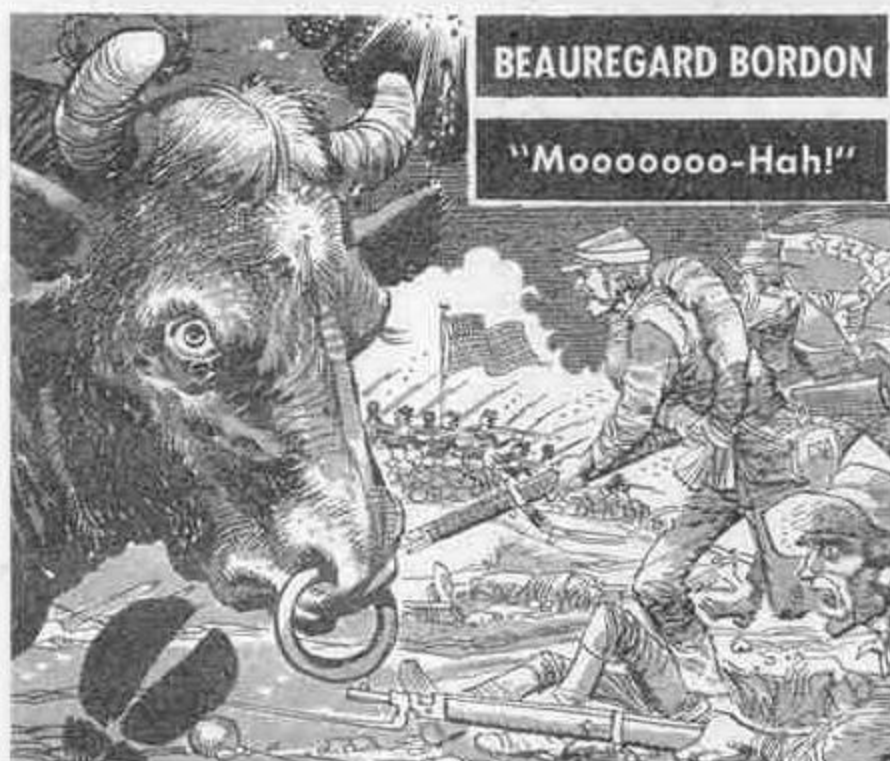
Weight: 109

In the war of independence between Texas and Mexico, after General Santa Anna and four thousand Mexicans besieged and massacred Colonel William B. Travis and his gallant band of one hundred and eighty men, it was Walter N. Goober who refused to remember the Alamo!

FAMOUS COWARDS No. 4

©M.B.G.

Printed in U.S.A.



BEAUREGARD BORDON

"Mooooooooo-Hah!"

**MAD
GUM
5**

BEAUREGARD BORDON

Bovine
Manassas Va.

Born: September 14, 1859

Weight: 1090

In the first pitched battle of the Civil War, General Johnston's Confederate forces opened fire on General McDowell's Union forces at Sudley's farm in Manassas, Virginia. Beauregard Bordon was caught in the middle, hence the name of this battle . . . boy, you should have seen that bull run!

FAMOUS COWARDS No. 5

©M.B.G.

Printed in J.N.K.

SWEATSHIRT DEPT.

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO

In the old days, sports magazines were edited by the "Gas House" crowd, and those guys were rough and tough. So their sports magazines were rough and tough too, with plenty of slam-bang articles and action pictures. Like this:

SLAM-BANG ACTION SPORTS

TWO BITS

**More GUTS
in Guts Football**

by Moose Cowznofski

**DEATH Rode Beside Me
At INDIANAPOLIS**

by Speedy Gonzales

**Speedy, Me,
and the 500**

by Joe Death

**Get More Stolen Bases
With Sharpened Spikes**

by Rip Cartledge

**Let's Play Hockey
on HOT ICE**

by Blades Ashburn

Clarke

SPORTS MAGAZINES?

Nowadays, sports magazines are edited by the "Madison Avenue" crowd, and those guys are slick and smooth. So their sports magazines are slick and smooth too, with plenty of sophisticated articles and pictures. Like this:

**PRICE:
25
CENTS**

A waste of TIME

SPORTS SOPHISTICATED

**ARE CROQUET RULES
TOO STIFF?**

by Winthrop Seersucker

**A PLAID GOLF BAG
IMPROVED MY GAME**

by Alfred E. Neuman

**FAVORITE VINTAGE WINES
OF THE
BATTLING CHAMPS**

by Marcel Waveset

**SHUFFLEBOARD
BRAINS OR BRAIN?**

by Seymour Jaguar

**EXCITING PHOTOS
OF BOWL GAME**

FASHIONS

by Calvin Polaroid



Let's take a star baseball player. Here's how they would have done an article about him in the old days:

SLAM-BANG ACTION SPORTS NOMINATES

DUKE SNYDER

AS THE BEST PLAYER OF THE YEAR

As Duke Snyder rests up for the eleventh season with his Brooklyn outfit, brother, his amazing record stands as a tribute to his fabulous talent. Duke has given baseball almost everything he's got. His driving career is a credit to the sport.



CLOSE-UP OF DUKE SNYDER'S HANDS

The hands that, game after game last season, shook Ebbet's Field with sensational single, double, and triple base hits . . .

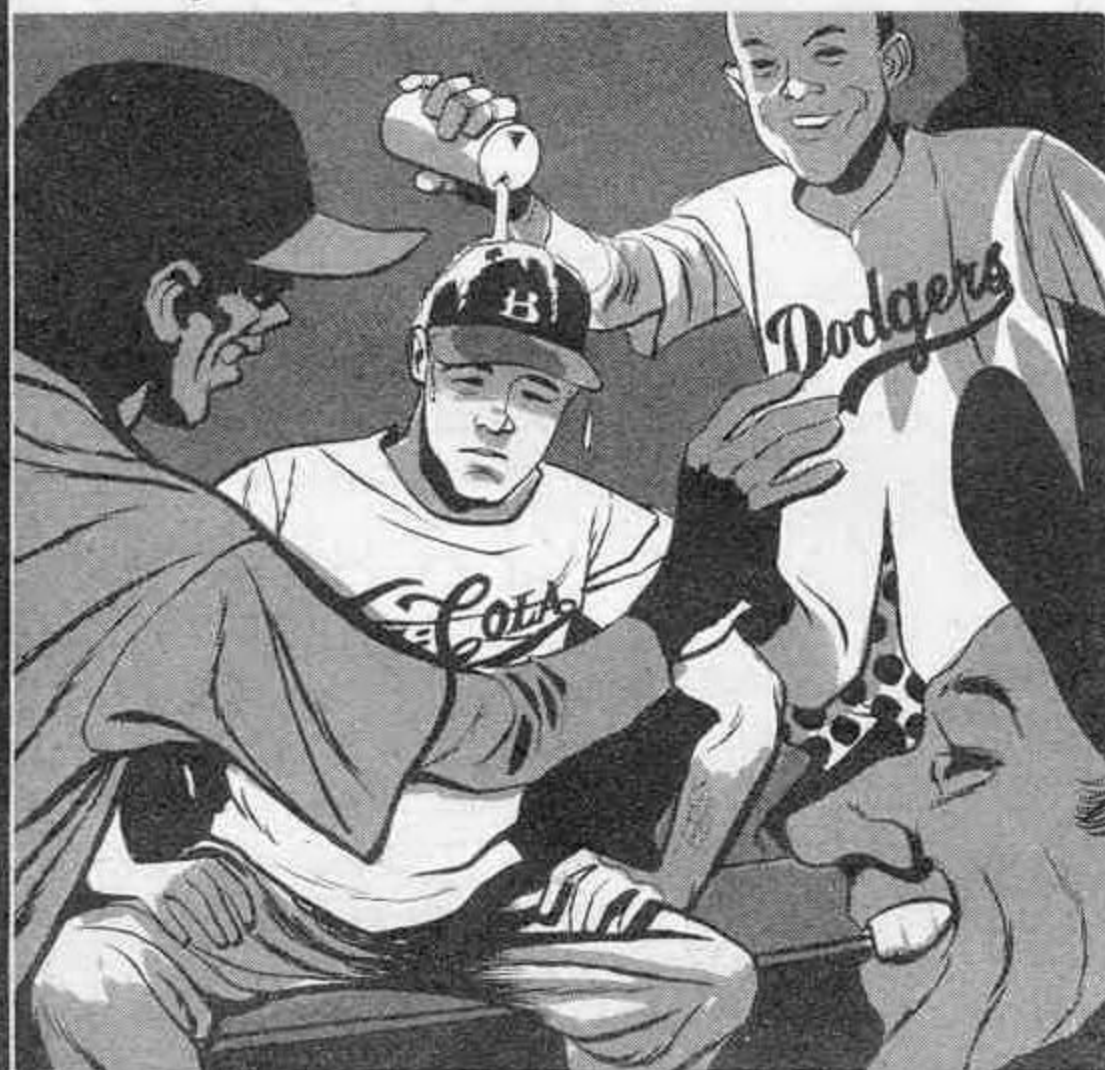
MAGIC EYE CAMERA CATCHES SNYDER'S SUPERB BATTING FORM



At plate, during last inning of season, magic eye camera shows clearly how Duke eyes

medium-high pitch, and with turning motion, ends up with all his meat behind ball.

After crucial game, Snyder's home run sets off gay dressing room salutes from Hodges, Robinson and Reese . . .



DUKE BELTS 43

A CHART OF VITAL FACTS AND FIGURES

YEAR	AT BAT	HITS	H.R.	R.B.I.	PCT.
1952	534	162	21	92	.303
1953	590	198	42	126	.336
1954	199	584	130	40	.341
1955	538	166	42	.309	136
1956	.292	158	43	101	542

Now, let's take the same star baseball player. Here's how they would do an article about him nowadays:

SPORTS SOPHISTICATED NOMINATES EDWIN DONALD 'DUKE' SNYDER AS BEST-DRESSED MAN OF THE YEAR

As Mr. Edwin Donald Snyder dresses up for the eleventh season with his Brooks Brothers' outfits, his amazing wardrobe stands as a tribute to his fabulous taste. Baseball has given Mr. Snyder almost everything he's got. A sports car he's driving is his on credit.



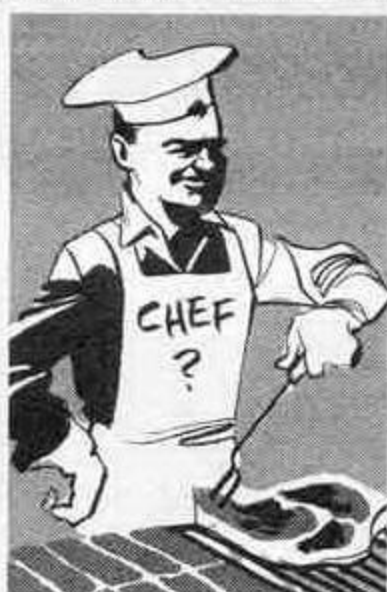
CLOSE-UP OF EDWIN SNYDER'S HANDS

The hands that, after every game at Ebbet's Field last season, shook sensational single, double and triple martinis...

MAGIC EYE CAMERA CATCHES SNYDER'S SUPPER BARBECUE FORM



With plate, during last outing of season, magic eye camera shows clearly how Mr.



Snyder fries medium-done steak and with turn-over motion, ends up with meat ball.



After crucial game, Mr. Snyder runs home, shows off dressing room of gray suits from Hart, Schaffner and Marx...



DUKE'S BELTS, 43

A CHART OF VITAL FIGURE FACTS

1956	BELTS		SHOES		SUITS		SHIRTS		BERMUDA SHORTS	
COLOR	NO.	SIZE	NO.	SIZE	NO.	SIZE	NO.	SIZE	NO.	SIZE
BLUE	1	34	2	12	2	44	9	16 34	1	34
GRAY	1	34			2	44	2	16 34	1	34
YELLOW	40	32	4	11	3	42	12	14 36	40	32
ALLIGATOR	1	34	3	12	1	44	1	16 34	1	34

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

SHOW-OFF DEPT.

IMPRESS YOUR FRIENDS! FLASH THE STUBS TO THESE...

MAD TICKETS

BOX XLIII

ROMAN
COLOSSEUM

LOWER
GRANDSTAND

THE
EMPEROR
NERO
PRESENTS

A NEW REVUE
WHEN IN ROME
WITH GLADIATORS,
CHRISTIANS, LIONS & TIGERS
AVGVST IV, LXII A.D.
ADMISSION: XXV SESTERCES

ADMIT ONE

Glob
Ticket Co.

Bleachers

Box 45

Admit One

Gessler the Tyrant Presents

The Famous Archery Team

William Tell & Son

Alpine Theatre, Switzerland

November 18, 1307 Anno Domini

Matinee at 2:40 p.m.

Archery Equipment furnished by Spalding Bros.

Special Benefit for:
Apple Pickers

Admit One

Fabrique de Tiquets Globe

Admit One

Madame La Farge Presents

The incomparable

MARIE ANTOINETTE

In Her Farewell Performance

Bastille Courtyard **PARIS**

October 16, 1793

Admission:
50 Francs

Guillotine rises at 2 p.m. SHARP

Admission:
50 Francs

Admit One

C 105
SOUTH BARRICADE

D 102

Trench #2, Bunker 106

Admit One

The Duke of Wellington
Presents the Brilliant
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE
and his troupe in
THE WATERLOO FOLLIES
Soldiers Field, Waterloo, Belgium

June 18, 1815

Admission by Invitation Only

The Management assumes no responsibility for injuries sustained by our patrons

Admit One

C 105

GOOD ONLY
MATINEE FEBRUARY 30 1957

MARK HELLINGER THEATRE
ORCHESTRA \$8.80

LOBE TICKET COMPANY

Mark Hellinger Theatre
1655 Broadway at 51st St. N.Y.C.
Owned and Operated by Alfred E. Neuman

MY FAIR LADY

Seat Price: \$8.00
Pop Corn: .80
TOTAL \$8.80

Ticket is void if purchased from
unscrupulous scalper by fat cat
with expensive account, wanting to
impress big out-of-town buyer.

FEB 30

E 1957

ORCHESTRA

C 105

A 113

West
Grandstand

Admit
One

Chief Crazy Horse
Presents

CUSTER'S LAST STAND

Starring Gen. George Armstrong

CUSTER
and a Cast of Thousands

LITTLE BIG HORN OUTDOOR THEATRE

June 25th, 1876

Admission: 5 Scalps

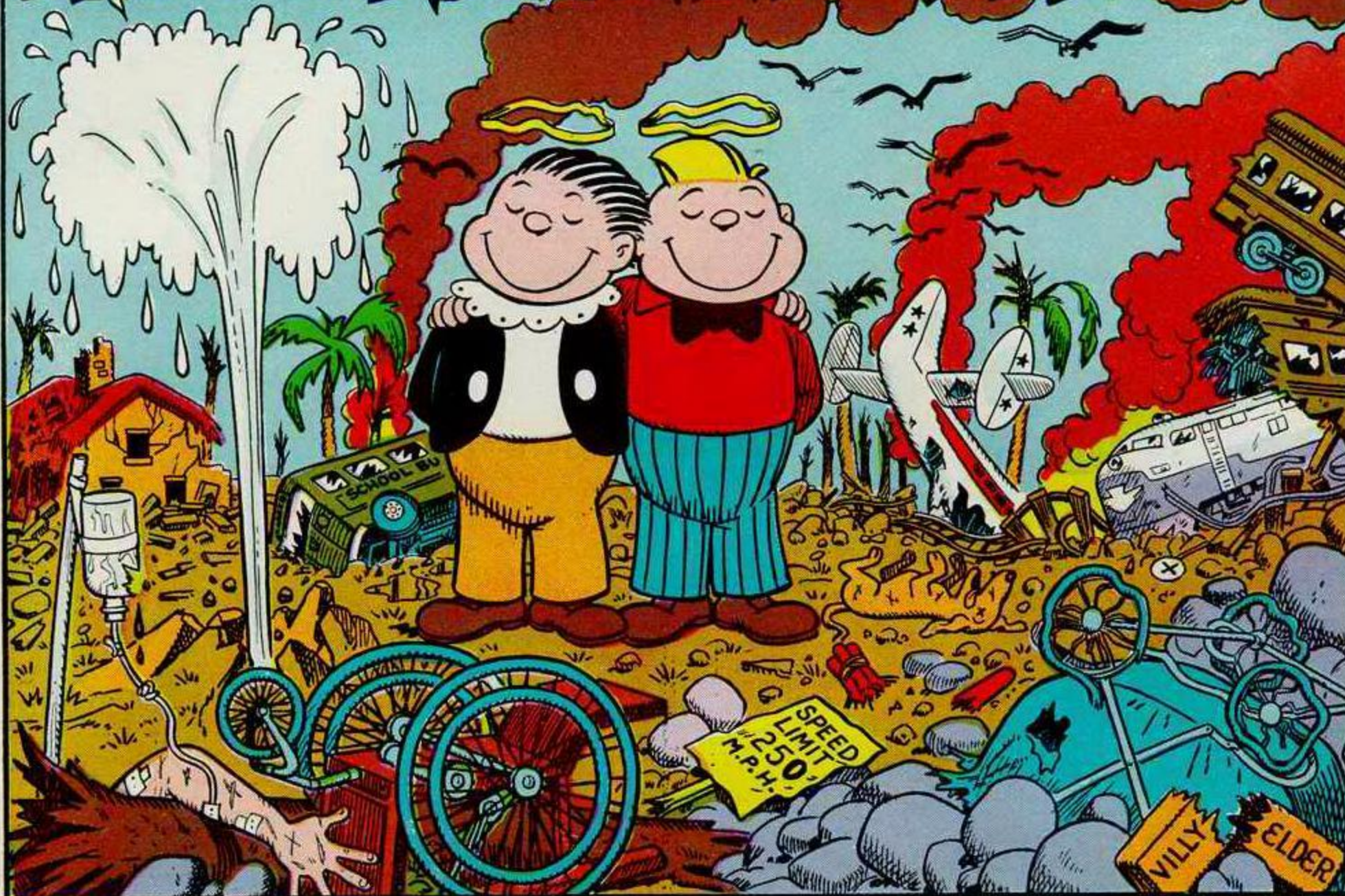
SCALPS FROM BALD HEADED MEN NOT HONORED AT BOX OFFICE

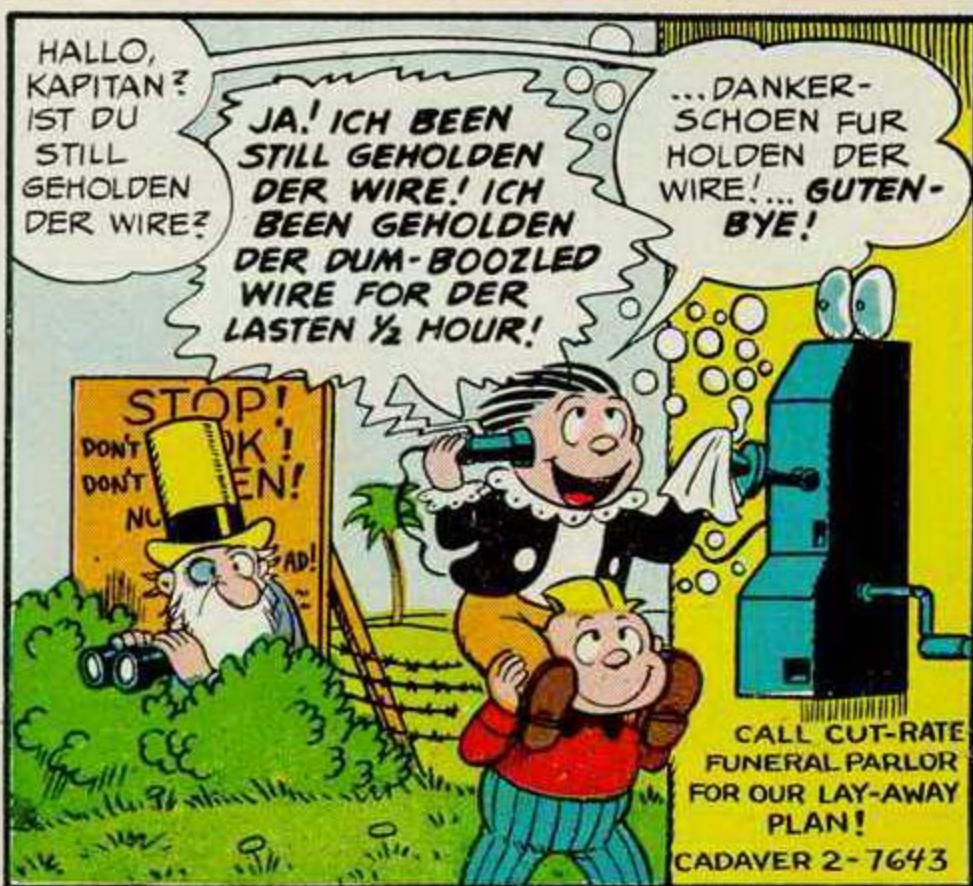
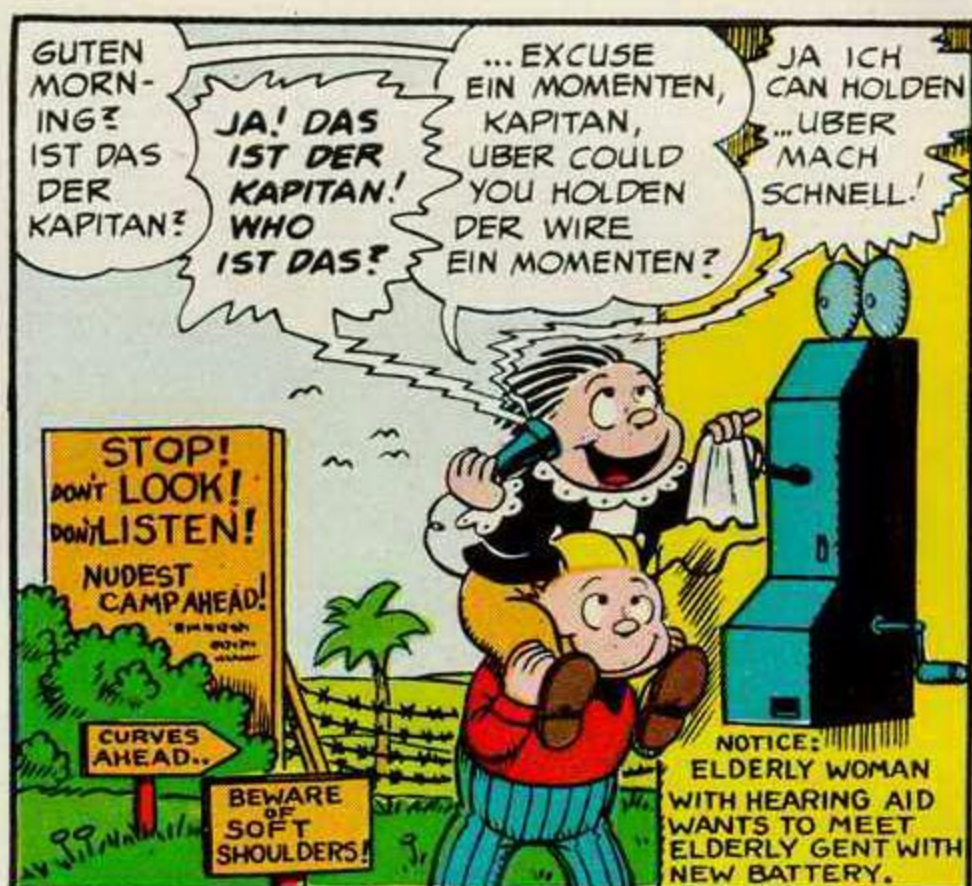
Admit
One

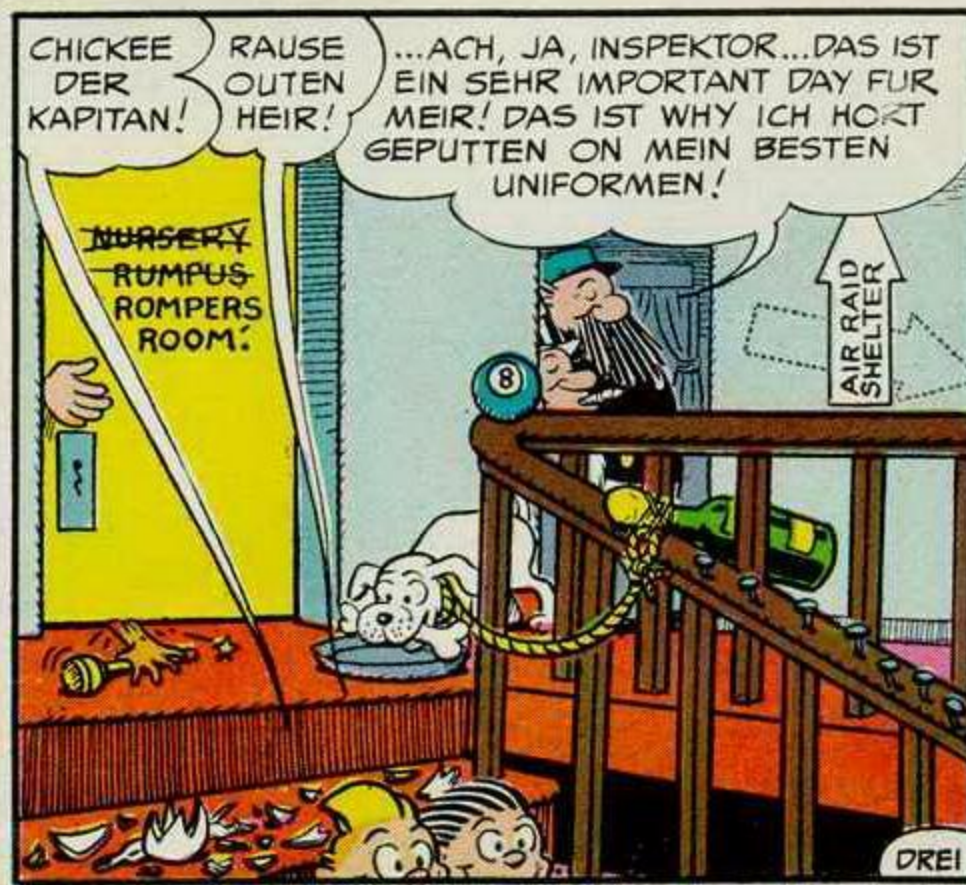
GILKOBIDGE

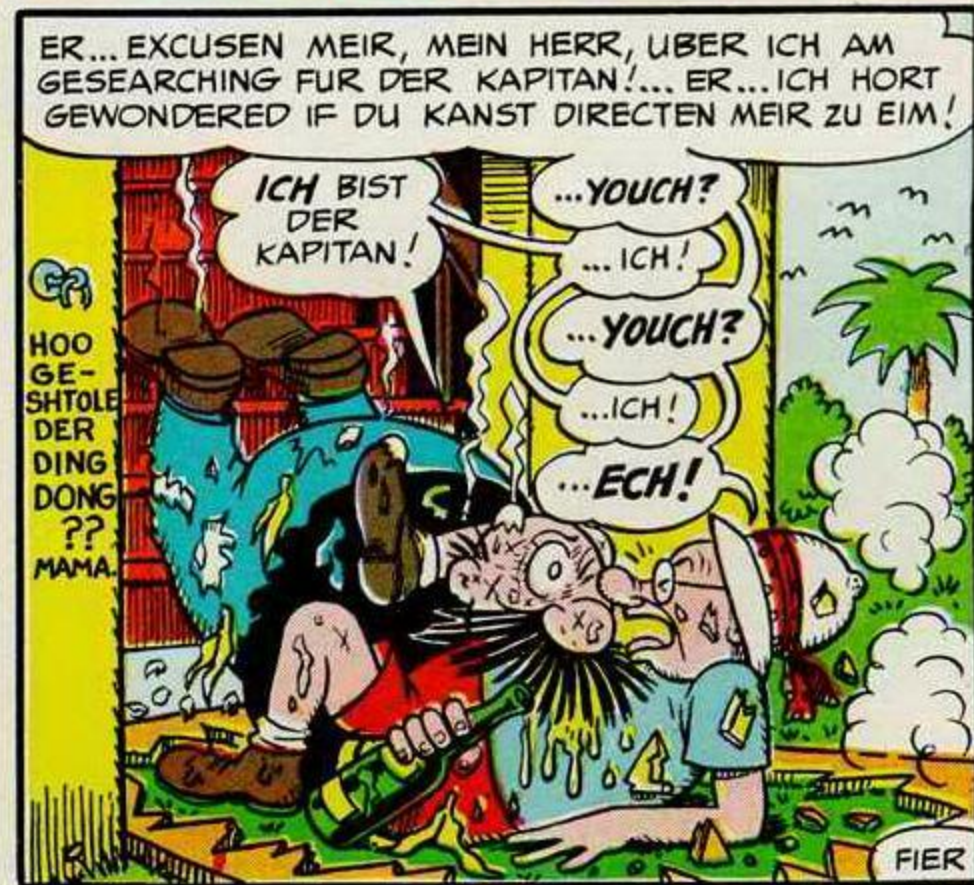
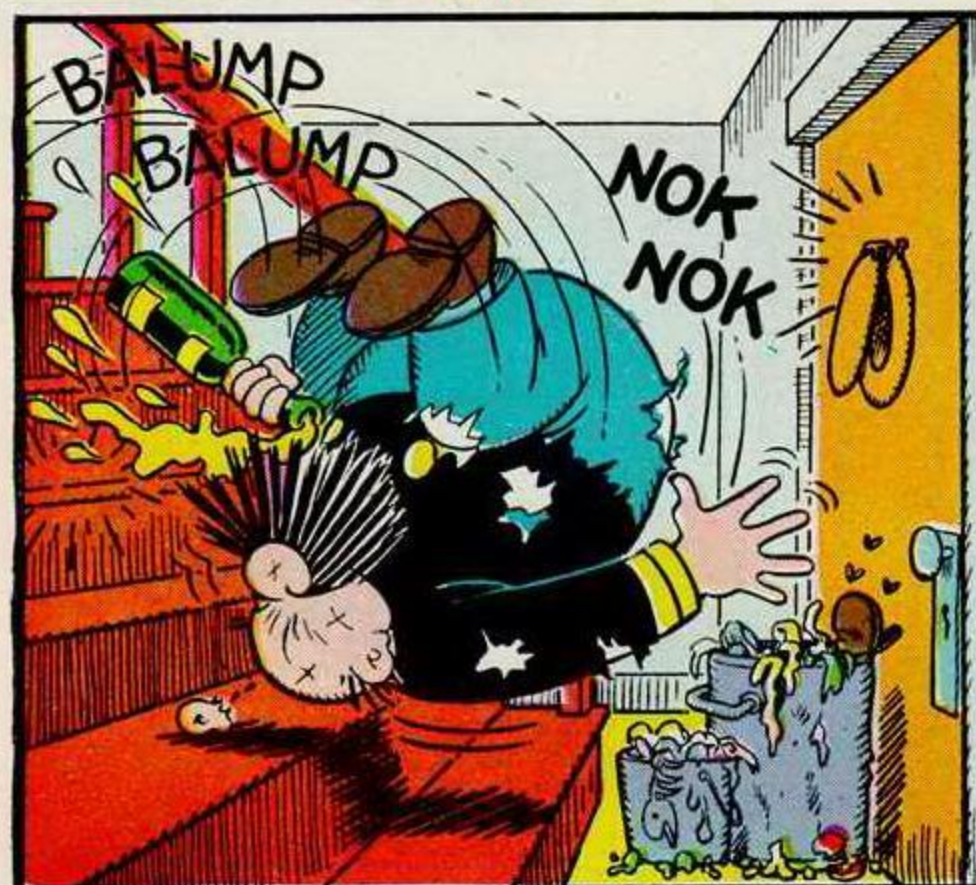
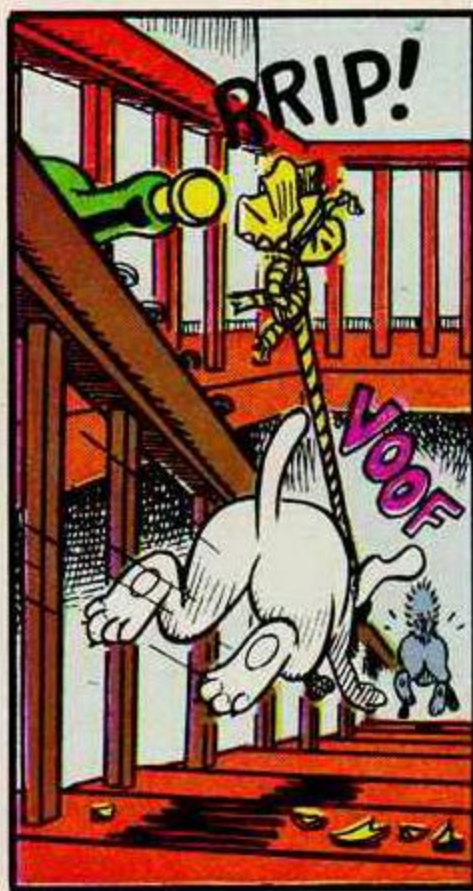
NEWSPAPER CARTOON DEPT.: TODAY, WE PRESENT TWO CHARMING BOYS WHO, FOR YEARS, HAVE BEEN MAKING MISCHIEF ON SUCH A SCALE THAT ALTHOUGH IT ISN'T PUBLICIZED, THEY HAVE MADE THEIR HOME A SHAMBLES AND LAID WASTE TO THE LAND!...YES... YOU GUESSED IT!...THOSE TWO LOVEABLE LITTLE RASCALS, HANS AND FEETZ... THE...

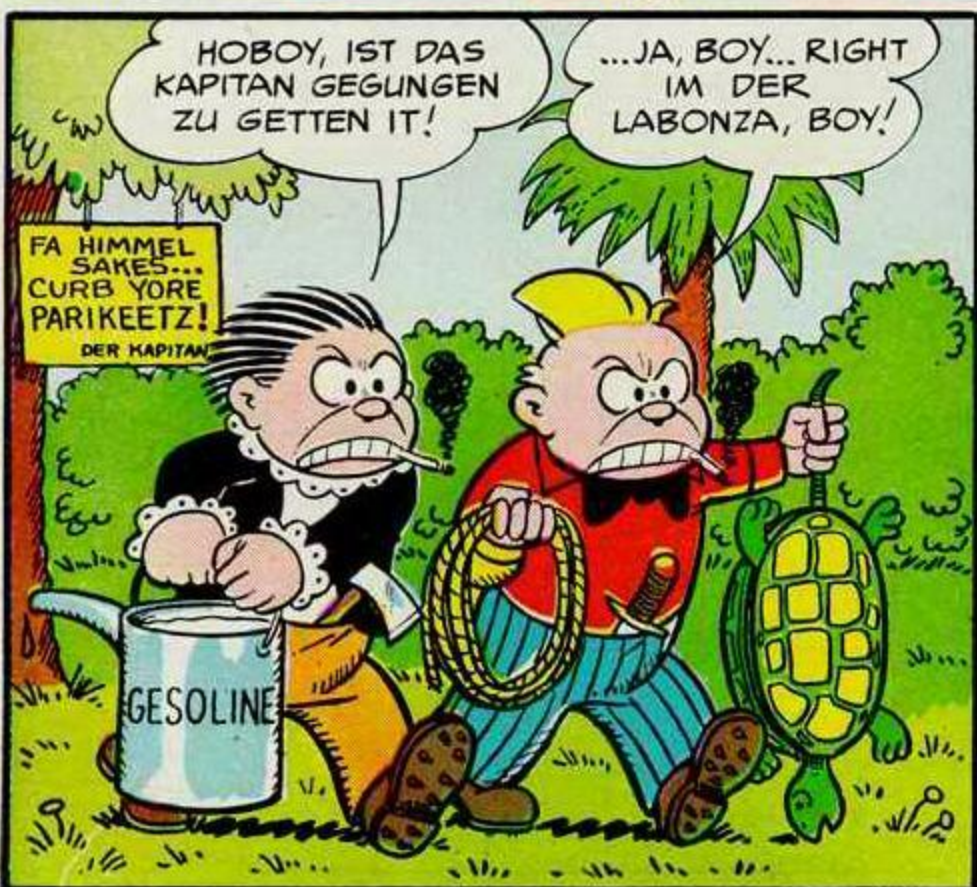
KATCHANDHAMMER KIDS!

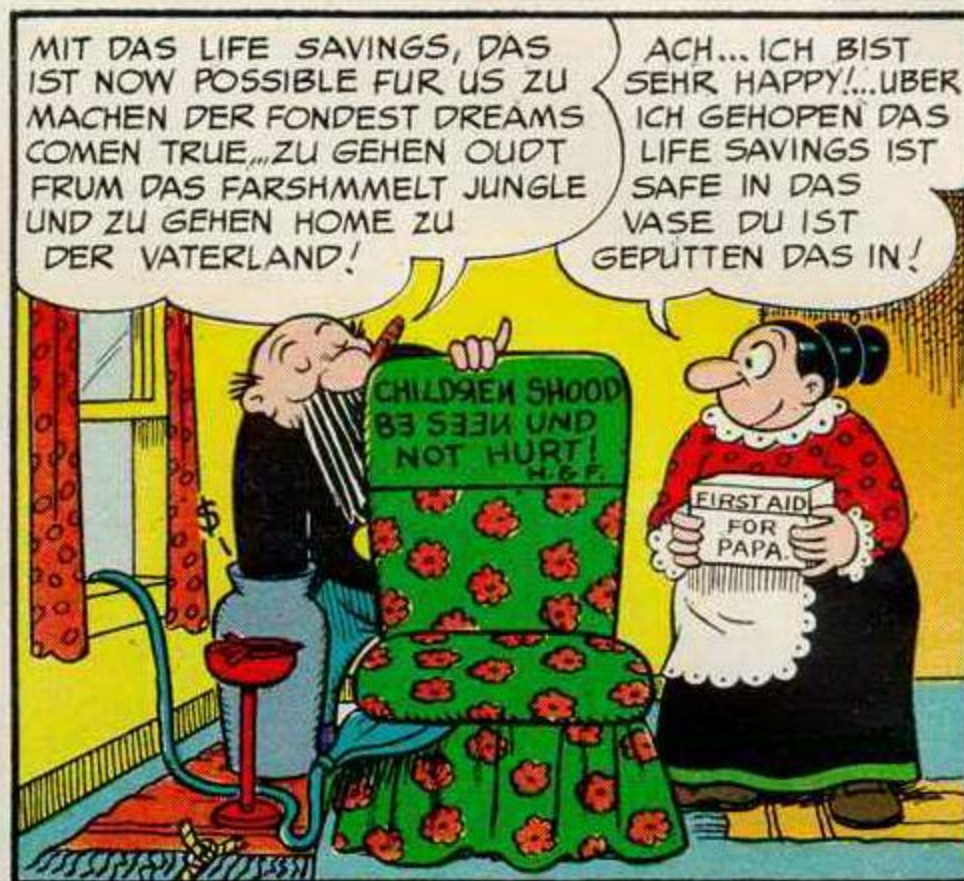


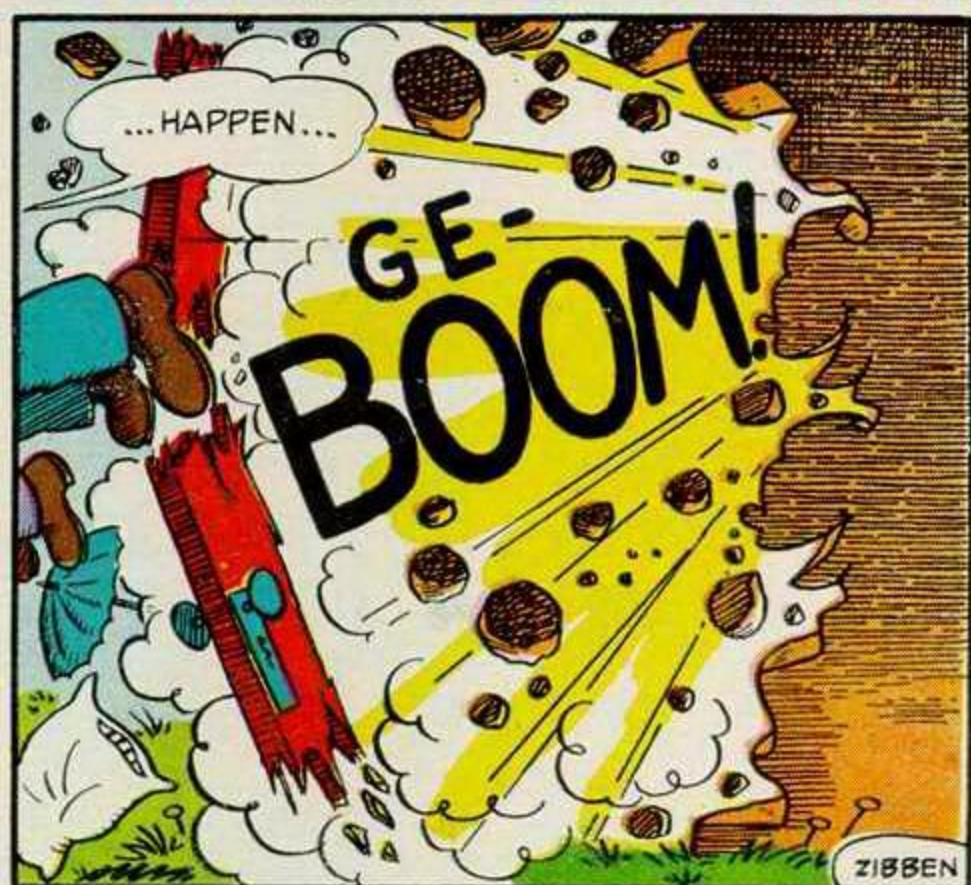




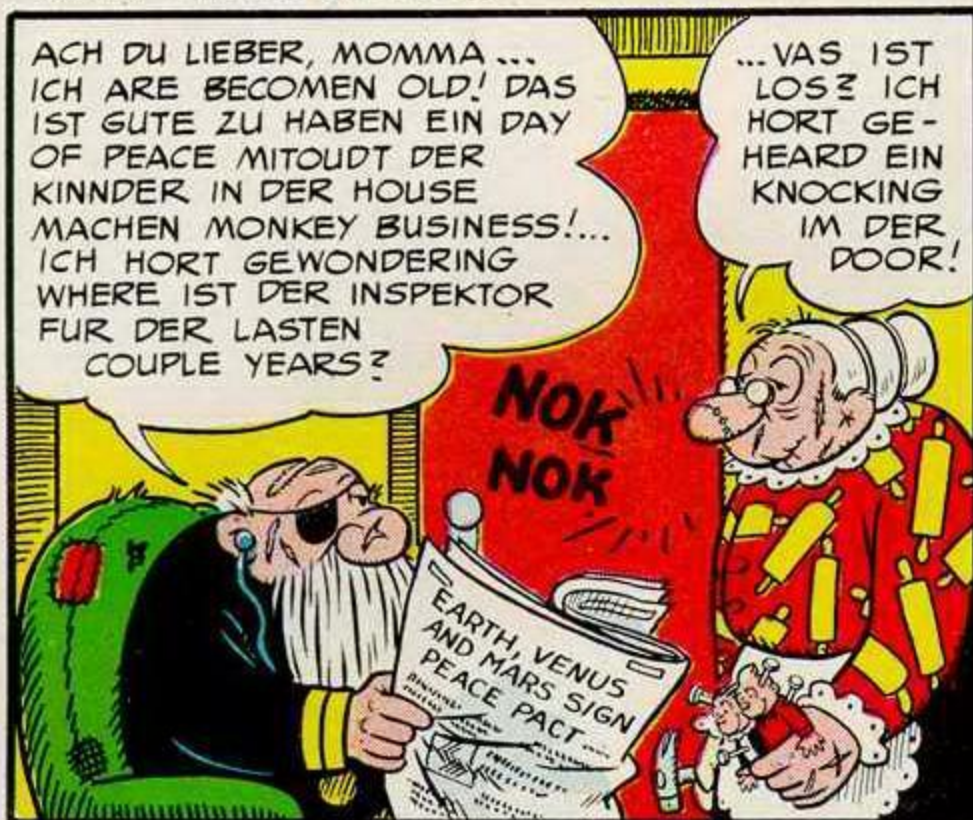




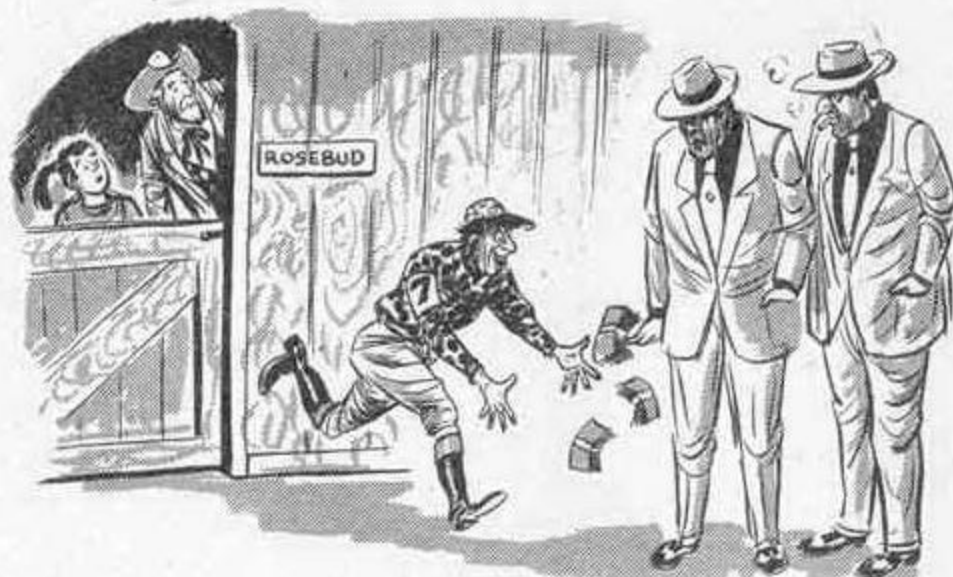
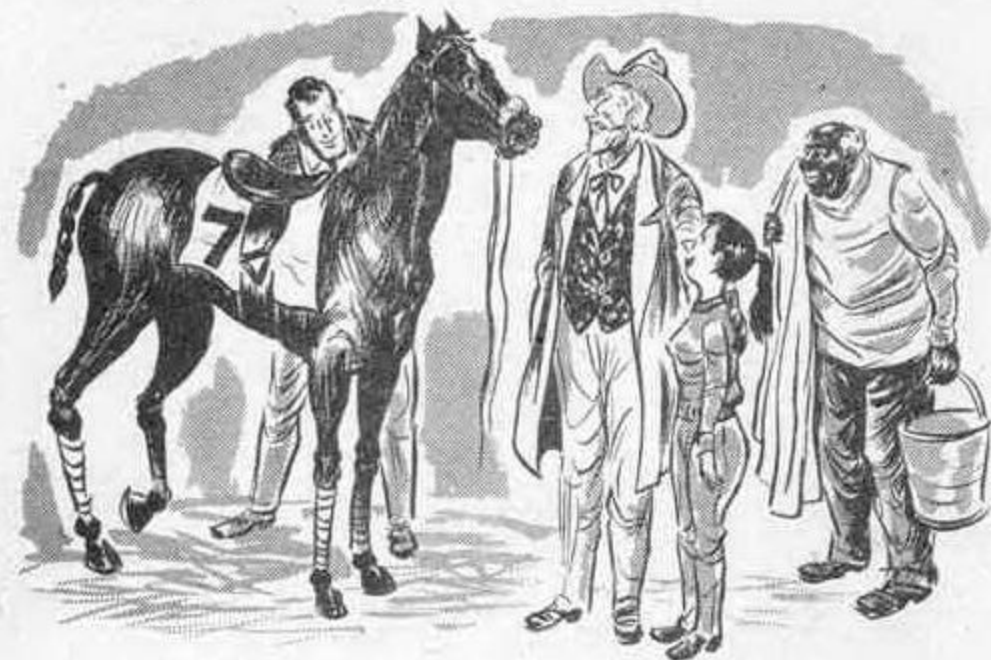




MANY YEARS LATER...



The Day of the Big Race



Intinlandi

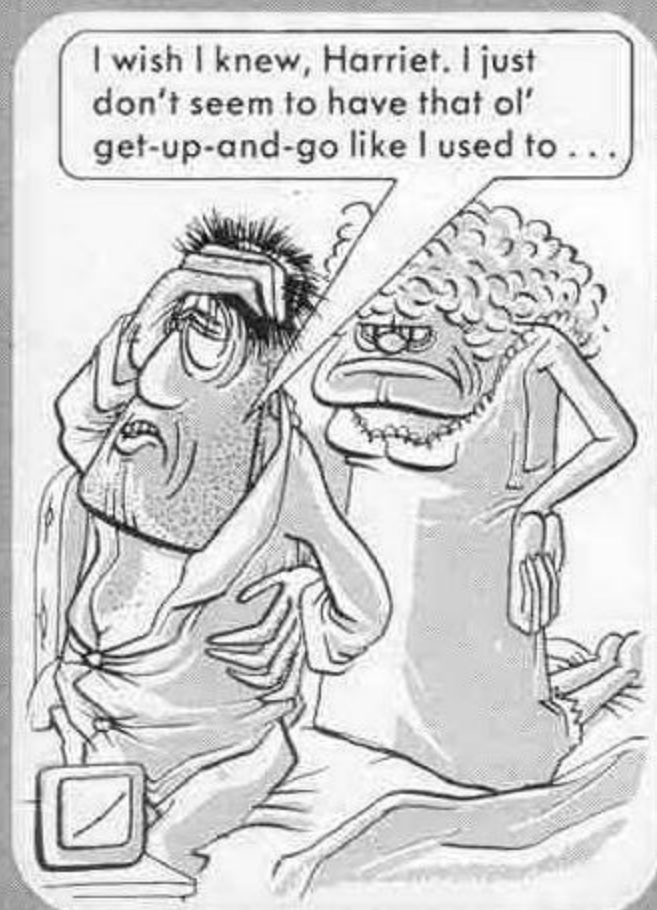


Time for the commercial again, gang . . . so here we go with another sample Story Board of...

FUTURE TV ADS



Whaddya gonna do? Sleep all day? Gonna lose your new job like ya' did the last eight? Honestly, George, what's wrong with you lately? George?



I wish I knew, Harriet. I just don't seem to have that ol' get-up-and-go like I used to . . .



Then why don't you do what smart men everywhere are doing . . . and take new energy-packed Vitamex pills with Frammistan? They're in the medicine cabinet.



All right, Harriet, I'll try some. But you know darn well that ordinary "Drug Store Pills" don't help me!

BY DON MARTIN

***One hand washes the other
—The Lever Bros.*



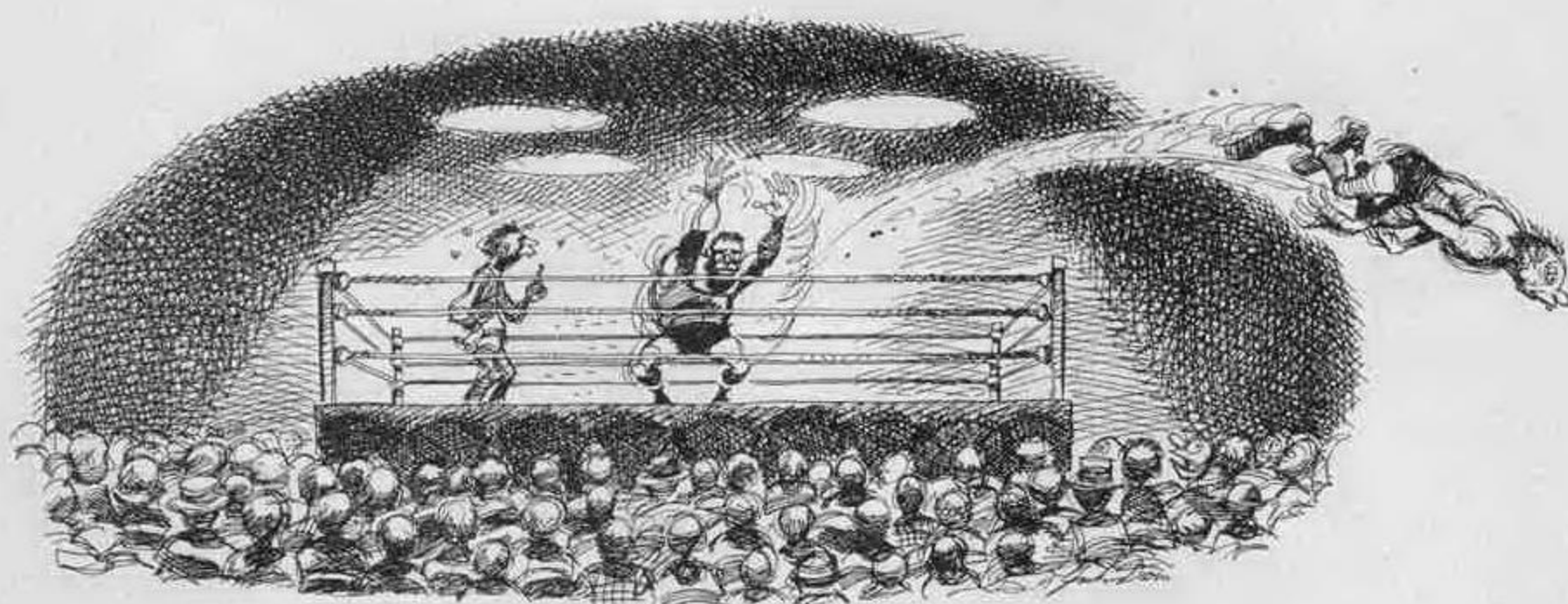
D. MARTIN

SPORTS DEPT.



MANY ARTICLES HAVE BEEN WRITTEN AGAINST THIS RED BLOODED SPORT. HOWEVER WE INTEND TO SHOW THE VIRTUES OF THIS RED BLOODED SPORT...THIS GOOD AND RED BLOODED SPORT: PROFESSIONAL...

WRESTLING



You have by now no doubt read one of the many magazine articles which tell you that professional wrestling is bunk. It is with these *foul* articles that we come to grips, and we hope this will *break the hold* of these writings as we *pin* down our evidence. Speaking for ourselves, we have found professional wrestling to be a fine upstanding sport, ranking alongside of the most reputable of the spectator sports, with all the skill and athletic prowess present that is evinced in the more popular games. We found this out the other night when we attended our first wrestling match.


The day of our assignment to cover the wrestling matches had been fairly trying. We had had a minor little old silly disagreement with our publisher and boss. (Of course, concerning the disagreement, our boss was absolutely in the right and we were completely and foolishly in the wrong) In any case, we were in not too good a mood at the wrestling matches, and the point of explaining all this is to show you that when we went to the wrestling matches, we were prepared to criticize and sneer at anything because of our state of mind. Well, in spite of our bad temper and all, the very first match changed our mood entirely. Our problems of the day vanished immediately as we watched in fascination the skill and athletic prowess that was evinced by the first two contestants. We found it very exciting to see the first

contestant, (who looked like Tarzan) skillfully grapple the second contestant, (who, as a point of interest, by the strangest coincidence, looked *exactly* like our boss). And what was even more thrilling was when the first contestant deftly delivered a terrific fore-arm chop to the second contestant (who sure looked exactly like our boss). He then followed up with a crushing drop kick to the back of the neck of the opponent who looked like our boss. But the best part was when he jumped up and down with both feet on the stomach of the boss opponent and then he gave that boss a kick in the head and threw that rotten no-good bum boss out of the ring.

So you see what we mean when we say professional wrestling is fine, upstanding sport? See how it's a matter of skill what you enjoy? It's all skill! ... That's all... Skill! ... Skill or be skilled! We recommend everyone should by all means go one night a week to watch this skilling.

Anyhow, back to these wrestling matches. On the following pages, we shall attempt to show you with the help of scenes from the contests, what professional wrestling is like. Picture yourself settled comfortably on your cold, small hardwood chair in Madison Square Garden... a little old man in back of you giggling quietly to himself, a skinny teenager shrieking in a falsetto on your left, a fat, turbaned woman with tiny blue eyes swinging a cowbell on your right, and an usher standing directly in front of you... all fine red-blooded, upstanding wrestling fans. The contestants thread their way through the blue cigarette haze and onto the brilliantly lit "boxing ring". And here's the way the wrestling matches go:

CONTINUED

 Here we see an usher's eye view of the good old red-blooded wrestling fans as they sit in the gallery drinking beer, blowing horns, grinding sirens, and shouting quaint folksy expressions like forinstance "Kill him!" and "Tear his arm off!"



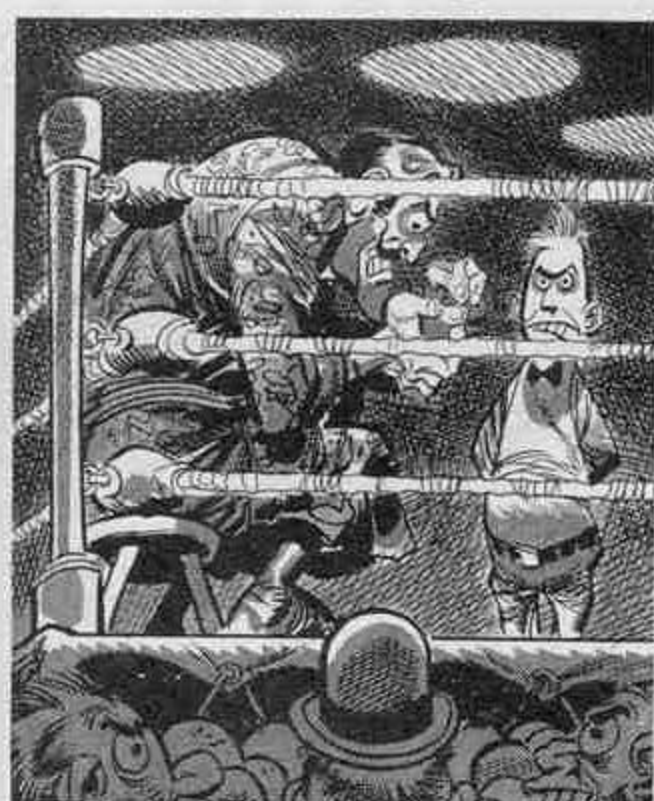
The first match, Kid Kindyouth vs. Offensive Herman, is the type where you have a good guy against this bad guy...



Wow, is he bad. Hoo boy! When he comes into the ring... before the audience can boo him... he boos the audience.



Then he sticks out his tongue, blows razzberries, and finally settles down in his corner to tear wings off flies.



Kid Kindyouth, the good guy, is handsome young typical teen ager... the resulting product of clean U.S. living.



Contrariwise to Offensive Herman, Kid Kindyouth gives out handshakes, autographs, money... a really nice guy!



He pastes the wings back on the flies. It's plain who *this* crowd roots for... That's right... for Offensive Herman.



All kidding aside, referee brings the boys together to instruct about regulations. Now comes part where Kid offers to shake hands. You know how you look at rotten bananas?



How you look at rotten bananas is how Offensive Herman looks at Kid's outstretched hand, which instead of shaking, Offensive Herman mashes out a ringside spectators lit cigar in.



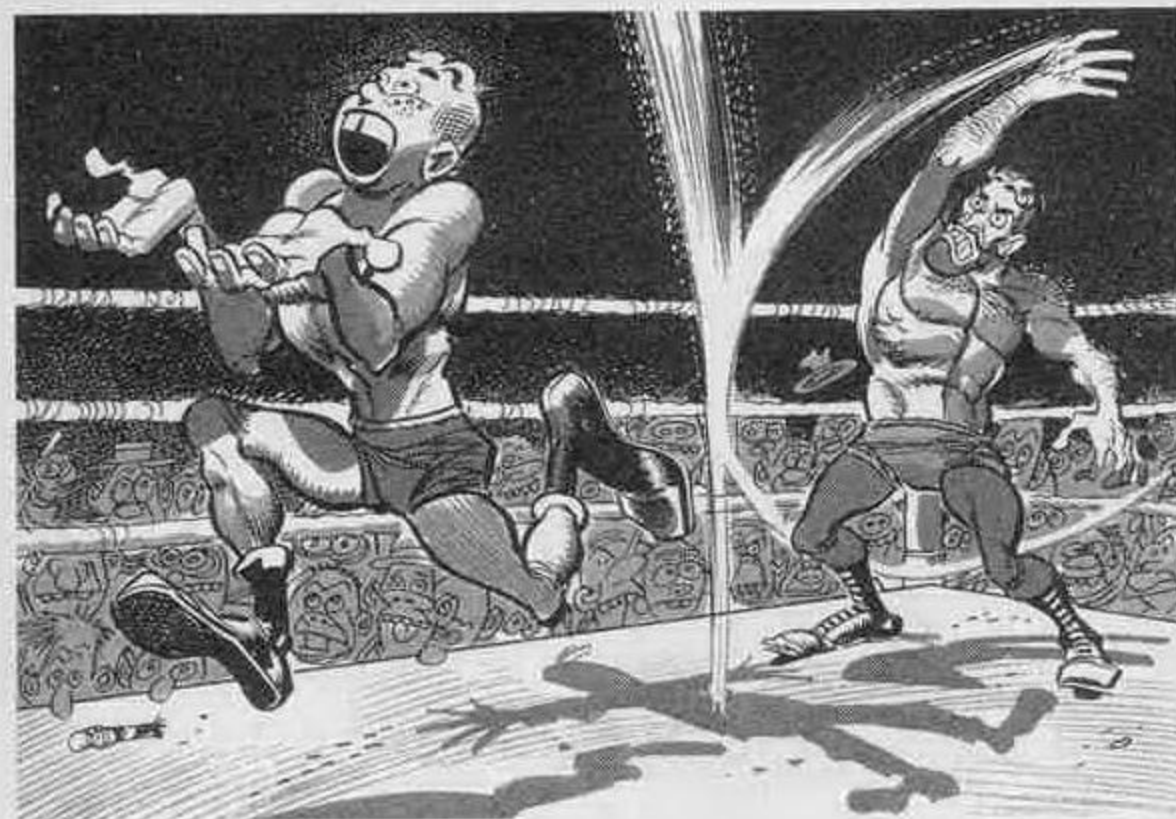
The bout isn't even started. The contestants walk back to their corners. In a rapid series of actions Offensive Herman sneaks behind Kid Kindyouth and gives him a kick...



... then gives him a trip, then while Kid removes sweater, gives him rabbit-punch, and finally picks referee's pocket. You begin to suspect that Offensive Herman may not be fair.



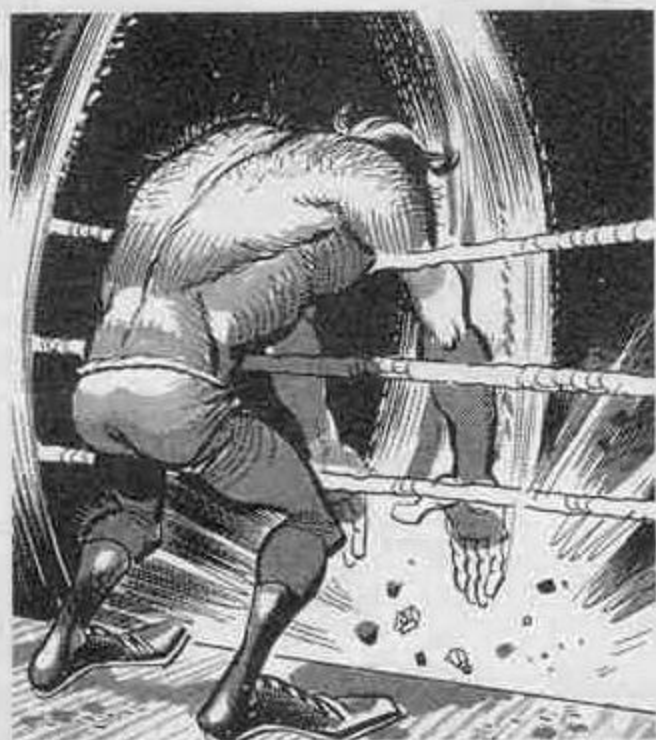
Next, when the bell rings, Offensive Herman rushes in throwing a quick fore-arm smash, a drop-kick, a hammer lock, a half nelson and an airplane spin... On the referee, that is.



It's when Kid Kindyouth runs to save referee from a nasty fall giving Offensive Herman a chance to clamp on a chokehold that you really begin to dislike Offensive Herman.



Still not content, Offensive Herman in rapid succession lifts up the groggy Kid and throws him through the ropes.



Then drags him up aisle to the exit...



where he throws him down the steps...



Then drags him out into the hallway... where he throws him out the window...



Then drags him back to the ring where he starts tying a noose in the microphone cord to finish the Kid for good.



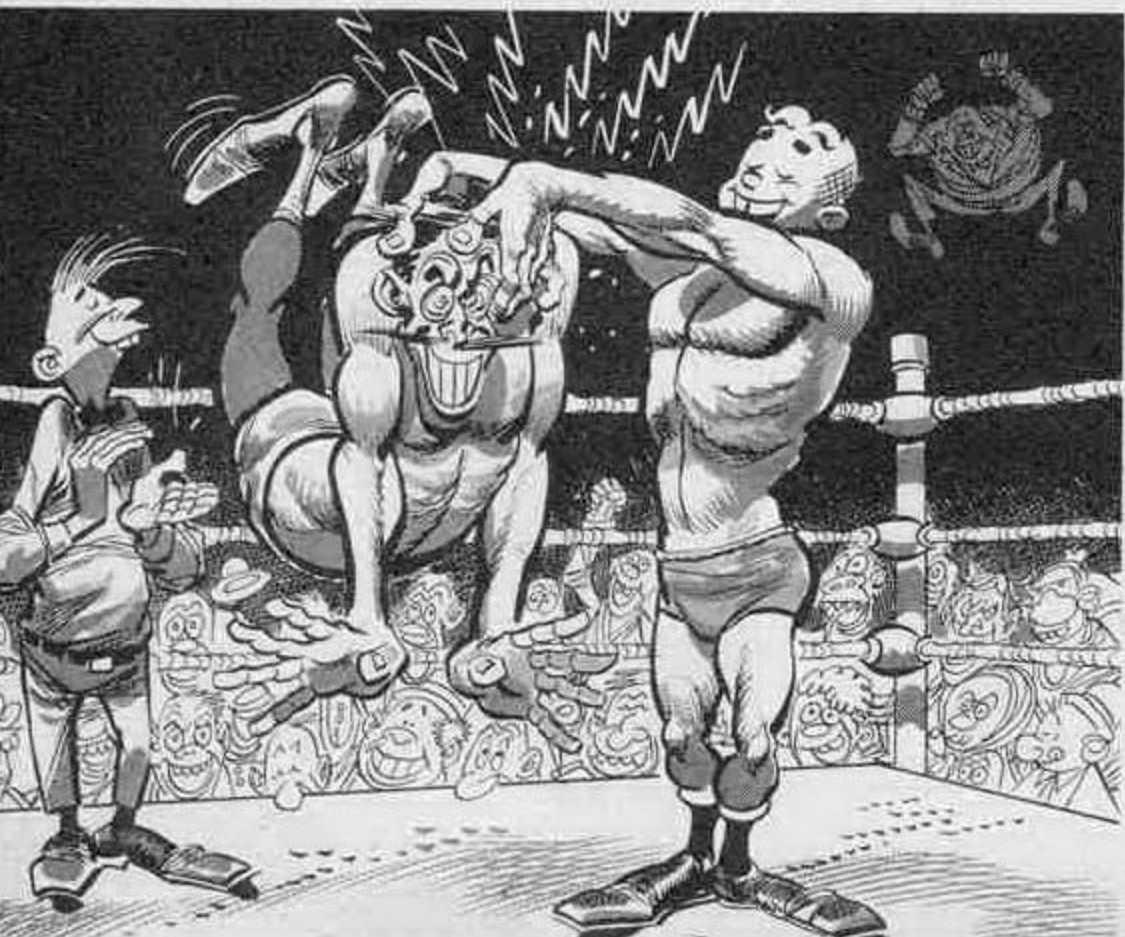
However, unfortunately for Offensive Herman, he has *somehow* antagonized the Kid who rallies back with a look that beats Herman to his knees. Which proves... crime doesn't pay!

"Or does it?" we ask, hearing the jingling cash registers as wrestling fans rush wildly to buy tickets for next week's come-back bout. The Kid ties Offensive into a pretzel.



But how Kid *really* wins is by a secret hold... the Mongolian head-hold which he learned in the Orient. This hold, by applying simple pressure to the head paralyzes opponent.

The bout is over and the wrestlers climb out of the arena. Needless to say, the crowd has gone wild and is only appeased after falling upon the luckless Offensive Herman.



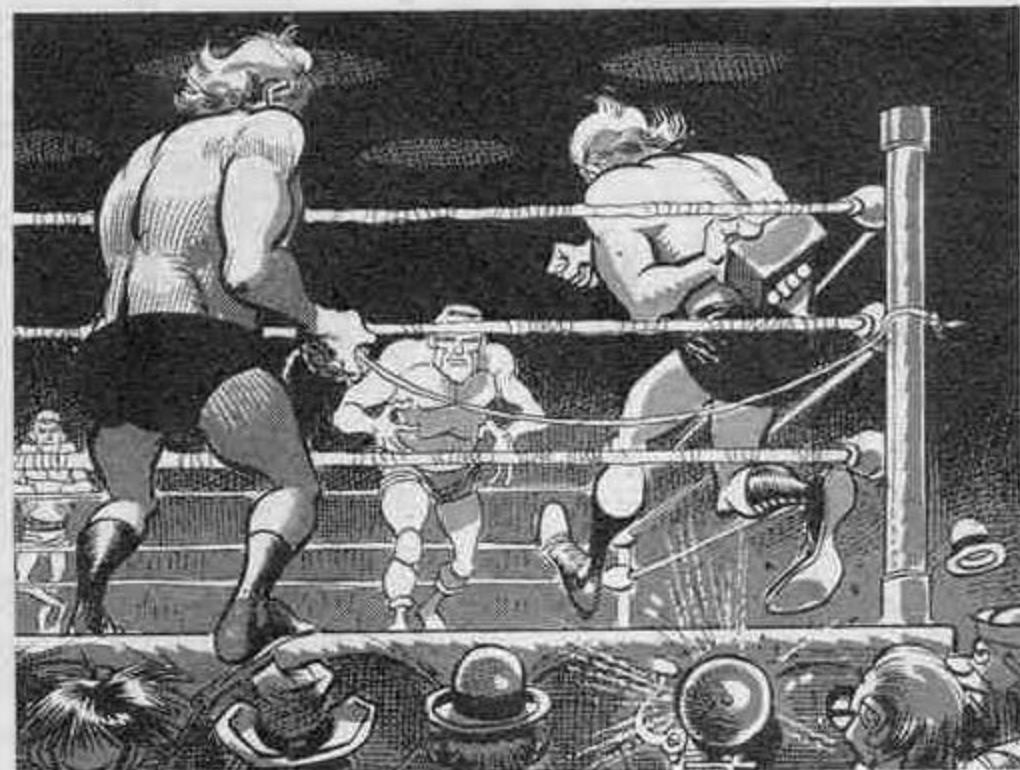
The next match is like the first match only twice as much. This is the "tag-team" type match where you have these here good guys, Tom Strongheart and Dick Stoutfellow, vs.

these here bad guys, Art Rottencore and Reggie Spoilsport. These guys are so bad, you just watch them standing around doing nothing and you already want them to get the works.



They take a half an hour to remove their fancy silk shirts with gold sequins embroidered on them and when they shake hands they have trick joy-buzzers concealed in their palms.

Now, the way a "tag-team" type match operates is, the two wrestlers go into the ring to wrestle and two stay outside the ropes, until a partner tags their hand for relief.



The match begins. Watch favorite dirty trick. Rottencore clamps headlock on Strongheart, keeping back to referee.

This is to hide foul goings on like giving blows in face, pushing fingers in eyes, giving chokes around throat.

In this case, foul goings on are mainly where Rottencore is hiding illegal hitting in the head with revolver.



It's a shame the way Rottencore uses his cleats on Strongheart who pitifully reaches to tag his partner for relief. It's a shame the way people enjoy brutality and torture.



Except when brutality and torture is used on bad guys is no shame. Stoutfellow leaps into ring. (note protector over old knee injury) His ferocious expression floors Rottencore.



Rottencore runs away on his knees begging for mercy. But after all...this Rottencore is undoubtedly sadistic.

Stoutfellow should take this sadist and kick all his teeth down his throat. Meanwhile Rottencore is playing foxy.

He is shamming and at the first opportunity he throws a tooth-lock on Stoutfellow. (note knee injury protector.)



Whilst Art Rottencore cleats Stoutfellow's knee injury, Reggie Spoilsport (unbeknownst to the referee) loops a throttlecord about Stoutfellow's throat. This is illegal, you know.

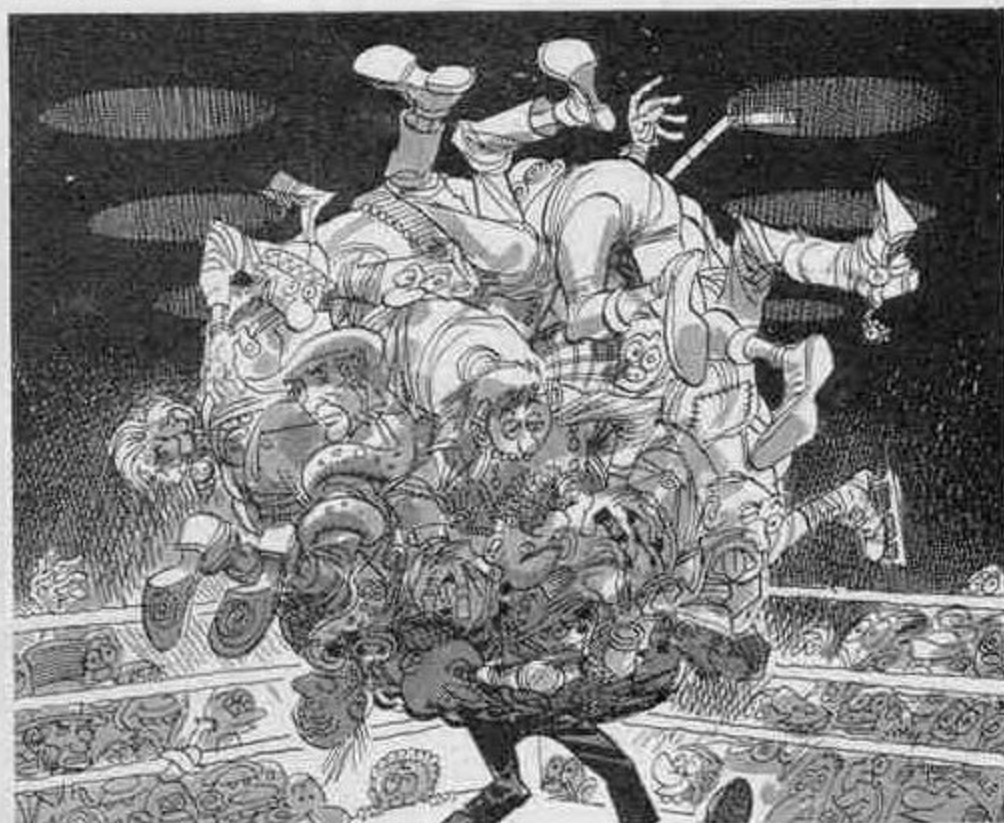
And whilst Rottencore smashes the referee's glasses and continues to work on Stoutfellow's knee, Spoilsport breaks a beer bottle for a weapon. However Strongheart intervenes.



Although it is illegal, everyone jumps into ring in one squirming mess... Strongheart, Spoilsport, Stoutfellow, Rottencore, the referee, and the fat lady with the cow-bell.



Ring is cleared after Strongheart clamps secret hold, the Kentucky toe-bend which he learned in the mountains. This hold, by simple pressure to the toe, paralyzes opponents.



Next match is main event. This is type match where you have fancy characters, like forinstance, Yukon Klondike.

Yukon Klondike is a lumberjack out of the Northwoods. The way he comes in is pumping rapidly along on a log.

Yukon Klondike is known for enormous physique. He is so strong, he goes through ropes by tearing them apart.



He will be pitted against Antonino Rockingchair from South America. Rockingchair is all the time bouncing.

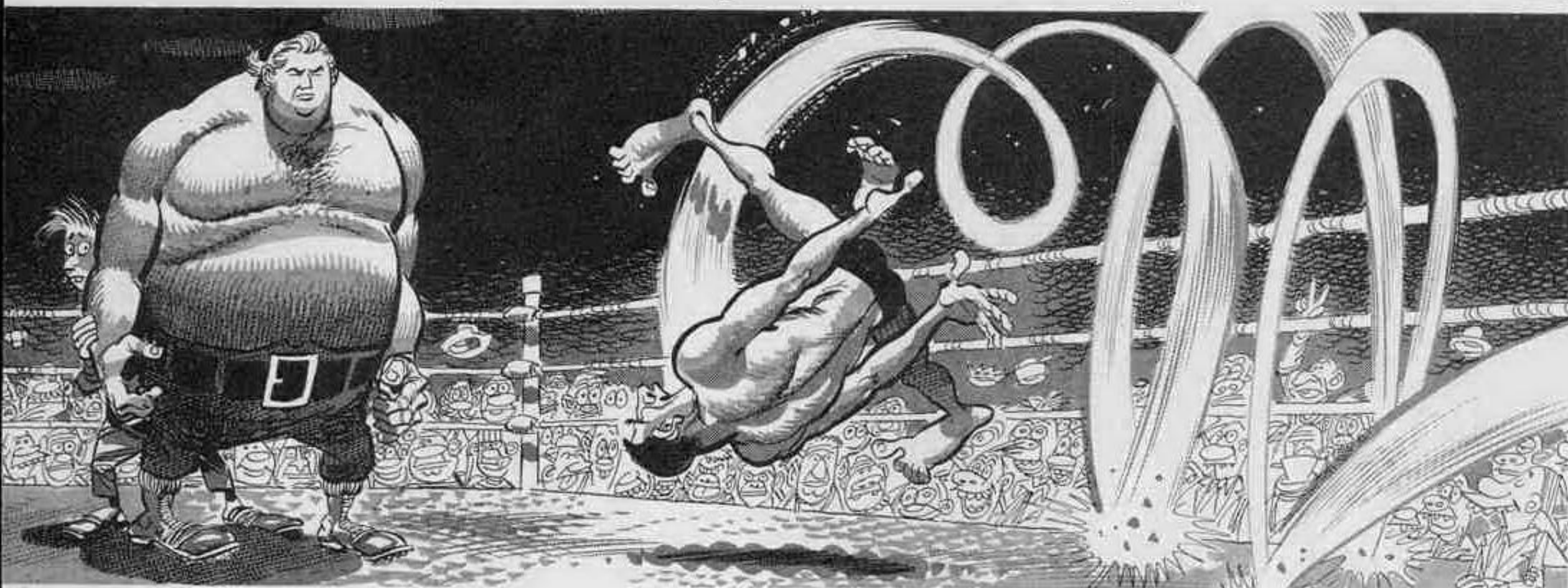
For he is an incredible acrobat and he comes in barefoot, no shoes, no stockings. And mainly... always bouncing.

He never sits still...in the ring, in his dressing room, in the street, always bouncing, bouncing, bouncing.



The bell rings. Yukon Klondike, divested of his wool-shirt, his hat with ear-flaps, his hatchet and his log... stands like Mount Everest, waiting for Antonino Rockingchair...

... who comes cartwheeling, leaping and bounding out of his corner in such a way as to build up tremendous momentum and in a final burst of speed, hurtles toward Yukon Klondike.



with a pile-driver solar-plexus-smash.

Undismayed, Rockingchair leaps about the ring again so's to build up huge force with the help of gravity for...



... a pogo-stick head-smash!

Rockingchair now prepares most famous blow, building up deadly power surge for...

...the drop-kick-bang-smash!



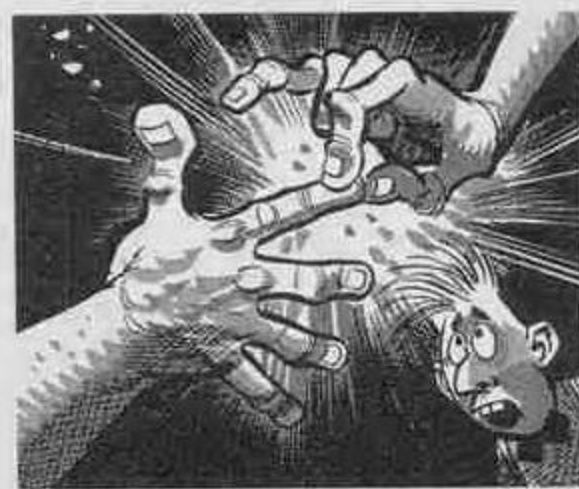
Now Antonino Rockingchair leaps about in wild reckless leaps like never before. Only *now* reason he is leaping is not to build up power, *now* reason he is leaping is to relieve pain.



Enough fooling around. Rockingchair goes into his most famous hold of all... the Argentine back-breaker. The way he does this is he skillfully hoists Klondike over his back.



Then he skillfully joggles Klondike's body up and down in a certain special way so as to deftly break the back. Sure enough it works! ... Antonino Rockingchair's back is broken.



JIVARO FINGERNAIL PINCH

At this point, stimulated by the sight of Rockingchair painfully trying to drag his crushed body from beneath the weight of Klondike, the crowd is going wild. Rockingchair extricates himself. Now it is obvious that he is weakened by the fact that he no longer bounces around the ring but merely dribbles. Nevertheless, he manages to end the fight with a secret hold. Antonino Rockingchair clamps on Yukon Klondike the Jivaro finger-nail pinch which Rockingchair learned in the jungles along the Amazon. This hold, by simple pressure to a finger-nail edge, paralyzes the opponent. The crowd, worked up to a fever pitch, is an undulating mass of waving fists, flying chairs and flying people. But what really drives the crowd wild is when the bout is over, Antonino Rockingchair in leaping from the ring, trips on the rope and stubs his bare toe scratching it a little. At the sight of blood, the crowd *really* goes wild, and like a rampaging river, goes streaming out of exits, windows, vents, and cracks, into street. Boy, do they go wild. And to this day, you can find them in Central Park in a large tract where the underbrush and trees grow particularly thick. There that crowd sits, perched in the tree-tops, chattering amongst themselves and examining each other's heads for bits of salt. Boyoboy did *they* go wild.

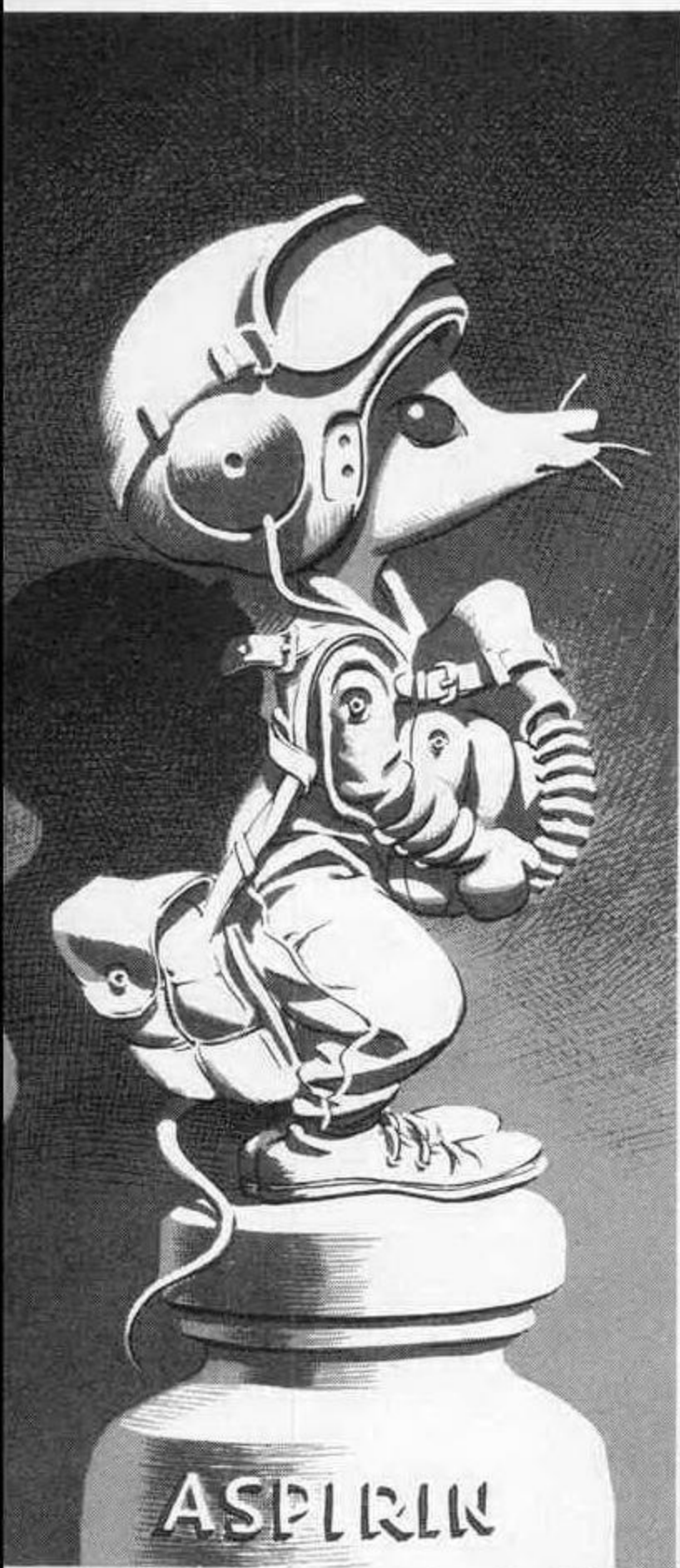
END

UNSUNG HEROES DEPT.



It isn't every day that somebody goes up in an Aerobee rocket. Bet nobody on your block ever went up in an Aerobee rocket. We asked Caesar, the elevator operator in the MAD Building, who goes up plenty, and even he never went up in an Aerobee rocket. So when somebody goes up in an Aerobee rocket, we figure he's pretty much a hero. We figure he pretty much deserves our country's thanks. But when we looked into it, by George, we were pretty much shocked. Seems nobody bothered to give our country's thanks to . . .

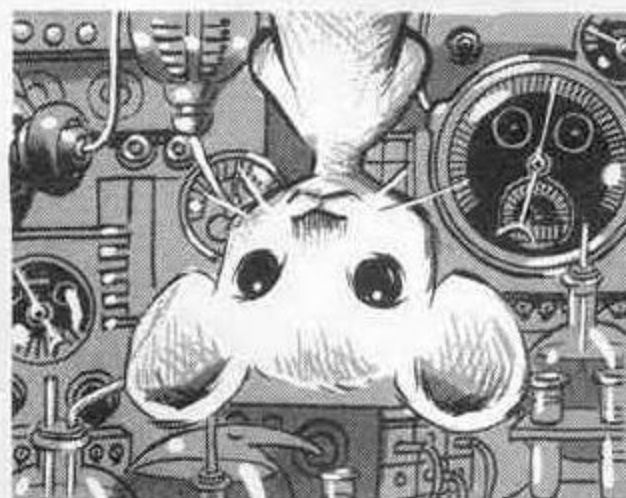
FREE FALL FERRIS



PROPOSED STATUE honoring F. F. Ferris, to be erected at site of momentous ascent. Aspirin bottle pedestal symbolizes sacrifice Ferris made for country. As a result of heroic act, Ferris now suffers from headaches . . .



UNSUNG HERO Ferris before induction into Air Force. A healthy, active specimen of young American Rodenthood.



UNSUNG HERO Ferris upon discharge from Air Force . . . a complete physical wreck. See A.F. medical report (below)

OFFICIAL MEDICAL RELEASE

Halloman Air Force Base

Alamogordo, New Mexico

Reference: FERRIS, F.F. (M-098-897-876)

Attached to Air Research and Development
Command, U.S.A.F. Project 3456789-a

Recommendation: IMMEDIATE DISCHARGE

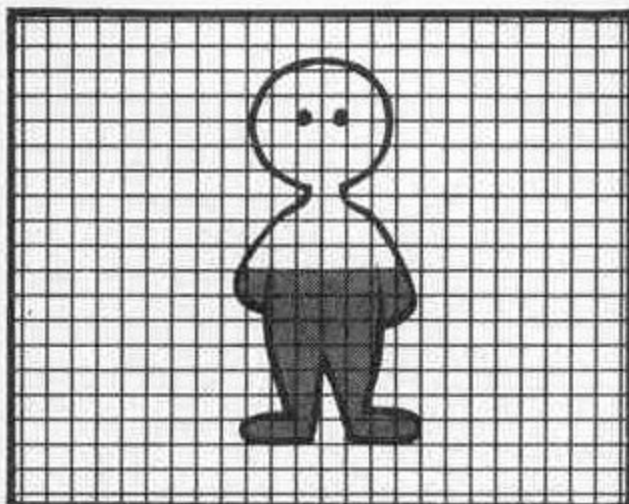
Findings of Medical Board:

Subject, involved in recent flight 200,000 feet into upper stratosphere, was recovered alive and in apparent good health. However, because of rigors of flight, symptoms soon developed, including marked hematoma of semi-circular canal of middle-ear apparatus, disturbing subject's equilibrium; frequent migraine headaches; recurring nosebleeds; ingrown toenail.

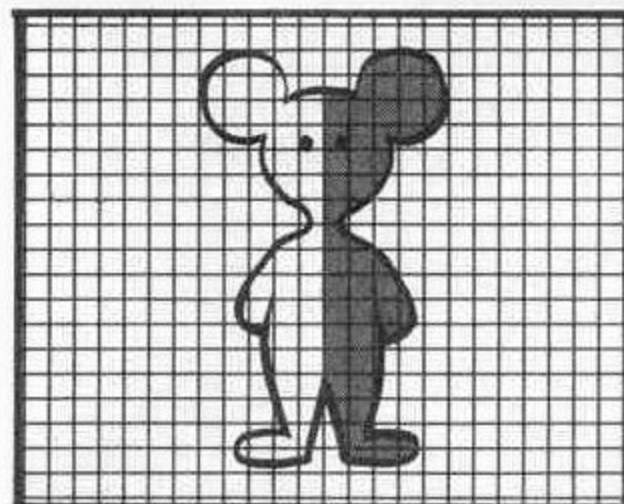
PROGNOSIS: poor. Advisable subject be given immediate medical discharge, mainly because this rodent is sick. Appropriate steps should be taken to separate subject,

(**ABOVE**) Copy of top secret official Air Force medical report lists terrible results of F. F. Ferris' thankless flight in experimental Aerobee rocket.

(**BELOW**) Chart clearly shows how rocket take-off acceleration exerts tremendous force of 15Gs which in turn causes blood to settle in body extremities.



EXPECTED NORMAL REACTION



UNEXPECTED FERRIS REACTION

IT WASN'T THAT F. F. Ferris minded so much being inducted into the Air Force. It was just that he'd had his little heart set on the Navy, his forebears all being loyal Navy men. Documentary evidence indicates that not one of Ferris' navy ancestors ever left a sinking ship. Ferris' great-grandfather, for example, is still aboard the ironclad *Monitor*. Since *Monitor* sank in 1863, Grandpa stays put. Ferris, speedily inducted, received his instructions immediately upon arriving at the Air Force Research and Development Command. He was to make the ascent that very same day, without benefit of pre-flight schooling, without benefit of Link-trainer instruction, and without benefit of a visit to the P.X. Two monkeys would accompany him on historic stratospheric flight. But at the last moment, the monkeys chickened out and had to be anaesthetized.

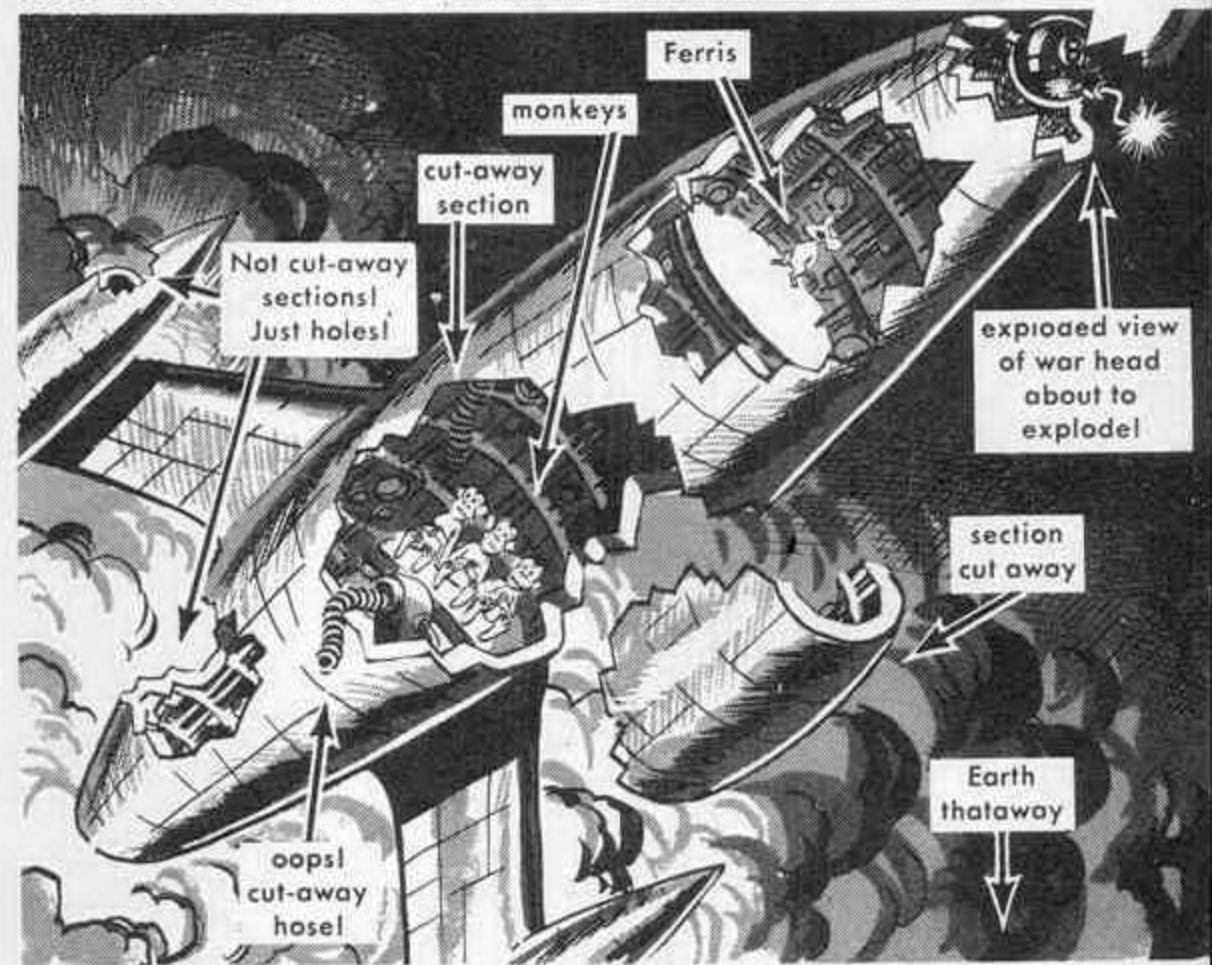
PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

FERRIS' RELATIVES ALL ATTEND HISTORIC AEROBEE LAUNCHING

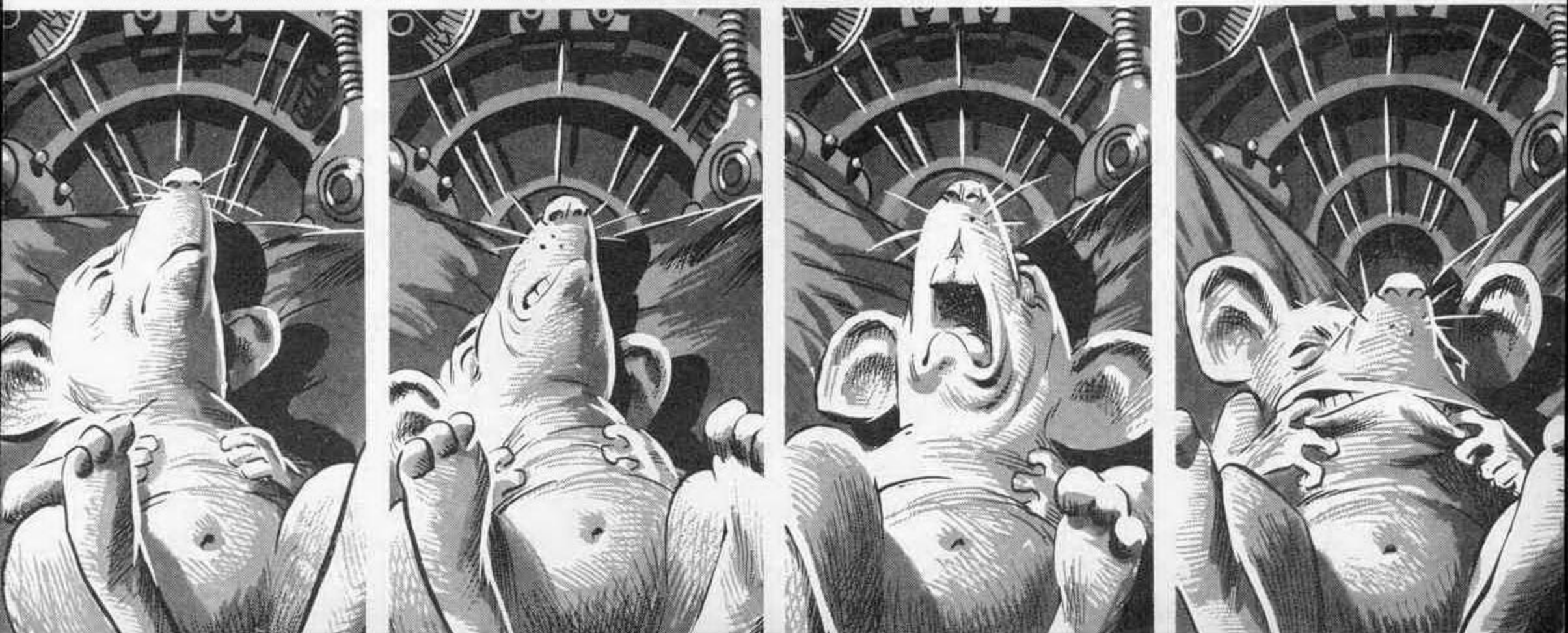


FERRIS IS SNAPPED UP BY AIR FORCE FOR DANGEROUS MISSION

CUT-AWAY VIEW OF AEROBEE CLEARLY SHOWS RESTRAINED MONKEYS AND UNRESTRAINED FERRIS IN SEPARATE COMPARTMENTS



DURING INITIAL ACCELERATION AT TAKE-OFF OF AEROBEE ROCKET, FERRIS IS SUBJECTED TO GRAVITY FORCE FIFTEEN TIMES HIS OWN WEIGHT. PICTURES BELOW SHOW CONTORTED EXPRESSIONS ON FERRIS' FACE AS HE ANTICIPATES FORCE WHILE WAITING FOR TAKE-OFF.





FILM STRIP (enlarged above) was made just as Aerobee rocket attained maximum height of trajectory. In first frame (left), F. F. Ferris is submitted to a

state of weightlessness, or zero gravity, in second frame (center), he floats free within his compartment, unable to control his movements normally, having

lost sense of direction, orientation. In third frame (right), zero gravity has Ferris falling up. Fourth frame, (not shown) has Ferris throwing up . . .



At mathematically calculated zenith of flight, trigger mechanism releases compartment containing Ferris and valuable instruments used to record psychological and physiological



reactions of subjects. Those scientists, they think of everything. Those scientists, they got dandy slide-rules. Those scientists! Boy! They forgot about ditching the monkeys!



This, then, is our plea for recognition of Free Fall Ferris and his valiant, patriotic sacrifice for his country, above and beyond the call of duty. Fifty miles above and beyond! The President might have cited Ferris personally but the Mouse-Trap Trust had too strong a Washington lobby.

So if you see F. F. Ferris staggering and weaving down your street, please be kind. He is not drunk, just plain stratosphere-happy. Remember, when you see him, that he is an unsung hero. Remember to write your congressman, requesting a monthly 100% total disability check for this red-blooded rodent whose services helped make the Air Force space-wise. Remember to say that you read it in MAD. Then remember to get out of town!

END

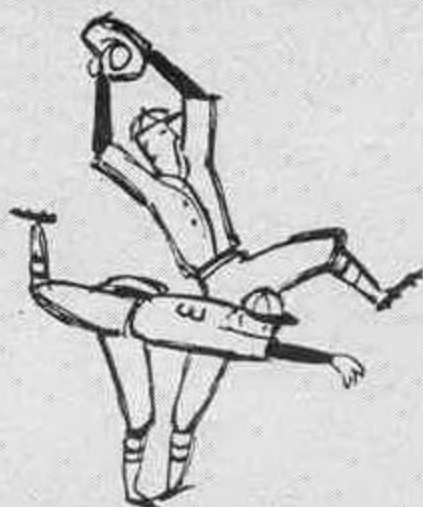
Where are they hiding the Tylon and Perisphere?

PITCHERS and POACHERS

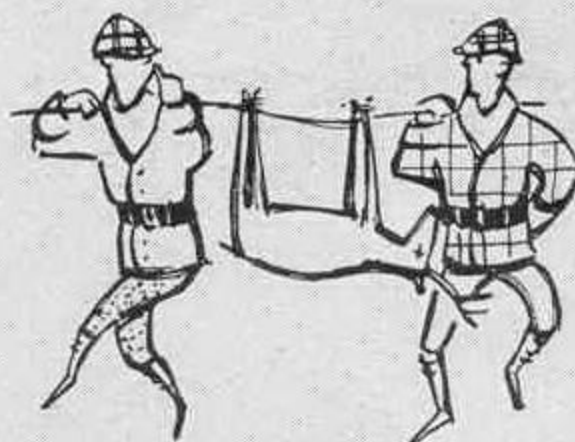
U. C. L. A. SCOP



PITCHERS



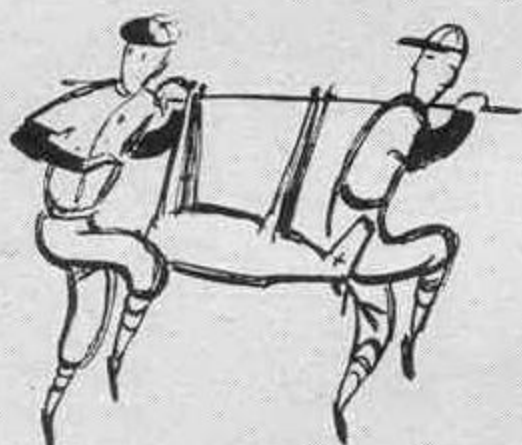
PITCHERS PITCHIN



POACHERS POACHIN



POACHERS



PITCHERS POACHIN



EGGS POACHIN



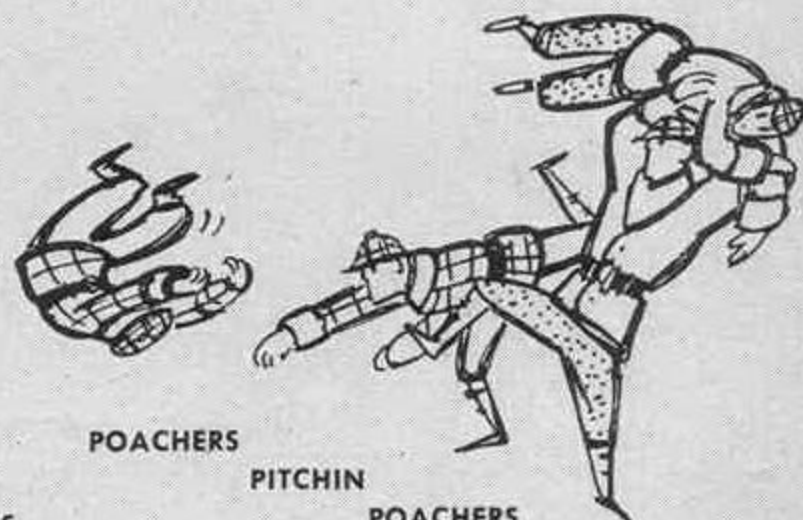
POACHERS PITCHIN



PITCHERS POACHIN PITCHERS



POACHERS POACHIN POACHERS



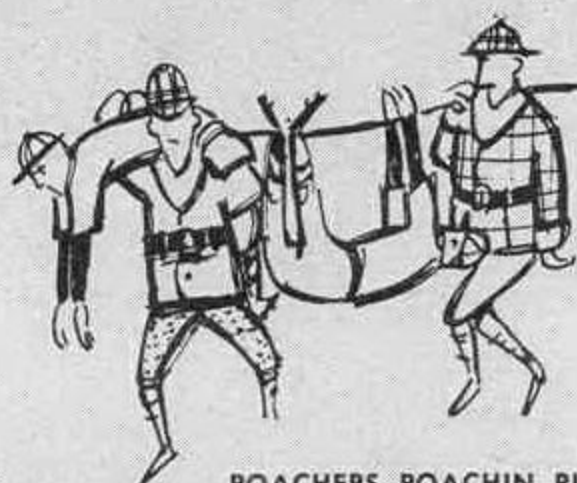
POACHERS

PITCHIN

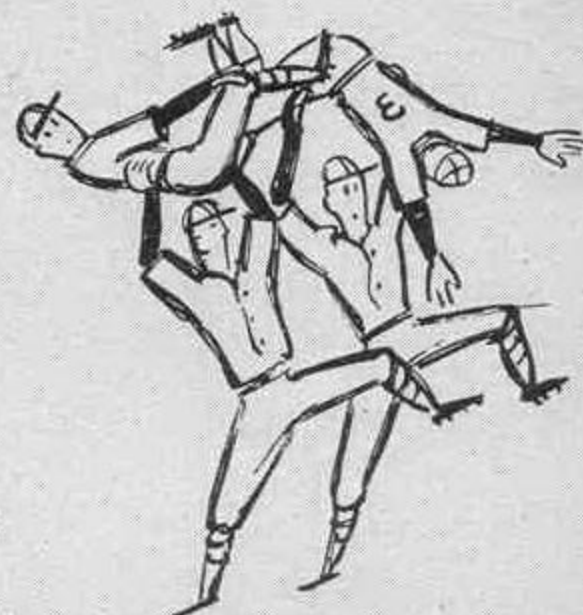
POACHERS



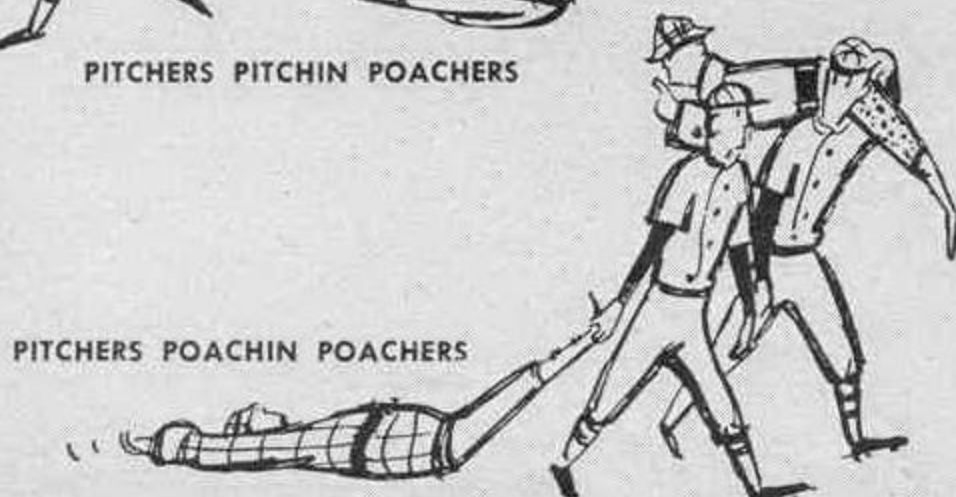
PITCHERS PITCHIN POACHERS



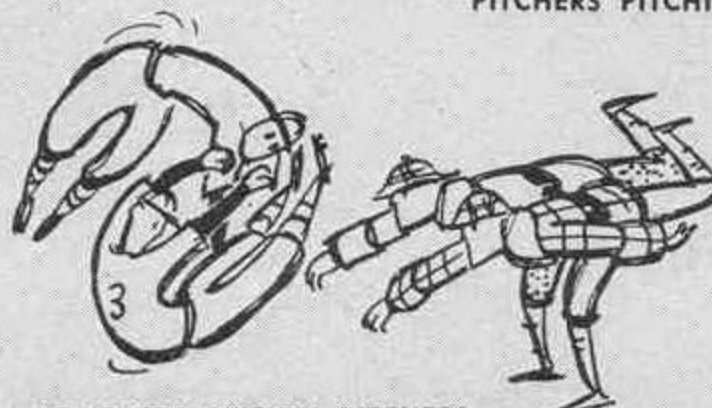
POACHERS POACHIN PITCHERS



PITCHERS PITCHIN PITCHERS



PITCHERS POACHIN POACHERS



POACHERS PITCHIN PITCHERS

** Schmeling would have taken Joe Louis in their second fight if the Brown Bomber hadn't gotten in 50 or 60 lucky punches.



MR. TOM LEHRER

TOM LEHRER DEPT.

TOM LEHRER SINGS

And now, MAD presents the words and music to one of Tom Lehrer's inimitable songs, in spite of widespread popular demand for its suppression, primarily for the benefit of a small but diminishing group of admirers of his dubious talents . . . talents which have been on display for several years at functions, orgies, and divers festive occasions around Harvard University where he was in attendance until June, 1953, as an undergraduate, graduate student, and teacher of mathematics. A few television and night club appearances have also been part of his infamous career. Some of his songs, which have been revolting local audiences for years, are now available in his song book* and on his LP record**, and it is no wonder that a great deal of public apathy has been stirred up by the prospect. For those who are unfamiliar with the details of his sordid life, brought so vividly to the screen in *Quo Vadis*, we offer a brief biographical note:

Tom Lehrer, longtime exponent of the *dérrière-garde* in American music, is an entirely mythical figure, a figment of his parents' warped imagination. He was raised by a yak, by whom he was always treated as one of the family, and ever since he was old enough to eat with the grownups, he has been merely the front for a vast international syndicate of ne'er-do-wells. But enough of Lehrer the artist. What of

Lehrer, the *bon vivant*, man about town, and idol of three continents (and Madagascar, where half a million gibbering natives think he is God)? At last report, he had been uprooted from his home in Cambridge, Mass., where he'd earned a precarious living peddling dope to the local school children and rolling an occasional drunk, and summoned into the service of his country, namely entertaining the brass. It will be some time before Mr. Lehrer can return to his shrunken head collection, his Nobel Prizes, and his memories.

This particular song is reprinted from his song book. As Al Capp writes in its introduction: "*The advantage of Tom Lehrer's song book over his record album is that you are spared his voice. Not that his is an unpleasant voice. It is an offended voice. And this is not surprising, for his is an offended spirit. He is offended by ideas that we have accepted unquestioningly all our lives, perhaps with secret misgivings, but without protest. With his songs, Tom Lehrer protests. And that is not surprising either, because, since he was a student and a teacher at Harvard when these songs were written, he hadn't much else to do.*"

This song is a 20th Century cowboy ballad about the wonders of the present day Wild West, as described by the few news stories that penetrate to the East.

THE WILD WEST IS WHERE I WANT TO BE

A--long the trail you'll find me lopin',
Where the spaces are wide open,
In the land of the old A.E.C. (Ya-hoo)

Where the scenery's attractive
And the air is radioactive,
Oh the Wild West is where I want to be!





'Mid the sagebrush and the cactus
I'll watch the fellers practice
Droppin' bombs through the clean desert breeze.
(Ya-hoo!)



I'll have on my sombrero
And of course I'll wear a pair o'
Levis over my lead B.V.D.'s.

PICTURES BY GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

I will leave the city's rush,
Leave the fancy and the plush,
Leave the snow and leave the slush,
And the crowds.



I will seek the desert's hush,
Where the scenery is lush,
How I long to see the mush--
room clouds.



'Mid the yuccas and the thistles
I'll watch the guided missiles,
While the old F.B.I. watches me. (Ya-Hoo!)



Yes, I'll soon make my appearance,
(Soon as I can get my clearance)
'Cause the Wild West is where I want to be.



The Wild West is Where I Want to Be

Words and Music by
TOM LEHRER

Moderately, with feeling.

Bb7+ *Eb6* *Ab*
A-long the trail you'll find me lop-in', Where the spac-es are wide

Eb *C7* *F7*
o-pen, In the land of the old A. E. C.

Bb7 *Eb* *Eb7* *Ab*
Where the scen-er-y's at-trac-tive And the air is ra-di-o-

F7 *Bb7* *Eb* *Edim.*
ac-tive, Oh the wild west is where I want to be.

Bb7 *Eb6* *A7*
'Mid the sagebrush and the cac-tus I'll watch the fel-lers

Eb *C7* *F7*
prac-tice Drop-pin' bombs through the clean de-sert breeze.

Bb7 *Eb* *Eb7* *Ab*
I'll have on my som-bre-ro And of course I'll wear a

F7 *Bb7* *Eb* *Ab*
pair o' Le-vis o-ver my lead B. V. D's.

Eb *Eb7* *Ab* *Eb* *Bbm*
I will leave the cit-y's rush, Leave the fan-cy and the

C7 *Fm7* *Fm7b5* *Bb7* *Eb* *Eb7*
plush, Leave the snow and leave the slush, And the crowds.

Ab *Eb* *Bbm*
I will seek the de-sert's hush, Where the scen-er-y is

C7 *F7* *Bb7*
lush, How I long to see the mush-room clouds.

Eb6 *A7*
'Mid the yuc-cas and the this-tles I'll watch the guid-ed

Eb *C7* *F7*
mis-siles, While the old F. B. I. watch-es me.

Bb7 *Eb* *Eb7* *Ab*
Yes, I'll soon make my ap-pear-ance (Soon as I can get my

F7 *Bb7* *Eb* *Ab* *Eb*
clear-ance) 'Cause the wild west is where I want to be.

*"The Tom Lehrer Song Book", copyright 1952, 1953, 1954 by Tom Lehrer, published by Crown Publishers, Inc. 419 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

***"Songs by Tom Lehrer" LP record, available at most record shops or by mail from Tom Lehrer, Post Office Box 121, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts.



ALFRED E. NEUMAN ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS

PROBLEM:



My wife plays the tuba . . .



I have begged and pleaded with her to give it up, but to no avail . . .



Sometimes she plays it at 3 in the morning. She says she is inspired . . .



I handled the situation the way I thought best, but it was no use . . .



She bought another tuba! She's driving me mad! What can I do?
—Tonedead

SOLUTION:

PICTURES BY DON MARTIN



Simple! Drive her mad! Take up the tympani! An inspired tympanist at 3 in the morning can be much more overpowering than an inspired tuba-ist!

OH, PROMISE ME DEPT.

This next article is published as a service to all MAD readers who are not yet married. (MAD readers who are already married can read this article and weep!) Next time your buddy shows you the souvenir album of photos taken at his wedding, and it starts giving you romantic notions, hold on, Brother! Because we saw one of them albums recently, and it gave us an idea. So we sent MAD's crack photographer, Wally Balloo, out to take some follow-up shots. Here, then, compared to the original pictures, are the ones Balloo took of the same "happy couple"... six months later! Now, maybe you won't get taken in by that...

WED

THE BRIDE DRESSING...



Here she is... the Bride-to-be... getting dressed for the ceremony with her hair just right, her make-up perfect, her nails polished and her seams straight. This is a wedding album picture to be treasured because the groom will rarely see her like this again. What he'll mostly see is his bride as Wally Balloo caught her.

SIX MONTHS LATER...



THE FATHER GIVES AWAY THE BRIDE... SIX MONTHS LATER...



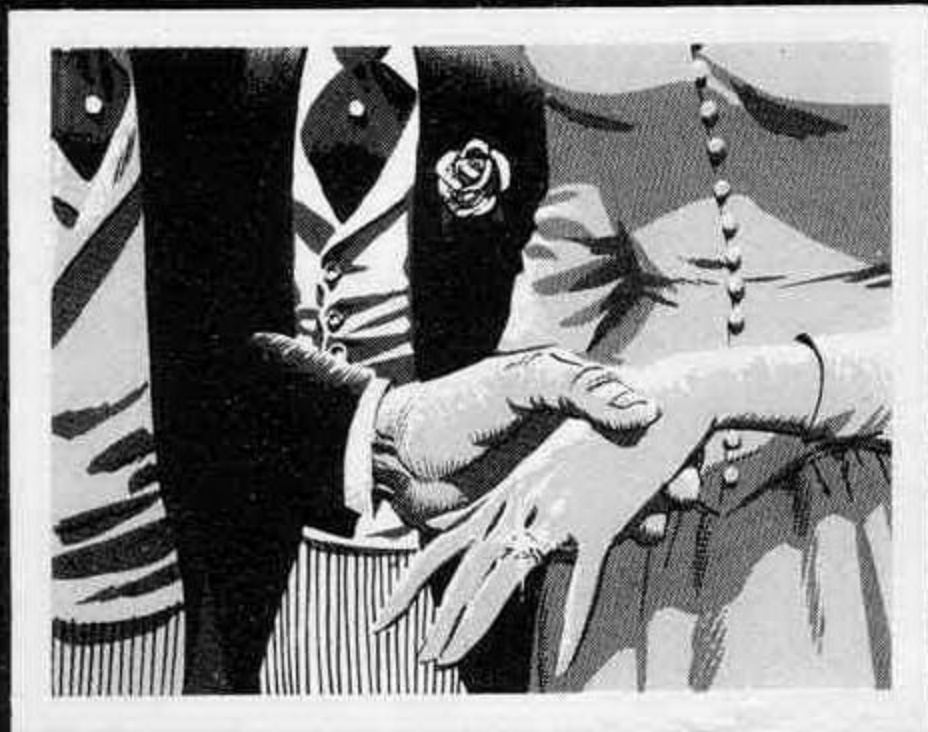
And here's her old man... giving her away. For three years, he's been pestering her to get married. Now, he's all choked up because his baby-doll's leaving home. It's a touching picture, but don't fall for it! Because the whole routine is a set-up for the next act... caught by astute Balloo... when the old man moves in.



**Before falling in love with a pair of bright eyes, make sure it's not the sun shining through the back of her head.

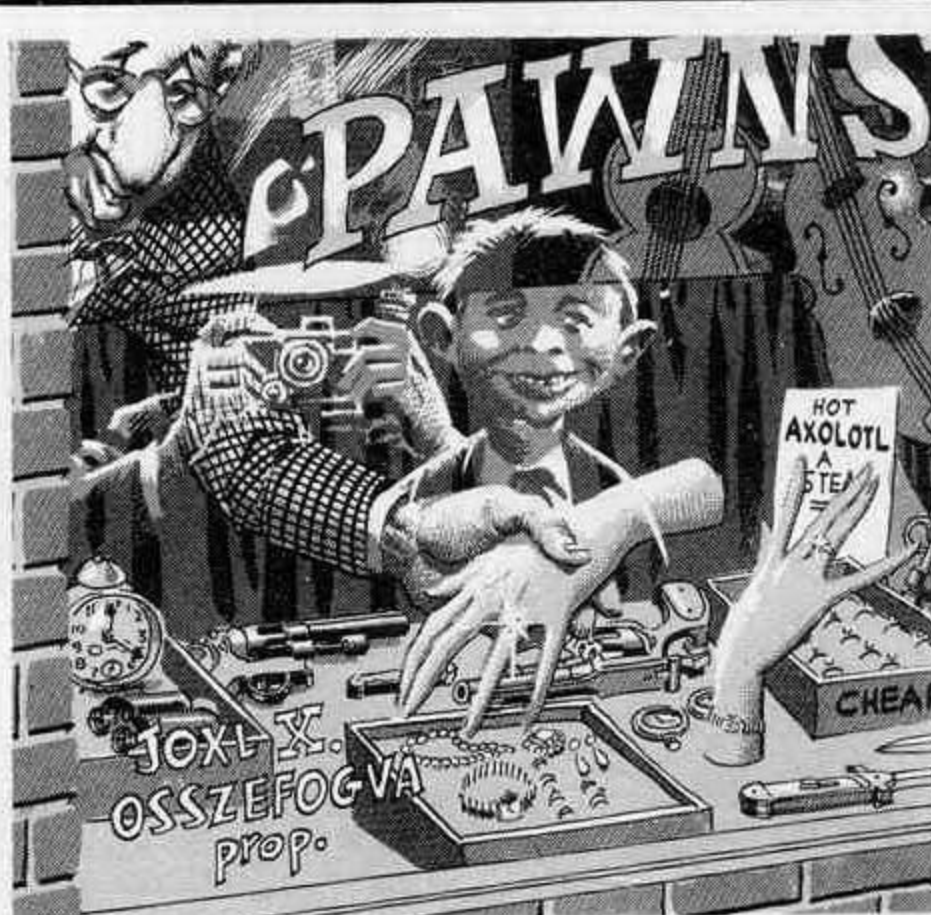
DING ALBUM

THE WEDDING RINGS...



You know this sentimental shot of "her" hand in "his", showing that rock the groom almost killed himself getting for his bride? Well, old Wally had to go clear across town for this shot of the hock shop, where that very same rock ended up in 6 months, after the groom almost killed himself getting it away from his bride.

SIX MONTHS LATER...



THROWING RICE...



Get this shot of bride and groom dashing down steps of church beneath shower of rice thrown by beaming friends. Nice picture for a wedding album, but it only happens once! What happens much more often is what Balloo caught... husband dashing down steps of house beneath shower of dishes thrown by screaming wife.

SIX MONTHS LATER...



THE FIRST WALTZ...

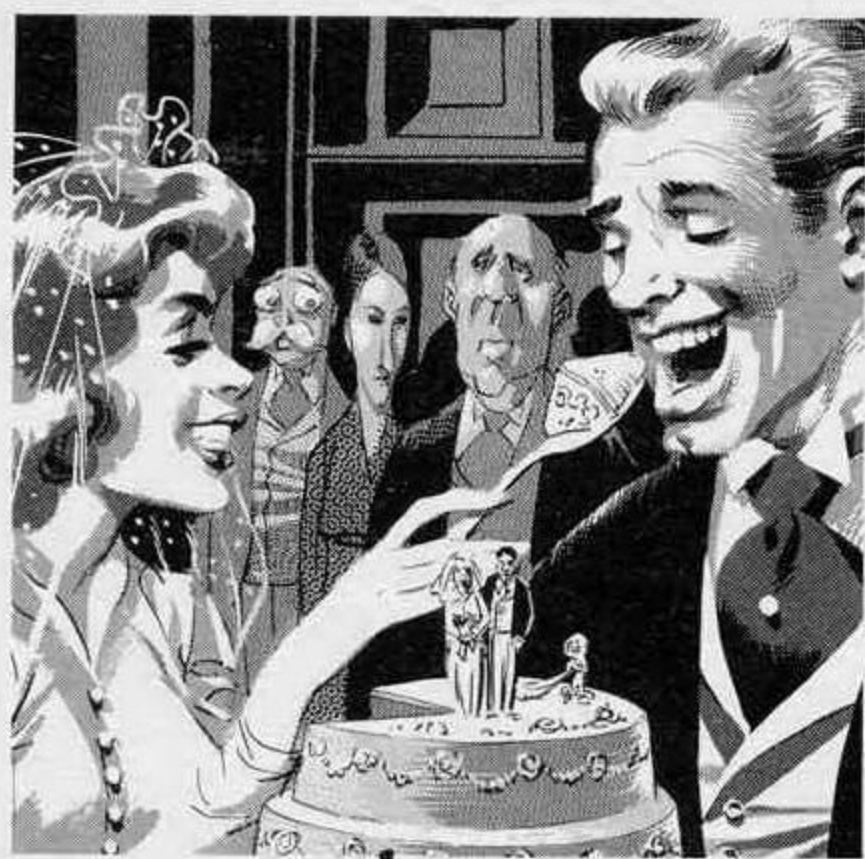


Here's the picture taken when the lights are low, a spotlight is on the dance floor, the band strikes up "their song", and bride and groom start the first waltz. And here's Balloo's shot of the second waltz, taken after a six month intermission, when he dropped in on the "happy couple" unexpectedly during a battle royal.

SIX MONTHS LATER...



THE WEDDING CAKE...



This wedding album shot never fails to appeal to a guy's need to be taken care of... the one of the groom at the table, with the bride lovingly feeding him a hunk of wedding cake. Don't let it get you, man! Because within six months, it'll be like this... you at the table feeding yourself while she lovingly watches TV.

SIX MONTHS LATER...



****A wedding is a ceremony that takes place when a fellow can no longer afford to go steady with his girl.**

KISSING THE BRIDE...



It's a charming souvenir, the wedding album shot which catches the happy groom looking on proudly, while the best man kisses the bride. But crafty Wally's shot, taken six months later, isn't so charming . . . the one of the shocked groom's unexpected arrival home, which catches the same best man again kissing the bride.

SIX MONTHS LATER...



ACROSS THE THRESHOLD...

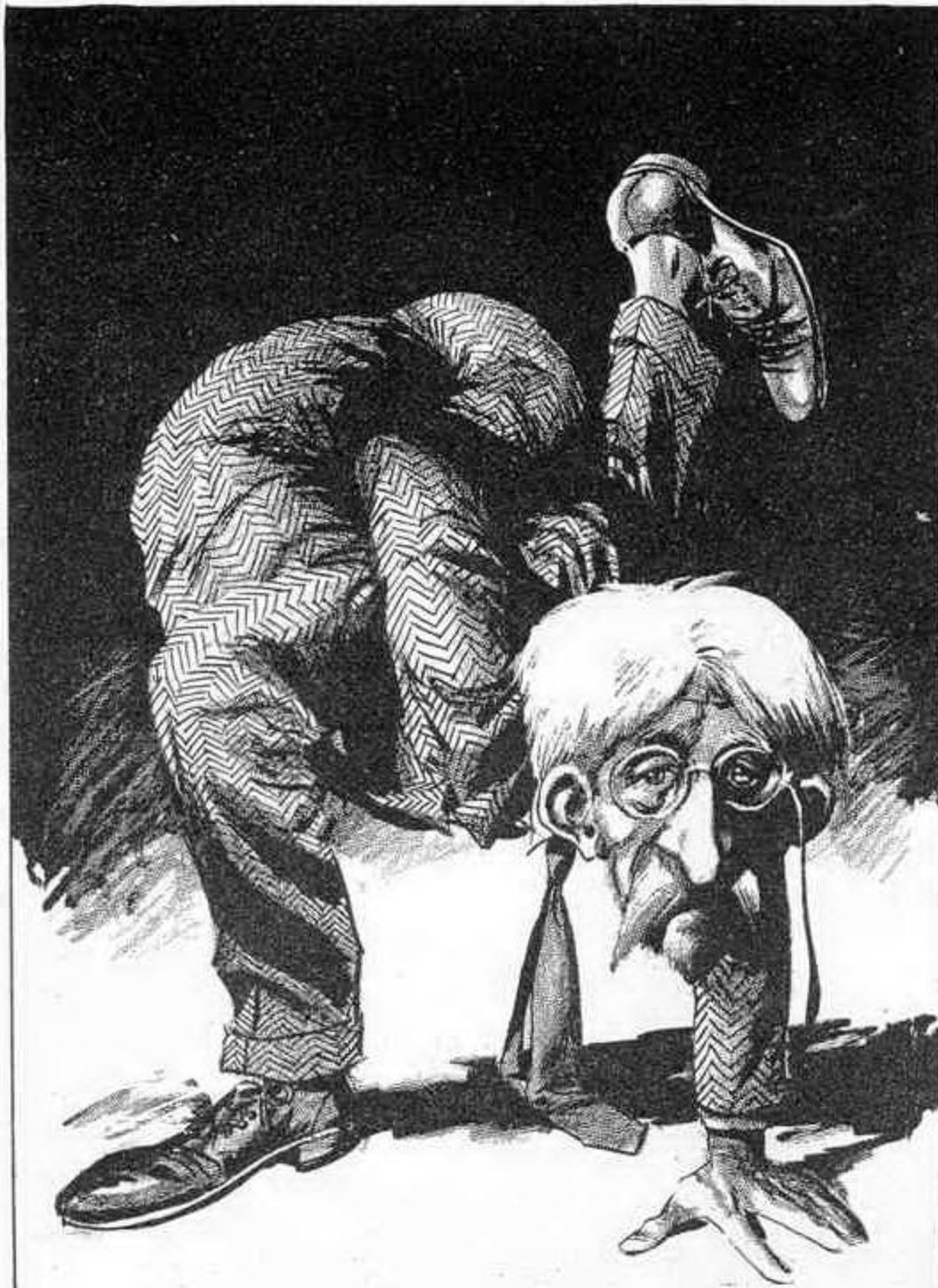


By now, you female MAD readers must be boiling. Well, cool off! You can be taken in, too! Like the wedding album picture that always gives you a rise . . . you know, the one where the groom carries the bride across the threshold. Honey, it's the last time he'll ever do that! From then on, it's like Wally's picture here.

SIX MONTHS LATER...



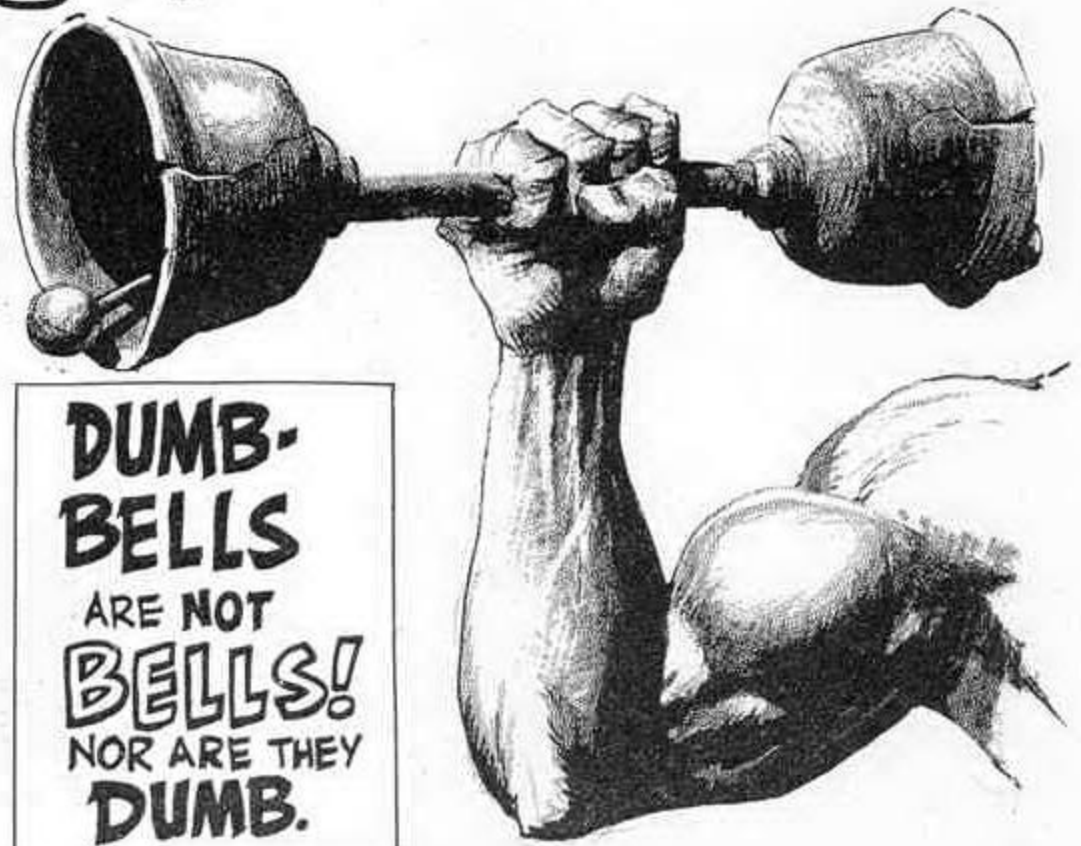
ERNIE KOVACS' *Strangely Believe It!*



AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN
HERMAN K. YOUNGBLOOD
COULD TWIST HIS BODY INTO A **SQUARE KNOT**

Today, at the age of SEVENTY-FOUR,
Youngblood's agile body can still FORM A SQUARE
KNOT!

In fact, it's the SAME SQUARE KNOT he made
at SEVENTEEN... No one was able to UNTIE him.



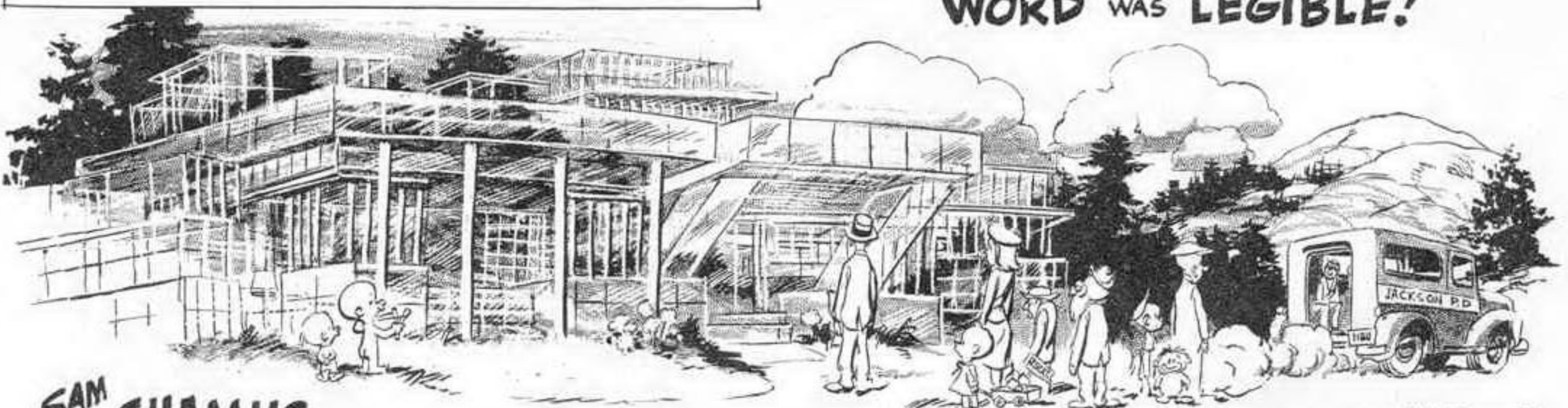
**DUMB-
BELLS**
ARE NOT
BELLS!
NOR ARE THEY
DUMB.

ARTURO LA FRANGE,

A POLISH PIPE-FITTER,
INSCRIBED A COMPLETE COPY
OF "THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR
KHAYYAM"
ON THE HEAD OF A
COMMON
PIN!



STRANGELY ENOUGH, NOT ONE SINGLE
WORD WAS **LEGIBLE!**



SAM SHAMUS

of Jackson, Mississippi, BUILT HIS FAMILY A HOUSE MADE ENTIRELY OF **GLASS!**

ON THE DAY THEY MOVED IN, THE WHOLE
SHAMUS FAMILY WAS ARRESTED FOR INDECENT EXPOSURE.

IN JANUARY OF 1948,
MARTIN WATSON,
a Brickmaker of Madison, Wis.
CARVED HIS INITIALS "M.W." on a
newly molded **BRICK**. Exactly
EIGHT and ONE HALF YEARS LATER,
the WATSONS moved into a new
house in Green Bay. Martin had
FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT THE
BRICK WITH HIS INITIALS ON
IT

But when he went upstairs to
inspect the master bedroom
a rotted board gave way and
he toppled through the floor
and landed flat on his back on
the Dining Room table.



SENOR JUAN MARIA DE CASABLANCA Y PASO DOBLE

the Cuban
CHESS EXPERT
Played **SIMULTANEOUSLY**
WHILE BLINDFOLDED
against
ONE HUNDRED
CHAMPION
CHESS OPPONENTS!

He Lost
EVERY
GAME!



KENTUCKY BLUE GRASS
IS NOT BLUE!

IT ONLY LOOKS BLUE!

... it isn't even
GRASS!

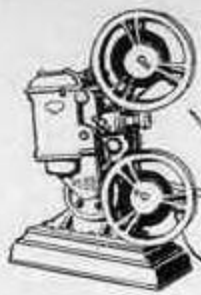


Contrary
to GENERAL
BELIEF,
BATS
have
VERY
POOR
EYE-
SIGHT!

BRAF
IS
FARB



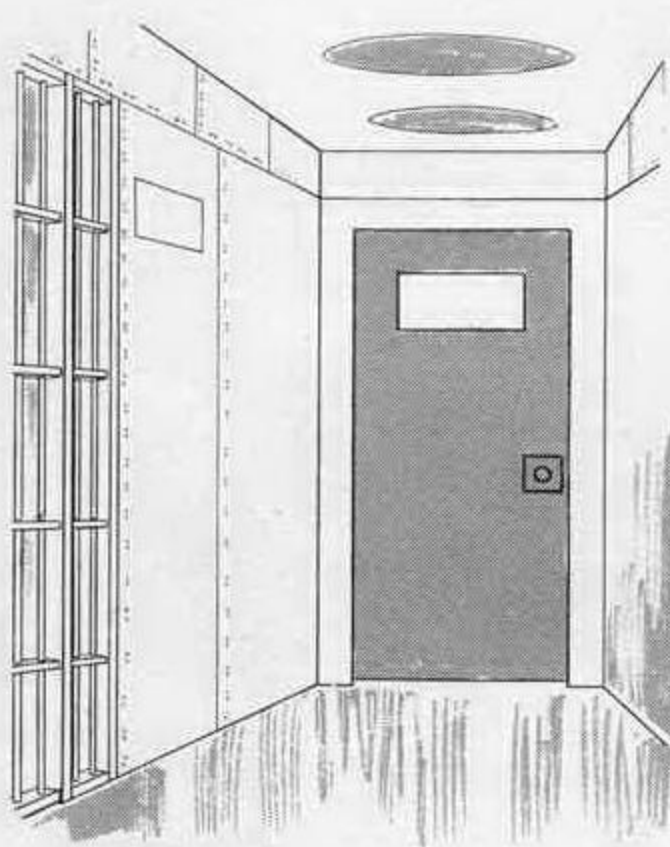
SPELLED
BACKWARDS
... AXOLOTL
Potrzebie
wood



HOLLYWOOD DEPT.

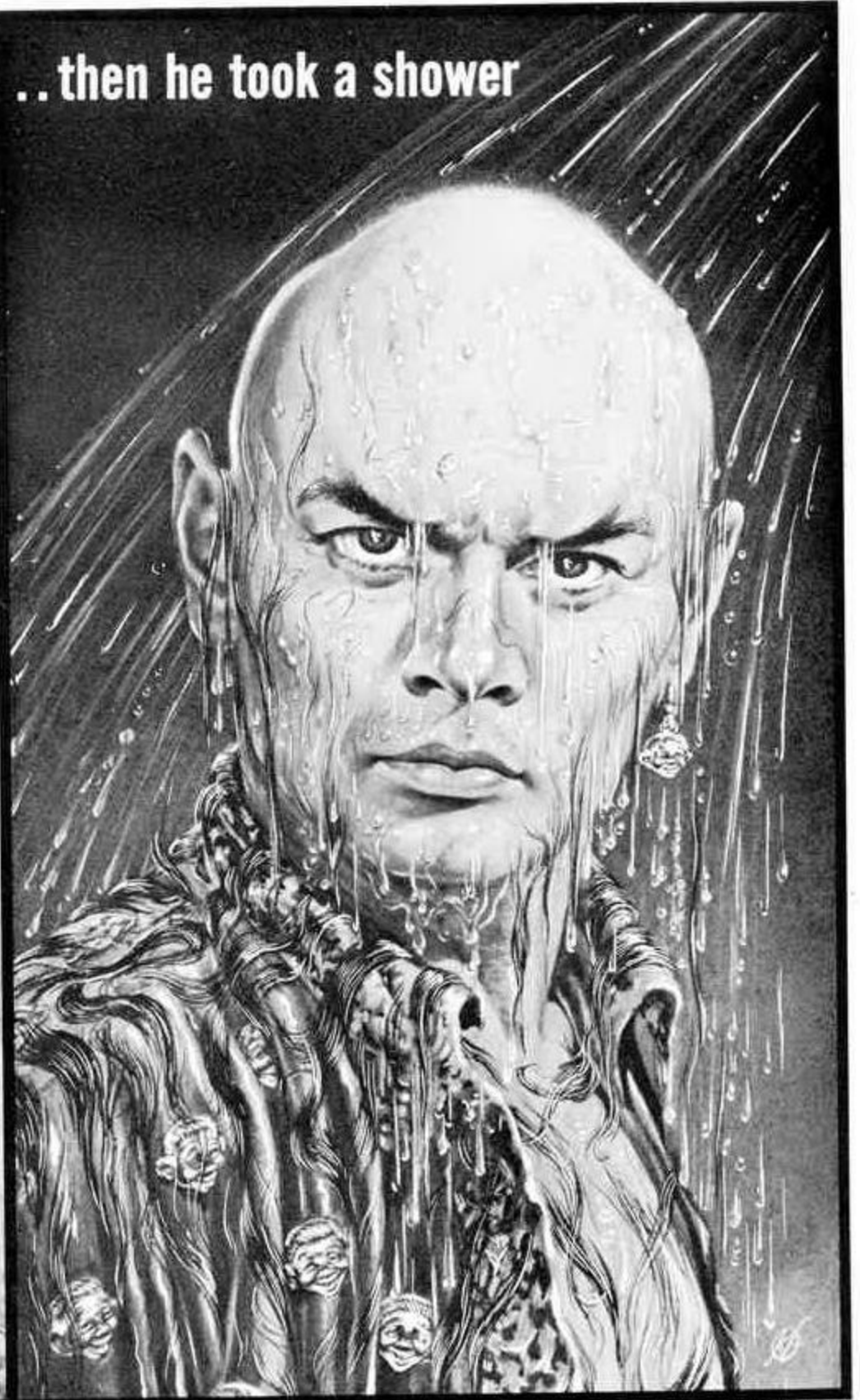
The Last Minute Pardon.

Scenes We'd Like to See



**We'd be better off if politicians would tax their minds instead of us.

Yul Brynner used Volatilis... ..then he took a shower



Volatilis helps Yul Brynner in movies too, as bald head artistically reflects studio lights.*

New painless way to lose your hair in one day

"I used everything trying to break in on Broadway," says Academy Award-winner Yul Brynner, "until I was ready to tear my hair out. Then I tried Volatilis with V-17. And that tore out my hair *for* me. You know the rest of the story. Volatilis started me on the road toward winning The Oscar... and incidentally made me *look* exactly like it! So next time you're ready to tear your hair out, try Volatilis with V-17. It does the job *for* you!"

It's that simple. Volatilis makes dry unruly hair easy to manage by getting rid of the stuff altogether! Yet you never have that angry-red, billiard-ball look, because Volatilis combines ground Axolotls and Gasoline with V-17, the new *painless* hair-removing discovery.

Try Volatilis with V-17 today. You'll blow your top!

*He's under contract to Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

SEE THE DIFFERENCE!



New VOLATILIS Hair Remover with V-17

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTLE-BYEBYERS



Seems like somebody always butts in
when you talk about ... **WINSTEN**

No matter where you may be—on the train, at the circus, even in your own home decorating the Christmas tree—just mention Winsten, and some character's bound to stick in his two-cents! So, if you'd rather have private conversations about smoking, take our advice. Next time, go get yourself a pack of Camels!

J. R. RONALDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTEN-CAMEL, N. C.

Smoke **CAMELS** ...and avoid all them darned interruptions!